

INTERVIEW: The Dope Taster — Paraquat, Paranoia & Paramilitary Pot

High Times

September '78

\$1.75

WHITE DRUNKS ON DOPE

I KNEW EMMETT GROGAN

by Al Aronowitz

SINSEMILLA

Overpriced,
Underpowered
by "R." Dope
Connoisseur

THE REAL-LIFE

JAMES BOND

Supernarc,
Supersmuggler

GREAT DEBATE:

KIDS & DOPE

White House Dope Czar
Peter Bourne vs. 13-year-old
Monica Choate

RAPE ME TENDER—SEX

by Jules Siegel

SPORTS—

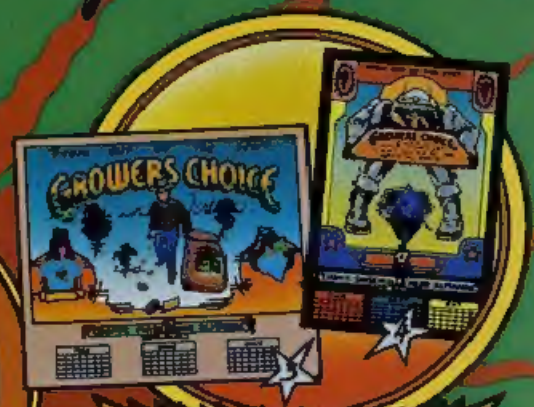
FRISBEE FREAKS

HIGH TIMES GOES

BANANAS!

- Banana Boat Coke Smuggling
- Hilarious History of Mellow Yellow
 - Banana Republics
- CocaBanana Centerfold

**Dope Beauty Contest
WINNERS**

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High Times

Sept. '78 No. 37 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY



Interview:
The Dope Taster
"R." Dope
Connoisseur **40**



The High Times
Dope
Photography
Sweepstakes
Winners **46**



The Banana
Boat Connection
Andy Rosenblatt **52**

Banana Appeal
J.J. Kane **56**

Centerfold:
Send Bananas,
Rum & Cocaine **61**

Banana
Republicanism
Dean Latimer **64**



The Real-Life
Adventures
of the Real
James Bond
James Christian Bond
as told to Ed Dwyer **70**

Kids Shouldn't
Get Stoned
Dr. Peter Bourne **76**

Everybody Must
Get Stoned
Monica Choate **77**



Comix **83**



HIGHWITNESS
NEWS **27**

Straight Dope on
Paraquat **27**
Dopers Attack
Police Station **28**
British Form
DEA-like Agency **29**
Smoke-In Update **31**
High Crimes **32**
Cocaine Confidential **33**
Reefer Reform **35**
Celebrity Busts **36**



THE
PLANET **87**

Third World Enters
Space Race **87**
Bolivia Threatens War
over Sea Rights **88**
Doper Wins Colombian
Presidency **89**
The End of France's
Beat Hotel **93**
Unwed Mother Symbol
of New African
Political Party **96**

Cover by Steve Cooper

DEPARTMENTS

Lines	6
Letters	8
Adviser	10
Stash	12
Sports	14
Sex	16
Media	19
High Society	23
Dope	24
Trans-High Market Quotations	38
Culture Hero: Emmett Grogan	80
Law	111
Records	113
Books	117
Flash	121
Sideshow	122

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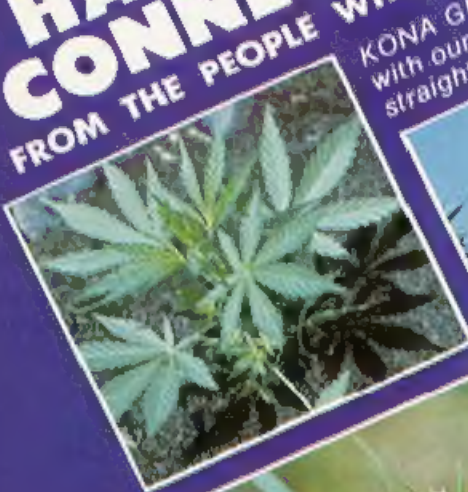
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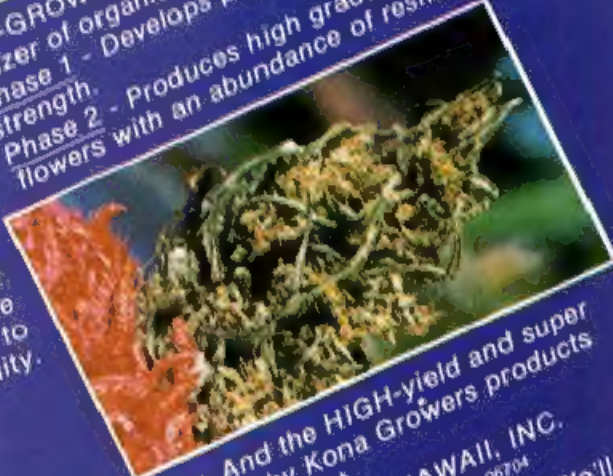
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Paraquat, Paranoia and Paramilitary Pot

All dopers know that for every joint they smoke, dozens of people risked their lives and liberty. Plus years of difficult tedious agitation, demonstrations and lobbying that finally made decriminalization a reality in 11 states. Yet, paradoxically, these victories may have come too easily to us. For today, at the crossroads of history, America is waging war on us. And, since eternal vigilance is the price of freedom, we face defeat by the current government attack on pot—the most violent assault it has ever made on marijuana and the people who smoke it. The offensive is threefold—paraquat, paraphernalia and paramilitary narc action.

PARAQUAT—The insidious Paraquat Panic has done incalculable damage to American potheads, sowing seeds of distrust and suspicion among millions of smokers. By making Americans afraid to smoke pot, the government has done far worse than simply making a few busts to "enforce the law"; it has begun paving the path to the concentration camps—poisoning the very people the antidrug programs are supposed to protect! And yet, despite the government's unquestionably willful and malicious intent to cause harm, mischief and cruel and unusual punishment to marijuana smokers, the fact remains that the great Paraquat Panic is no more than a gigantic hoax—a fraud as flagitious as any that was ever designed to squander the taxpayers' money!

In the first place, paraquat is virtually harmless—in small quantities. And the amount you'd have to smoke to start coughing, let alone get poisoned—well, forget it. It would be almost impossible, apparently.

Even more important, the great presumption of the Paraquat Panic propaganda is that poisoned weed will be passed on to innocent smokers by "unscrupulous dealers." But that ain't the way the system works. Dealers without scruples don't stay dealers for long; their reputations run ahead of them, warning the buyer to beware. Ninety-nine percent of all dealers—at the ounce or ton level—deal to their friends and neighbors, and nobody passes bad shit off to their friends and neighbors.

But the morality of dope dealing is not the consumer's only guarantee against poisoned pot. The dope industry is subject to a kind of reverse Gresham's law: good pot drives bad pot out of circulation, as anyone who's switched from Mexican to Jamaican to Colombian over the years can tell you. The marketplace is flooded with rich, pure, uncontaminated golden Colombian weed. Thus the marijuana industry, in accordance with the immutable God-given laws of free enterprise, regulates itself and keeps the casual consumer almost 100-percent free of the slightest risk of paraquat poisoning. What, then, is all the fuss about? Well, the fuss should be about the attempted murder of pot smokers. The government would like to give out the death penalty for pot. Fortunately, they failed—this time.

PARAPHERNALIA—The right wing is angry about decriminalization. They want to get even. In Georgia, it is now illegal to sell not only paraphernalia but dope-related literature. In New York, the state legislature has tabled another bill banning both paraphernalia and literature. In Pennsylvania, police acting on their own authority have shut down headshops; zoning ordinances in Garland, Texas, and Lakewood, California, now compel shops to be located in one section of town—doper versions of the Warsaw Ghetto. In South Dakota and Oklahoma, police have made in-store seizures of harmless isomerizers. In Florida, a bill to tack a 25-percent sales tax onto headshop items was narrowly defeated but will probably reappear in 1979. In Illinois, a number of Chicago suburbs passed paraphernalia bans that were only thwarted by the wisdom of a few of our finest American judges.

Paraphernalia is the "legit" end of the dope business—a \$350-million-a-year industry that proves, among other things, that dope is good for America. It provides employment for hundreds of thousands, contributes millions of dollars in taxes and provides citizens to whom the "straight" business world has no appeal with an incentive to lead useful lives as productive members of our free economy.

The concept of "paraphernalia" is only meaningful in a cultural context. Can government legislate the size of spoons? Can they outlaw hand-rolled tobacco cigarettes? How about razor blades? Chopping blocks? All these items have many uses besides as dope paraphernalia. And the government knows it can't outlaw the items themselves. What they are going to attempt to outlaw is their cultural context—the packaging, the advertisements, the instructions, the headshops and, of course, the magazine—*High Times*.

Meaningless as the paraphernalia laws are in judicial contemplation—when does a corn-cob become a hash pipe?—they nonetheless threaten the very fabric of our democracy. First the government outlaws pot, then the papers it is rolled in, soon—probably—this magazine, which talks about pot. Where will it all end?

PARAMILITARY—Worst of all, the DEA has now clearly shifted its emphasis from the flow of heroin and cocaine in order to concentrate on busting marijuana! Yes, just at the moment when most of the nation has recognized pot as nearly legal, when the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association and the president of the United States himself have declared themselves on the side of decriminalization, the nattering narcs of negativism have decided that stopping pot is more important than stopping heroin.

The venture is "paramilitary" only in the sense that war has not been officially declared; it's only a matter of time before the army, navy and marines are called in. How long can a nation make war on itself? How long can the narcs of Latin America keep the Third World down in the name of dope? How long can Jimmy Carter, whom the pot smokers elected, get away with this shit?

We know only that pot smokers must continue to resist, to fight back, to the last. And we must fight the battle ourselves.



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The Nobel Mushroom

I propose that a Nobel Prize be given in the field of ethnomycology. As R. Gordon Wasson has taken more than 30 years and considerable pains to point out in a succession of books and scholarly articles, fungal fantasies have sparked the imaginations of priests and world leaders from ancient times to now.

To recognize the significance of this research by selecting a Nobel laureate can only lead to greater revelations, like that of Muhammad, who got his in a cave, and that of St. John the Divine, who got his in a grotto.

—Edward R. Shuping, Berkeley, Ca.

Toluene Toll

Per "Glue Confessions" [*High Times*, June '78]: "The popular notion that toluene causes brain damage has been proven bunk." Perhaps, but excessive glue huffing can cause dermatitis, bronchitis, pneumonitis, anorexia, parasthesias (partial paralysis), conjunctivitis and corneal burns. That's no bunk, that's fact.

—John H. Ravich, Rockport, Mass.

Bag Some Support

Your April centerfold "Industry on the March" showing the bales of pot wrapped in plastic trash bags gave me an idea. Marijuana consumers should write to the manufacturers of Baggies and other plastic-bag companies en masse and urge them to lend their support to NORML. If these companies knew how much of their business depended on grass, they might get on the bandwagon too!

—Steve M., Pompano Beach, Fla.

Army Fatigued

Check this out—two months ago I was an E-4 in the army. Now I'm an E-3 because of the army's archaic views on pot. Would you believe I was busted with .002 gram? Nothing but resins in a bowl. For that I lost a stripe and half of my pay for two months, and I got extra duty for 30 days. The money I lost due to loss in rank comes to over \$1,000! Just thought I'd let someone know how Uncle Sam really feels. —Thomas Keyser, Fort Sill, Okla. We know how Unk Sam feels, Tom. We get letters every day from service personnel victimized by our draconian laws,

and we sympathize. But why did you enlist in the first place?—Ed.

Punk Pique

Was Victor Bockris stoned when he wrote "Dateline: Punk London" [*High Times*, May '78], or is he just a Ramones fan? What's this 'ere shit about the National Front's rise to popularity? If there's any more hated political force in England, then I'll give ya a buck. On May 30th there was a huge anti-Nazi march to Trafalgar Square followed by a free gig in Hyde Park by several punk and reggae bands. Is this the ugly face of fascism rearing its head among British youth? Not bloody likely.

An' as for the middle class—who do ya think the punks are? They all come from good ol' suburbia, and some of them can even spell antidisestablishmentarianism. You may well put an exclamation mark after the ridiculous "fact" that English kids only make \$30 a week, 'cause it's a load of old bollox, or balls to you 'ead bangers.

At least you reported one good thing—you saw Sham 69. I hope they never make it to the States, where they'll undoubtedly have to bow to American dross and commerciality. They might come back as the Ramones.

—Gideon Sams (author of *The Punk*), London, England

YIP vs. NORML

I read with interest about the growing conflict concerning the radical YIP dissent over NORML policies in May's "Highwitness News." I see this conflict as a '70s manifestation of the same divisiveness that tapped much of the '60s movements' momentums.

What's wrong with NORML being a "middle-class-smokers' lobby" as Keith Stroup says? Look how much NORML has accomplished by working within the system. I only hope that Stroup and company have the strength to continue the fight on their own terms.

—Jane Becker, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Phreaked Out

The "phone phreaks" are not ripping off Ma Bell's profits—they are ripping off you and me, who pay for our phone service!

While I, too, would like my phone service as cheap as possible (preferably free), I realize that if Ma Bell doesn't get her profit, I don't get my phone service. Anyone who thinks that we'd get a better deal if the government operated the phone service should check out those countries where that is the case, or if that's too much trouble, consider the post office.

Regardless of how we might feel about Ma Bell, the phone phreaks are deriving whatever mysterious benefits they get from their practice at our involuntary

expense, and that is stealing. Or are we to infer that only the "bad guys" pay their phone bills, and that there is enough of "them" to keep the phone service going if all us "good guys" get black boxes, etc.?

—Corporal Crunched, Columbus Grove, Ohio

Royal Raptures

I really enjoyed "Royal Nepalese" [*High Times*, May '78]. My head started buzzing just by reading it. And the centerfold was beautiful. I guess the only way to describe it would be a pot smoker's paradise. It would be easy to forget that the rest of the world existed if a person could live in a place like that. It's a wonder that your reporter even came back at all from his assignment.

—Perry E. Stout, Portsmouth, Va. Who says he came back?—Ed.

Wants The Smugglers Released

I started your article on "The Making of The Smugglers" [*High Times*, May '78] and was all ready to go check the movie listings when I read that none of the major Hollywood film distributors would accept it because it was "too controversial." I for one would surely pay to see an action comedy about dope smuggling. It would be worth the four bucks to see the "bad guys" get away with something. Something worthwhile, that is!

—Kim Lattimore, Los Angeles, Ca.

Sells Nickle, Draws Seven

I am a prisoner in the Missouri State Penitentiary serving a seven-year sentence for sale of \$5 worth of marijuana. I am a first offender, a college student and totally nonviolent. Keith Stroup of NORML said "this case is one of the starkest examples of the cruelty of marijuana laws" and "is probably the harshest sentence in the U.S. for the offense committed."

Oppression is not dead in America, as many would like to believe. What happened to me could happen to anyone who sells a small amount of pot—something so trivial as this can become one of the most traumatic events of your life. This is a violence-ridden and homosexually oriented prison. My case is being supported by the Playboy Foundation and NORML. I need more help, not only for myself but for every marijuana smoker, so that courts and legislatures will wake up.

The marijuana-smoking public can help me by writing the governor of Missouri and calling or writing your NORML representative. I can only hope that I will not be left standing alone fighting my cruel and unusual punishment.

—Jerry Mitchell, 34039-K, Jefferson City, Mo. ■

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Kids Safe from "Free Radicals"

Q: In Gary Stimmel's article "How to Live Forever" [High Times, February '78] he lumped linseed-oil paints with plastics and nuclear radiation as an accumulator of "free radicals," the atom groups that destroy organic tissue. I paint with linseed-oil paints and have made a reasonable living from it for many years. But now my baby son has to breathe from his cradle about two meters from where I work on my paintings in a cramped flat, and I worry about pumping him full with "free radicals." I have stopped painting for weeks now, even though linseed is sold here in every health-food and organic-food store. Be so kind to tell me exactly what's happening.

—Name Withheld, Amsterdam, Holland

A: Mr. Stimmel replies: "Your son won't have to worry about free radicals of any sort until he's at least 20. During its period of growth to maturity, a human body enjoys an immunological resistance to free radicals that is well-nigh perfect. So return to the easel right away, by all means."

Pot Parasites

Q: Our greenhouse pot plants are plagued by tiny white bugs, about half a millimeter long, that seem like moths because they are attracted by light. I've heard these are common to greenhouses and are called white flies. They lay their eggs on the undersides of the leaves, which makes for a less enjoyable smoke. Is there a chemical that will eradicate the bugs but not kill the plants or us when we smoke them?

—Bugged Umies, Amherst, Mass.

A: The whitefly, along with the even tinier spider mite, is virtually the only insect that occasionally bothers marijuana. If your infested plants are younger than a month old, you'd do well to clean out the whole crop and replant. Older plants will have greater resistance to whiteflies and ought to survive with a little assistance. Commercial pesticides that are used on greenhouse garden vegetables, available in any gardening store, will also be safe

on pot if the directions are followed carefully.

A harmless homemade pesticide consists of a quarter-pound of Ivory soap chips in a gallon of lukewarm water. Tape tinfoil over your grass pots, invert them and swish the plant around in the solution several times, let it drip-dry and rinse it with clear water. Do this every couple of weeks for a healthy harvest.

Here's another tip: have a few plants growing around that whiteflies and mites prefer over marijuana—big tasty orchids, for example.

Smoking grass that contains dead mites and whiteflies may taste a little weird as they snap, crackle and pop in the joint, but it won't hurt you.

Coke Condoms Bad Bet

Q: A friend of mine is taking a holiday in South America soon and would like to bring back a small amount of that fantastic Colombian "snow." We figured the safest way to get it through Customs would be to put the coke in prophylactics and swallow them, but we have heard this could be dangerous due to certain chemicals in the rubber. We have also heard there are ways of neutralizing these chemicals but cannot find out how. Could you please elaborate on this process and give us any tips you might have on transporting in this fashion? A stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed to help with your reply.

—Name Suppressed, Vancouver, B.C.

A: Though no studies are available on the average resistance of polyethylene to stomach acids, when you consider how the anxiety of passing Customs with a belly full of blow will churn up your gastric juices, this ploy just isn't recommendable at all. The medical literature on the toxicity of cocaine when swallowed in large amounts is increasing by leaps and bounds these days, thanks primarily to people swallowing coke-filled rubbers. In the Memorial Hospital medical center at Miami-Jackson University recently, an amateur smuggler actually survived an OD of five grams after the rubbers dissolved, but not without some horrible symptoms and probably permanent damage.

A caution: it's uncool to send along SASEs with letters in which you admit to conspiracy to smuggle controlled substances.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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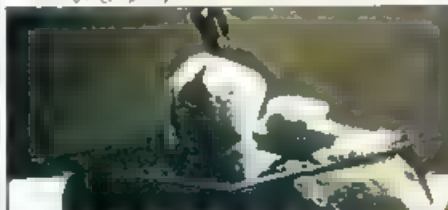
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Toot Sweet

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but, frankly, guys prefer a rock of this sort.



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—Snortimer Merd, Royal Oak, Mich.

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are evident in this photo. When it comes to dope on planting dope, you're in good hands with *High Times*!

—Ed Rhymers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Block Head

We snowbirds in Canada would like to express our gratitude to the people all the way down the line responsible for this block of super red gold finding its way up here. I'm sure it will be put to good use.

—Al Bistro, Ontario, Canada



The Good, the Bad and the Blonde

Here in no man's land (the Oklahoma Panhandle) I decided to add a little greenery to the bleak scenery, and the results

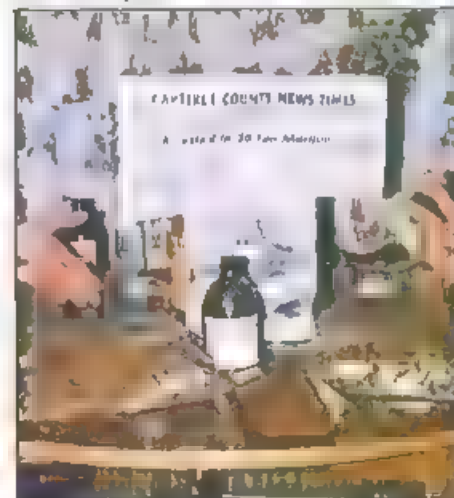


paid off better than robbing banks. Heap good smoke, kimosabe, make-um see slars and stripes for a long time.

—Name and address withheld

DEA Missed Some

You probably heard about the 20-ton gold bust in North Carolina last February, the state's largest haul. DEA and Coast Guard

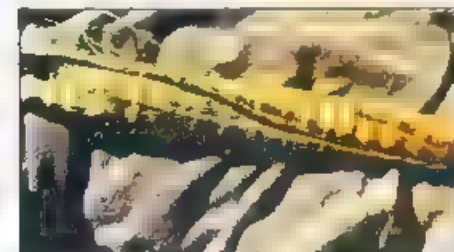


officers put another notch in their pistol grips. Most of it was incinerated—I say "most" because I managed to abscond with 2½ pounds from right under the DEA's noses. I've been laughing ever since.

—T.B.M., Atlantic Beach, N.C.

Malawi Wowie

I came across this incredibly potent grass in the south-central African country of Malawi. Clean buds are pressed into 15-inch-long corncobs and tied with hemp line while the buds are very moist. The



grass is usually dark green with small, black and white spots. Brown and gold hairs run throughout this very sweet dope which sells for about \$3 (U.S.) per cob (over 3 ounces). —B.E., Los Angeles, Ca. ☐

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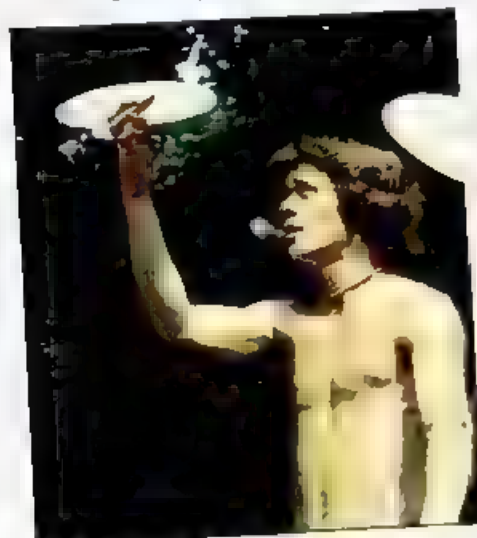


Frisbee Freaks

by Kerry Kollmar as redacted by Scott Cohen

Kerry Kollmar is the 1975 World Individual Freestyle Frisbee champion. Freestyle Frisbee is taking all the various throws and catches and putting them together into a smooth, fluid movement. He is also the 1976 Throw-Run-and-Catch champion. That's an event where you start from point A and throw it as far and as high as you can. He co-held the World Accuracy Record in 1976 with 18 hits out of a possible 27. He's always won the New York City Accuracy Championship with the exception of this year. He's won virtually every Frisbee event there is at one time or another. He's been clocked throwing a Frisbee at 74 mph. The record is 104 mph.

I'm very into my Frisbee. I sleep with it. I have about 2,000 Frisbees in my collection, in every color you can think of. In the summertime it gets very hot and if you have a brown Frisbee the plastic will get soft, so generally in the summer a white



The Whirl at His Fingertips. Kollmar's patented "Nail Delay" spins the Frisbee on the low-friction surface of the fingernail.

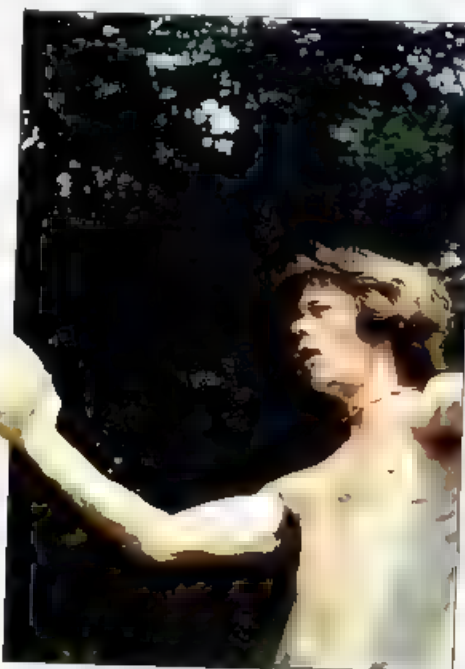
Frisbee is best. In the wintertime use dark colors. I've been offered as much as \$100 for one Frisbee. The value depends upon the number that were made of that model. I know one guy who has every kind of Flying Saucer that Wham-O makes, ex-

cept one, and I've got that one, so I can practically name my price. I hang up my gold Frisbees that I've won in world championship events. They used to give out nice gold Frisbees, but they don't anymore. I've got three or four of those nice old gold Frisbees mounted on wood plaques. I think the gold content in a gold Frisbee is zero.

I've been playing Frisbee for ten years. I'm 24 now. My brother taught me. He took me to Central Park and showed me how to throw underhand. I never expected there would be a time when I would be a national champion.

I make a few extra bucks a year playing Frisbee—not enough to do it full time. I've worked with Art Garfunkel on his 40-city tour in spring of '78 and have produced cable television programs in New York for the last three and a half years.

Once I met Fred Morrison, the inventor of the Frisbee, whom I was always awed by. He had a really terrific idea at the dawn of the plastic era. He made a Frisbee that he called the Flying Saucer, and he traveled around the country with it. He would demonstrate it at fairs and say he had an invisible string attached to it and that he'd give you the Frisbee for nothing if you bought the invisible string for a buck—a terrific gimmick. Then he sold the rights to Wham-O, and now he's a millionaire many times over.



Spinning Toff. Kerry's "Airbrush" return gives the Frisbee unusual spin and acceleration with the brush of a palm.

I haven't invented any Frisbee games, but I did invent two Frisbee moves that have changed not only the number of possibilities in freestyle play but very well may have had a large effect on the design of the Frisbee. The old Frisbees used to have a little raised platform about 1½ inches to 2 inches in diameter called the "cupola" and what we called the

Frisbee creed on the bottom, which said in raised letters "Flat Flip Flies Straight," etc. One move I invented is the "Nail Delay," back in 1974. I also invented a move called the "Airbrush."

Although I'm not a religious person and don't know much about Zen, Frisbee makes me feel exactly what Zen means. It involves total concentration when I'm afforded the luxury. When I go out to Central Park—on weekends especially—hundreds of people crowd around to watch and it's very distracting at times. But when I'm allowed to play with one other person as intensely as I can, I totally lose track of everything. The physical activity is related to dance, gymnastics and martial arts. When you watch me, it may seem that I have to be thinking about what I'm doing, but I'm not. I'm doing what my mind automatically causes my body to do.

Frisbees can also be used for eating out of, drinking out of, cleaning a good joint with—as a matter of fact, you can also make a pipe out of a Frisbee.

Frisbee is one alternative sport that is available to everyone. It's also inexpensive; you don't have to go out and spend hundreds of dollars on equipment. The most expensive Frisbee costs about five



In Your Face. Kerry follows through with a slick "Airbrush" return. Freestyle Frisbee is full of such surprises.

bucks. And you don't have to be a super athlete to do it. You don't have to be Arnold Schwarzenegger. You can even be disabled and have a gas playing it. They have a wheelchair Frisbee team in New York! It's such an easy thing to play, and it's great for meeting girls. "Froupies" is the term. Groupies are for rock stars and froupies are for Frisbees. Canada has a lot of froupies. Incidentally, I play on weekends at Frisbee Hill in Central Park at 72nd Street, just west of the band-shell. So Frisbee freely, girls! ☐

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Rape Me Tender

by Jules Siegel

The essence of rape is humiliation. The use of humiliation is likely to be misunderstood. It is not meant in a sadistic sense but rather as the act of acquiring humility. Pride, like hope, is a vital emotion, but as dreamy false hopes and wishful thinking can obstruct action, so false pride can interfere with sexual expression and sensual pleasure. It is pride that makes so many of us pretend to disdain masturbation as kid stuff. For a long time Avispa never would admit that she ever masturbated.

When I was younger I suffered from that same combination of shame and pride. A girl friend once walked in on me in the bathroom as I was jerking off and looking in the mirror. Flushed with embarrassment I quickly sat on the pot. She withdrew in some confusion. Later she asked, "What were you doing?" I lied, "Oh, nothing," and the subject was dropped.

Another time my work took me to a strange city. I was without a girl for several weeks. Finally I met one who pleased me and invited her to my hotel room. "I can't sleep with you," she told me. "I have gonorrhea." Had I been capable of a similar honesty, maybe I could have gotten her to love me with her hands or her lips, or we could have masturbated together. Pride and shame kept me lonely.

I needed to be lovingly raped to conquer my hang-up. Understand that rape, in this context, does not mean a sordid scuffle at gunpoint in a dark alley but an overpowering mixture of love and lust conquering all squeamish scruples in a roaring rush of pure desire.

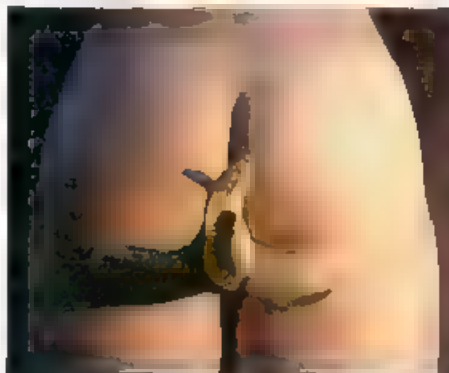
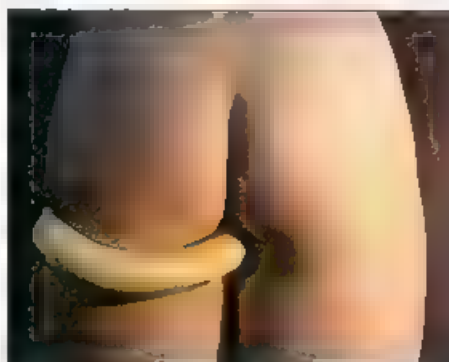
In the sauna, Avispa let me get the head of my cock about an inch into her ass and then tried to pull away. I threw the full force of my weight on her and plunged in to the hilt, the cheeks of her ass pressing firmly into my groin and belly as my orgasm exploded instantly.

During the next few days this process of seduction ending in rape was repeated. At first she refused to turn bottom up again, but she would let me get in after some struggle in the face-to-face position as I lifted her butt with my hands to a somewhat more convenient access.

At last, one sunny afternoon in the bedroom she submitted completely, lying face down and letting me fuck her asshole without struggle or resistance, wiggling her bottom voluptuously in heavy climax as my hard, taut, tensely erect penis leaped and jerked in shuddering convulsions. We fell into a profound sleep from which we did not awake until darkness.

On the final day, we made love for hours. I kissed her anus as if it were a mouth. It opened totally to me, and my tongue probed past the ridged outer ring into the incredibly smooth wet interior. I came back after licking her vagina vigorously and, as my cock slipped into her cunt, moved to kiss her mouth. She turned away at first, then came back with an abandoned and wanton smile I will never

**I needed to be raped...
not a sordid scuffle in
an alley but an over-
powering mixture of love
and lust conquering all.**



forget, giving her mouth freely. On the verge of ejaculating, I pulled out. Avispa turned over, kneeling expectantly face down, a big pillow under her belly raising her ass to me.

The bottle of oil was warmed by the full yellow sunlight. I poured a generous amount between her cheeks, caressing it on the lips of her vagina, sliding one then two fingers into the asshole, twisting in and out slowly as my other hand stroked her clitoris.

The entire room is displayed before my eyes as if projected on the page—the silvered aged wood walls, one of them with a broad X shadow where it had been braced when it was a barn door, the floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the snow-covered meadow, a stained-glass panel hanging in the center casting a rich kaleidoscope of tinted sunlight on the white bedding and Avispa's smooth, round body, the wood fire in the Franklin stove hissing and crackling, the carved bedstead of honey hardwood the same color as her hair, a matching oval standing mirror reflecting the stained-glass light onto the plastered ceiling, straw flowers in a milk pitcher beside the bed.

My cock slipped easily into the tight embrace of Avispa's ass. We fucked slowly, trying to make it last. Overwhelmed finally we thrashed and wriggled and cried and moaned. Reaching around for her clitoris I found her hand and pushed it down to her cunt. She tried to hold back momentarily, then lost control of all inhibition, whipping herself furiously toward a climax that was a grand pounding crescendo.

I came a few seconds later with equal intensity and shivering. I could hear myself screaming somewhere far away. My soul and body separated. It was all happening to someone else. The last memory before unconsciousness was the sight of Avispa's ear, magnified and superdimensionally vivid, a rare shell wet with sea water spiraling down into infinitely deep darkness.

Later she said, "I wish I had a cock so that I could return the gift and show you how wonderful it is to be fucked in the ass." Some years afterward she told me in a telephone conversation, "I will never be able to masturbate again without thinking about that day in the country when you fucked me up the ass and made me masturbate." In the years that followed she has been the main figure in my masturbation fantasies and, many, many times, the center of my thoughts as I fucked my subsequent lovers. It is a measure of love that only my bride has ever been able to supersede, erasing all fantasies and thoughts of other persons with the intensity of her presence focusing me on her alone. ■

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Riddles in the Air

by Gilbert Choate

Why? Why? Why has America no rigid airships? Ever since the peculiar events at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in 1937, citizens have been asking this "burning" question. At last, in a book written 32 years ago, P. W. Litchfield hits hard at those reactionaries who would stymie the development of the peaceful airship. Litchfield, then president of the Goodyear firm whose mighty blimps have never ceased to beckon to individuals of every age and creed with their lure of romantic, leisurely air cruising, argues in *Why? Why Has America No Rigid Airships?* (7 C's Press, Box 57, Riverside, Connecticut 06878, \$6) that America's neglect of dirigible aviation has been a costly error in flight policy, denying us the services of the most elegant, efficient, energy-saving and cost-effective flying machine ever designed, to wit, the 10-million cubic foot liner.

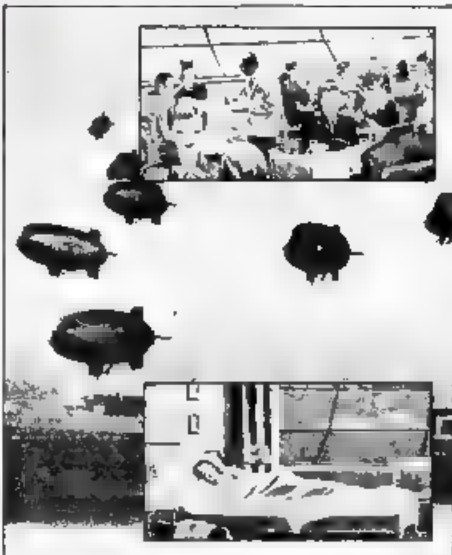
And who benefits? Why, the airplane industry, of course. These committed foes of lighter-than-air aviation have for nearly 80 years fought airship development in much the same way nuclear power companies are fighting solar energy today. Yet, as Litchfield's book makes clear, only by building a vast fleet of rigid dirigibles can America hope to achieve self-sufficiency in energy in the 1980s.

Equally mysterious is the fate of the Flying Wing, which, apart from the dirigible, is probably the finest aircraft ever to be designed—economical with fuel, gorgeous to behold and easy as a kite to fly. As Edward T. Maloney writes in *Northrop Flying Wings* (World War II Publications, Drawer 278, Corona Del Mar, California 92625, \$5.95), "A design as aeronautically clean as the Flying Wing has a big advantage over conventional aircraft design: drag has been reduced to a minimum. And as a result of this minimum drag, the performance of the Flying Wing is unequalled in speed, range, and operating economy."

The brainchild of John K. Northrop, founder of Northrop Aviation Company and generally regarded as one of the greatest of aircraft designers, the Flying Wing was developed and brought to battle-ready perfection in the 1940s—and yet,



While inefficient aircraft like the DC 10 have prospered, the Flying Wing has been relegated to the junk heap ahead of its time.



Only by building a vast fleet of rigid dirigibles can America hope to achieve self-sufficiency in energy in the '80s.

just when it was ready to leave the hangar to deliver the knockout punch to the Luftwaffe, the Flying Wing program was mysteriously abandoned. While Commander Maloney's authoritative history is above any partisan squabbling, his book offers the solution at long last to the puzzle that has nettled the finest minds in aviation for over 90 years: the Flying Wing was abandoned because the Air Force was involved in a transparent hornswoggle with Mr. Northrop's contract. It all happened, I add, during the Truman administration. As a result the makers of awkward, inefficient aircraft like the DC-10 have prospered, while the Flying Wing has been relegated to the junk heap of masterpieces forever ahead of their time.

What could be more mysterious than the fate of Amelia Earhart, the beautiful feminist aviation pioneer whose historic round-the-world flight in 1937 ended in tragedy when Ms. Earhart vanished from the face of the earth. Some say she stepped into a gopher hole and disappeared from view. Others say she was captured by the Japanese and forced to broadcast anti-American propaganda as "Tokyo Rose." One researcher

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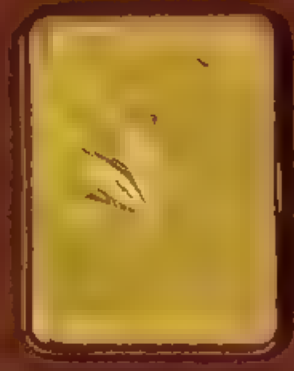
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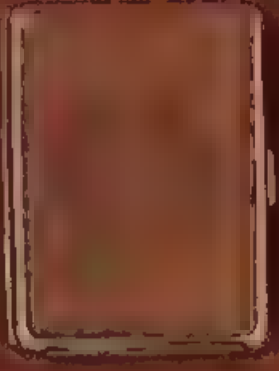
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insists that Earhart is alive and well and living under the name of Irene Bolam on Long Island, New York. The researcher, Fowlton Means, has written an account of his discovery that Earhart was ritually beheaded by Aleister Crowley on a South Sea island where he was instructing members of the Japanese High Command in black magic.

Determined to learn the truth, Ann Holgren Pellegrino—"a trim, vivacious blonde," according to her book *World Flight: The Earhart Trail* (Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa 50010, \$8.95)—set out in 1967 to fly in Amelia's wingsteps in a plane that was an exact replica of the one Earhart flew (a Lockheed 10). Fortunately for posterity, Ann Pellegrino returned to tell The Truth about the fate of the long-lost aviatrix. Which amounts to no less than the amazing revelation that Earhart was almost certainly on an espionage mission for the "Yankee imperialists" in Washington, whose westward crawl across the Pacific in the 1930s so alarmed the Japanese that it forced them into an alliance with the German Nazis (who laughingly referred to their beloved Emperor as "Shaprohulo").

Thus Amelia Earhart suffered the fate of Hanns-Martin Schleyer, Aldo Moro, Dora Bloch and all other arrogant flying dogs of repressive colonialism. It goes without saying that the military-industrial power structure hushed it all up and disguised Earhart as a victim of Unseen Forces. In Karachi, Ms. Pellegrino was photographed upon a camel with an unidentified male.

Yes, the very air we breathe is thick with mysteries that surpass the understanding of man and of woman. In *We Never Went to the Moon* (Eden Press, Box 8410, Fountain Valley, California 92708, \$5.95), Bill Kaysing asks all the unanswered questions about the Apollo missions and offers a reasonable case for the idea—which, after all, everybody has entertained for at least an instant—that the whole moon show was a gigantic Nixon fraud. (Why, for example, couldn't you see the astronauts' faces inside their space helmets? Was it because there weren't any faces to behold? Eh?)

In *UFOs: Nazi Secret Weapon?* (Samisdat Press, 206 Carlton Street, M5A 2L1 Toronto, Ontario, Canada, \$4.95), Mattern Friedrich presents proof positive that German rocket scientists successfully built the first UFOs and established a major UFO base at the South Pole, from whence the "Kraut meteors" still venture forth to terrify rural farmers and dogs.

And these are but a few of the everlasting riddles of the sky: Drigibles, Flying Wings, Amelia Earhart, Adolph Hitler, Gus Grissom, where are you? As the reporter character says at the end of *The Thing*, "Watch the skies." And if that isn't fraught with psychological resonance, I don't know what is. Remind me to return to this subject some time. ■



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Lou Reed was hit in the hand by a flying reefer while playing onstage in Passaic, New Jersey. Reed, pee'd off, stopped playing and yelled, "You idiot! Only in Jersey would they throw a bit joint onstage! Smells like shit grass! Too! Don't mess with me! I'm a New Yorker!"



The '60s were revived in all their flower-power glory in New York as thousands showed up at Central Park's Sheep Meadow to be movie extras in Milos Forman's forthcoming movie version of the Broadway musical Hair. New York's Mayor Ed Koch shook hands onstage with radical street singer David Peel, who was rehearsing for a major role in the film. Peel was fired by Forman the next day for mentioning a forthcoming Yippie smoke-in while onstage. From the look of things on the movie set, Forman, who was still in Czechoslovakia in the '60s, sees hippies as clean-scrubbed ballet dancers choreographed by Twyla Tharp.

"I wanted to be a Dead Boy, but not this bad," said drummer Johnny Blitz of the Ohio punk combo The Dead Boys while in critical condition at New York's Bellevue Hospital recuperating from a stab wound in the heart incurred during a street fight. Manager/mentor Hilly Kristal threw a three-night benefit at his CBGB's for the ailing Blitz starring The Ramones, Dictators, Helen Wheels Band, Lance ("American Family") Loud's Mumps, Legs McNeil's Shrapnel and others, including the Dead Boys themselves with replacement drummer John Belushi of "Saturday Night Live."



"I luuuuuuv this crowd!" cried comic Henny Youngman from the stage of the Capitol Theater in New Jersey to a crowd of dope-smoking, booze-guzzling teenage rebels who had come to see him open the show for The Tubes, the anarcho-satirical rock band. Like a true punk, Youngman wore a dime taped to a safety pin stuck in his lapel. "It's my dime-and-stick pin," quipped Henny.

Underground-comix patriarch Robert Crumb has just published his first work in a few years - the second issue of Dirty Laundry. The new comic depicts his domesticated life of fucking and fistfights with his coartist and live-in lover Aline Kominsky.



Bob Marley returned to Jamaica for the first time since the attempt on his life to head a peace concert called "One Love" that attracted 20,000. Peter Tosh stole the show as he attacked Marley personally on Jamaica's ganja laws before playing "Legalize It," which he dedicated to "all those who have been humiliated for an ackie draw of jah herb." ☐



Talking Sense About Sinsemilla

by "R," Dope Connoisseur

A number of readers of this column have written in to ask the Dope Connoisseur his opinion on the quality of the homegrown sinsemilla that has become the newest sensation in the high priced luxury dope field. In an earlier column I had pointed out how many domestic sinsemilla growers were peddling their pot as "Thai" or "Hawaiian" and selling it at those inflated \$200-an-ounce prices that dope labeled as such brings.

The good news, since then, is that such deceptive marketing practices are disappearing. Dealers are offering homegrown sinsemilla in greater quantities, without the Hawaiian hype. The bad news is that the prices have not come down. And some of us cannabis connoisseurs are beginning to have doubts about the whole premise of the Cult of Sinsemilla.

For those who tuned in late, I should explain that sinsemilla (Spanish for "without seeds") marijuana is a special form of the plant produced by intensive care and cultivation and an artificial alteration of the sexual nature of the resin-bearing bud.

Sinsemilla cultivators pluck out the female plants from among their seedlings, lock them away from the normal companionship of their fellows and place them in a lifelong condition of enforced virginity. This unnatural confinement sentences the female plant's resin-producing glands to a lifelong frustrating state of unconsummated overstimulation until ultimately the buds drown themselves in their own secretions.

The bud that results from that process is, like the bound feet of Chinese women or the miniature "bonsai" trees of Japanese horticulturalists, a work of art, tortuously formed from nature. The finest sinsemilla buds are so beautiful that one hesitates to touch them, much less crumble them up to roll or smoke them. One feels sacrilegious, as if one were about to deflower a vestal virgin. And indeed reverence for the unmatched beauties of sinsemilla has reached cult proportions. Whole books are published containing

little else but lascivious close-up pictures of sinsemilla at every minute stage in growth, focusing lovingly on the swelling and flowing of the resin glands as they enmesh the matrix of stamens and pistils in their mesmerizing resin.

Sinsemilla first began to circulate in higher marijuana circles as far back as 1972, one of the first fruits of that fertile cross-pollination that happened when "heads" became farmers and vice versa, and both groups discovered that with luxury grass, one green thumb can mean many greenbacks. For a long time the product was so rare and expensive that only heavy dealers and high-priced Hollywood talent could afford it. Although production and marketing have made it more dependably available, an aura of unattainability and high-rent decadence surrounds sinsemilla, and people who produce it still expect the awe to illuminate them in its glow.

I was at a party recently and ran into an old acquaintance and enthusiastic dope smoker who's been living in northern California for some years. I offered him a joint.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Some interesting Colombian," I said, lighting it up.

"Put it away," he said grandly, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an en-

In the terms of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, sinsemilla may stimulate the "sensory manifold" but does not inspire those heady explorations of mysteries of Being beneath the structure of the perceptual world.

velope. "I just happen to have here some Marin County homegrown sinsemilla."

He acted as if the entire assemblage of people in the room would fall on their feet before him, grown men weeping with joy, grown women moaning with sensual anticipation. He passed around a bud from the envelope, a plump, bright green and silver beauty, the beautiful braids of its leaves mantled with furry resin and entwined with the spiky rust and silver stalks of pure pollen, the whole bud a shimmering flare of efflorescent matter about to blossom into fierce energy, not unlike certain trees in Van Gogh's last paintings.

Everyone touched it reverently and sniffed it as it was passed around. There is no perfume more heady and sensual than that of fresh sinsemilla. This should be no



Joe Sussan

surprise, since the essence of all of the very finest perfumes is an extract of sex-related secretions whether it be of the civet cat or the musk glands of the deer, and the essence of sinsemilla is hothouse sexuality. Even the feel of that beautiful bud—marvelously satin and sticky at the same time—was a revelation. Certainly here was a wonder worthy of cult worship. There was only one problem. When we smoked it we didn't get very high.

Yes it tasted splendidly sweet and yes we did get high, but after everyone remarked how sweet it tasted and passed it around, conversation drifted off to other matters, and without really being aware of it I found myself taking out and lighting up the once-dreaded joint of Colombian and realizing the sinsemilla just hadn't gotten us high in any memorable way.

I felt like the guy who had to point out that the emperor's new lid of dope was oregano, but I said something to that effect and soon I got into a discussion with several other serious smokers who had long harbored secret reservations about sinsemilla.

We all confessed to several experiences with beautiful sinsemilla smoke that somehow lacked that higher dimension we had been led to expect. It was unfailingly sweet and sensual—indeed I've heard several women claim that sinsemilla is "the sexiest dope I've ever smoked" or words to that effect, so it can't be all bad. But to use the terminology of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, sinsemilla may stimulate the "sensory manifold" but somehow does not lead to those heady explorations of the mysteries of Being beneath the structure of the phenomenal world. Missing are the intriguing byways and the hauntingly exotic digressions, that

I know of two theories to explain the sense of something missing in domestic sinsemilla: the Equatorial Theory and the Sexual Theory. When I hesitatingly raised my doubts about homegrown sinsemilla to Ed Rosenthal, America's foremost authority on growing powerful pot plants, I expected him to upbraid me for not appreciating the achievements of his years of scientific study. But instead he confessed he too could sense something missing. "It may have something to do with the equatorial climate," Ed speculated. Something happens to pot grown at or near the equator, he suggested, that doesn't happen elsewhere. Some combination of the special light spectrum of equatorial sun, the tropical chemistry of climate and soil that creates a special combination of cannabinoids within equatorial plants that cannot be duplicated with all the technology of artificial environments, sophisticated lighting and feeding systems, and sexual manipulations performed to create domestic sinsemilla. The truth of this equatorial observation can be verified if one reviews the march of the marijuana market from Central Mexico, where the first mass imports originated, south to Acapulco and then further south to Panama Red, finally settling down for a long spell in equatorial Colombia. The theory also explains why Hawaiian, America's only equatorial dope, is so special and so often superior to even the most expensively grown continental sinsemilla.

I would suggest that unless these sinsemilla growers can drastically lower their prices, it's time for domestic marijuana growers and consumers to abandon their single-minded obsession with the sinsemilla bud and consider two more important priorities.

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HIGHWITNESS

Sept. '78 No. 37

What's the Truth about Paraquat?

These are the questions most often asked about paraquat, answered to the best knowledge of *High Times* researchers. Under the direction of Pharmacology Editor Dean Latimer, *High Times* has been continuously processing every piece of information available about paraquat, America's hottest issue. (The White House has received more calls and telegrams about the 'quat issue than any other since Jimmy Carter took office, including the Panama Canal debate.) As we go to press, this is the latest reliable paraquat information:

Q: Has anyone died or gotten sick from smoking paraquat-contaminated marijuana?

A: To date there hasn't been a single certifiable case of paraquat-dope poisoning anywhere in this country. The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, is closely monitoring all reports of suspected 'quat contamination and has yet to find a confirmed case. The national media inspired mainly by word-of-mouth rumors, has repeatedly spoken of a "suspected paraquat teen death," alleged variously to have occurred in Poughkeepsie, New York City, Miami and elsewhere. In each instance, the reports turned out to be wholly unfounded after investigation.

Persons suffering from respiratory illnesses that might conceivably be associated with paraquat inhalation have been studied by doctors, primarily in the San Francisco area. In connection with the Atlanta CDC, the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in April commenced a study of 22 people who complained of respiratory symptoms after smoking paraquat-tainted dope. Their symptoms resembled acute emphysema—tightness and pain in the lungs, a dry hacking cough characterized by a white frothy discharge sometimes spiced with blood—but these victims are considered too young to have possibly developed chronic emphysema. Also, the symptoms in each case disappeared soon after each patient discontinued smoking 'quat dope; none has been hospitalized.

Dr. David Smith of the Free Clinic told *High Times* that while the immediate effect of smoking paraquat dope may be insignificant, he's concerned that the long-term effect of heavy 'quat-dope use may be to subtly aggravate lung conditions brought on by cigarette smoking, industrial air pollution and other respiratory irritations. The 22 patients are being checked out alongside a greater number of people who unknowingly smoked sizable quantities of 'quat without manifesting any symptoms at all.

Q: How likely is it that the dope I'm smoking right now is tainted with 'quat?

A: It depends mainly on where you live. Since the 'quat spraying has been done in Mexico, anybody who smokes Mexican dope stands an indeterminable chance of inhaling paraquat with it. The distribution of Mexican grass around the States is haphazard, of course, but generally

speaking it's peddled in the West and Southwest. Statistics from PharmChem, the Palo Alto drug-testing lab, indicate that some 30-35 percent of western weed may be contaminated in any given week; and in San Francisco itself as much as half the dope on the street at any given time may be tainted. In the Midwest, test labs report that about 15 percent of the Chicago-Milwaukee-Madison reefer might have 'quat in it. New York City appears to have no paraquat problems at all, and labs in the Southeast indicate that no more than 1 or 2 percent of the regional marijuana has been sprayed.

Q: Isn't it true that the 'quat burns up in the joint before it reaches the lungs?

A: Only 1 to 5 percent of the 'quat in the dope is likely to survive combustion. This means that if you smoke a gram joint of the most thoroughly saturated weed conceivable—2,400 parts of paraquat per million parts of cannabis is the highest NIDA statistic so far reported—then only 25 microgram could get into your lungs. This is an infinitesimally tiny quantity. But if you smoke four joints of it per day, that means you'll accumulate 1 microgram of it in your lungs. It's impossible to say for sure, but it appears as though the 'quat would be likely to stay in your lungs for up to two weeks. Therefore, a person who smoked a mike of 'quat per day for a couple of weeks—as long as a 1-ounce stash of pot might be expected to last—could possibly accumulate 14 mikes of 'quat in the lungs. If the person then had the bad luck to score another lid of 'quat dope, it's conceivable the lungs could be continuously contaminated with 14 mikes for a month or longer.

Of course, the NIDA 'quat count of 2,400 ppm represents a really extravagantly soaked specimen of marijuana. The few reliable quantitative tests that have been done in private labs on 'quat dope generally show levels ranging from 450 ppm down to 10 ppm. Particles of 'quat that would survive burning from such lightly sprayed specimens of dope could be measured in nanograms, billionths of a gram. NIDA has warned that as little as a single nanogram of paraquat could wreak irreversible lung damage; but unofficial medical sources contacted by *High Times* are skeptical whether any nonradioactive substance can significantly damage lung tissue in

such submicroscopic, molecular quantities.

Q: Is there any way to tell 'quat dope from good dope?

A: Not without a dependable chemical analysis. Under certain conditions 'quat will turn dope yellow or red, sometimes it will make it blotchy or burnt at the edges. Since in its various curing processes perfectly good dope often comes out looking red, yellow or blotchy, there's really no basis for discrimination. The Mexican government has repeatedly tried to add red dyes to paraquat so that sprayed dope would be identifiable, but green cannabis has so far turned out impervious to any known dye.

Q: Who can we believe about paraquat?

A: Don't believe the government—they started this whole thing back in 1975, they've been knowingly poisoning American citizens for three years, and now that the news is out they're scared stiff of catching hell for it, so they're liable to say anything. The administration's official policy right now is that since marijuana is illegal dope smokers are already exposing themselves to a substantial hazard by lighting up a joint, therefore why should the government protect criminals in the commission of criminal acts?

The president's closest adviser on drugs, Dr. Peter Bourne, waffles wildly from week to week in his comments about paraquat: he'll tell one reporter it doesn't represent a serious health hazard and tell another it's an excellent reason for people to give up smoking. His most constructive response to paraquat so far was to suggest that the Mexican government switch to spraying with 2,4-D—an herbicide that is even more toxic than paraquat and takes longer to kill the plants, thus allowing the campesinos more time to pick it and ship it up to poison us.

INDEX

Dopers Besiege	
Cop Station.....	28
Two Busted in	
'Quat Test.....	28
Brits Form National	
Narc Squad.....	29
Smoke-In	
Update.....	31
High Crimes.....	32
Cocaine Confidential.....	33
National Weed.....	34
Raefer Reform.....	36
Celebrity Busts.....	37

Two Busted for Suspected 'Quat Dope

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA—Narcs at the Pennsylvania Drug Control Office busted two local men after promising to test the grass for paraquat. Because the cops demanded at least an ounce for the assay, the charge was a felony under state law.

The men say they called the Drug Control Office to ask if their paraquat testing facilities were available to the public and were assured by agent Thomas West that they were. When the pair showed up with about a gram of dope for testing, West told them to come back with at least an ounce. When they returned they were busted for possession of more than an ounce of marijuana with intent to deliver.

Agent West, who denies he ever assured the men they wouldn't be busted—was obliged to reduce the charges to misdemeanor possession when lab tests ultimately measured the quantity out to less than an ounce.

However, the men had been followed home by narcs, who observed them stopping at the home of Nick Flagella. Flagella's home was later raided by police, who became "angry and verbally abusive," says Flagella, when no dope was found on the premises. No arrest was made. However, when Flagella subsequently went to the Drug Control Office to seek a written justification for the raid, he was busted

there for disorderly conduct, and when narcs there claimed to find in his pocket a pipe containing "marijuana residue" a charge of misdemeanor possession was added.

Later that week a reporter from the Erie Morning News called agent West, asking if the office's lab would test his dope for quat. West declared that it would but insisted, "You need at least an ounce to test it." When pressed by the reporter, West admitted that he might be arrested for bringing in dope to the office.

Subsequently the Pennsylvania Drug Control Office headquarters in Philadelphia informed its labs across the state that they couldn't legally accept marijuana samples for paraquat testing.

180 Besiege Cop Station in Pot-Bust Protest

NEW YORK CITY—"It was like an Indian attack on a fort," observed a Queens patrolman after his station house had been besieged by 180 rock and bottle throwing citizens protesting a mass marijuana raid in their neighborhood. Undercover narcs from the Queens Narcotics Squad sparked off the riot by busting 18 local men on a street corner after making three grass buys. The crowd quickly gathered at the station house where the men were taken and

rioted until eight patrol cars showed up to disperse them. One station window was broken, and one cop was bruised on the ankle by a bottle.

Police claim that the street corner involved, Beach 22nd Street and Cornega Avenue, is a "drug supermarket" where both hard and soft drugs are peddled. Although the cops were unable to score anything but pot, they tried to justify the raid by intimating that "hard drugs" were being offered to children ("as young as 13") from nearby Far Rockaway High School.

Paraquet



Mary Duvenack

Cannalis, pictured perched atop a few bales of hay, is a bright blue macaw that was seized along with 10 tons of Colombian marijuana aboard the yacht *Odi N. Sebing* in the United States for \$2,000 a month. Colorful South American birds are being increasingly found aboard pot-laden vessels. The recent bust of the pleasure craft *Pappy* in Galveston, Texas, yielded 12 tons of grass, 14 Mexican parrots and 1 para-

Correction

Our apologies to Mr. Ralph Caplan, incorrectly identified in the June '78 High-witness News story titled "Paraphernalia Mogus Give 67C to NORML." A major head-gear distributor and longtime NORML stalwart, Caplan organized a fund-raiser at the last National Boutique and Fashion Show in New York City that netted NORML \$67,000 in pledges.

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Puna Growers Battle Pot Rustlers, Narcs

PUNA, HAWAII—Growers of Puna butter, some of the world's most dynamite marijuana, have been increasingly pressed from both legal and criminal elements in recent months. Gangs of "weed rustlers" and military-like police raids now threaten the lives and livelihoods of Hawaiian farmers who have traditionally grown isolated plots of boob all over the islands.

Organized weed rustlers recently have been using light planes and helicopters to seek out independent grass plots and hijack them. Usually a rustler plane will reconnoiter a preselected area of Puna, then radio down to a mobile ground crew the locations of pot patches sighted from above. The ground units then cut their way to the locations and can harvest a whole ton in a half hour. The private growers have become increasingly annoyed at this; not long ago a helicopter carrying four scientists from Detroit, taking nighttime infrared photos of the east slope of Kilauea Volcano, was penetrated by several 38 rifle bullets fired, evidently, by an independent grass grower. Maui Puna-butter fields are currently boobytrapped with explosives and guarded by men with shotguns.

Taking a tip from the rustlers, Hawaiian narcs have also begun using aerial surveillance and search-and-destroy tech-



Narcs haul away crop after Hawaiian pot-plantation raid

niques against the grass plots. In the recent statewide "Operation Destroy," dozens of armed cops descended upon isolated mountainside pot patches on ropes from jet helicopters to hand harvest tons of pot for destruction. Directed by Kauai Police Chief Roy K. Hiram, cops harvested 1,500

pounds on Kauai and one ton on Maui. No arrests were made. The only casualties included several policemen who were savagely slashed by sharp sugarcane leaves and one goat who suffered severe cuts on her udder when she was frightened by a copter and tried to jump over barbed wire.

Britain to Form National Narc Squad

Scotland Yard has announced that Britain will soon form its first full-time national drug squad. According to a Yard source, the narc agency will be patterned after the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and will concentrate on cocaine seizures. The decision came in the wake of home-office claims that Britain has become a major warehouse for huge cocaine shipments destined for the continent, coupled with the largest LSD bust in history and a dramatic rise in cannabis seizures over the past five months.

With a proposed two-year budget of \$700,000, the yet-to-be-named drug unit will initially be staffed by the Regional Crime Squad, the British equivalent to the FBI managed by the home office, much in the same manner the U.S. State Department oversees the operation of the DEA, said the Yard official.

Although smuggling sources here refused to affirm England's status as the cocaine storehouse of the Common Market, serious London cocaine dealers report that the market for blow has tripled over the past two years. A specially created British regional crime squad was responsible for the "Operation Julie" multi-million-tablet LSD seizure in London and

Wales last year. The Operation Julie squad heralded as heroes by the Labour government, was disbanded after the seizure and vowed to "return to beat Britain's mounting drug problem."

Dope seizures over the past ten years have failed to dent Britain's lucrative cannabis market, primarily made up of various strains of Eastern hash and exotic varieties of African marijuana. However, unlike America, where many multi-ton busts are made by sheer luck and sophisticated technology, British narcs have relied on a network of informers whose cover is protected by the tough Official Secrets Act. The prospect of more money being channeled into this network is what particularly worries dealers here.

"There are currently 900 regional-crime-squad officers," said the Yard source. "Admittedly quite small by American standards but quite large by our own. If more money is channeled into this organization, our dealer network will indeed grow."

The drug unit will reportedly commence full-time operations in early 1979. It is still unknown if the U.S. DEA, which maintains a full-time staff and office at the U.S. embassy, will assist in forming the squad.



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Good Citizen Refuses Pardon for DEA Bust

OATMAN, ARIZONA On the night of November 27, 1974, private-airstrip owner Charlie Stoll, 55, drew down on what he assumed to be a pack of armed hippies with a 12-gauge shotgun to defend his runway and hangar from invasion. This spring Stoll refused a proposed presidential pardon for assaulting undercover DEA agents, after the U.S. Supreme Court refused to overturn his conviction. "Any citizen would have done the same as I did," insists Stoll. "All my life I've been a good citizen."

On the night of the incident, when the DEA narcs bashed through a wire gate to get to Stoll's airstrip, Stoll was alerted to the invasion by a phone call from a neighbor. Fearing for his \$200,000 airplane and \$100,000 in spare parts in his hangar, Stoll charged out with his shotgun. "It seemed

there were armed hippies all over my airstrip," he said later. "I thought they were marijuana smugglers."

"Freeze!" Stoll ordered the narcs. "I've got an automatic 12-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. If you move, you're dead." Paralyzed in their tracks, the DEA men offered to show Stoll their IDs but had to keep their hands on their heads until county sheriff's deputies arrived to identify them. Then they immediately busted Stoll.

Acting as his own attorney, Stoll was convicted in Arizona State Court, he saw the conviction sustained all the way to the Supreme Court. When legal advisers suggested he might quietly obtain a presidential pardon for the "offense," Stoll indignantly exploded. "A presidential pardon means I'm guilty! Look at President Nixon."



Terence McCarty/N.Y. Post

DEA agents grabbed 1,200 pounds of top-notch Colombian pot that had been laboriously concealed inside the hollowed-out legs of a shipment of chess tables. Narcs at John F. Kennedy Airport in New York became suspicious, they say, when they computed that the cargo wasn't worth the freight charges involved.

Doctor Gives Pot, Smack to Maintain Dignity, End Pain

by Linda Konner

Pass a joint to a dying cancer victim? The prescription isn't at all frivolous, says Dr. Samuel Klagsbrun, a psychiatrist who teaches group therapy and works with cancer outpatients at New York City's St. Luke's Hospital. Dr. Klagsbrun maintains that the judicious use of both pot and heroin can significantly ease the pain of the terminally ill.

"For years, people have been searching for a drug that will fight the symptoms of very sick people without zonking them out and distorting reality for them," says the 46-year-old, Belgian-born Dr. Klagsbrun. "The terminally ill should be able to maintain communication with others, have an impact on the world—in short, be kept

alive as human beings. It's been found that marijuana has been reasonably successful in helping people cope with the nausea brought on by chemotherapy treatments. And heroin is an excellent drug to combat cancer pain without excessive sedation."

The cancer treatment includes the administering of a potent "cocktail," a mixture of liquid morphine, cocaine and gin that has come to be known around the country as "Brompton's mixture." Taken in regulated doses, the liquid has proven to be quite useful as a pain-control agent. The idea, according to Klagsbrun and his colleagues, is to administer it frequently enough—sometimes as often as every two hours—to get ahead of the patient's pain.

Klagsbrun insists that patients ultimately require less of the mixture than they would were they to wait for the pain to set in.

The notion that cancer victims might become addicted to the powerful brew is something Klagsbrun readily dismisses. "In dealing with terminal illness, it's ludicrous to worry about addiction," says Klagsbrun.

If the narcotic used in treatment lets patients function more comfortably, then the problems are secondary to the benefits.

Patients who come in supposedly to die, not infrequently get better," reports Klagsbrun. "They are nourished, carefully gain weight, have their side symptoms taken care of, stop feeling depressed, and many are eventually discharged and followed on an outpatient basis. They learn to live in partnership with their cancer."

Dr. Klagsbrun admits that people are surprised to learn that, for particular patients, indulging in marijuana and heroin is all part of doctor's orders. "Patients giggle when their chemotherapists suggest going to their kids and bumming pot from them. And we've gotten raised eyebrows from family members when they're told what's in the Brompton's mixture we've been administering to their relative. Still, most patients are very knowledgeable about pain and drug use and appreciate the likelihood that they'll be given something to help them."

Although he hasn't worked actively to help get marijuana and heroin legalized in this country, Klagsbrun feels legalization would be a boon to the medical field without causing a flood of problems.

Brompton's Cocktail

Developed over ten years ago at St. Christopher's Hospice on Brompton Row, London, the smack-coke-alcohol mixture is currently employed in numerous European and American terminal-cancer wards. The combination of morphine and cocaine has a curiously felicitous synergy: the morphine annuls the pain completely, while the cocaine not only counteracts the stupefying effect of the smack but contributes an all-important anti-anxiety effect. Pain of all kinds, and especially the pain of terminal cancer, is seriously aggravated and perpetuated by the emotional anxiety it generates. Co-

caine's subtle euphoriant effect breaks the vicious pain-anxiety cycle, while its radical stimulant effect keeps the patient in touch with reality, despite morphine.

The original Brompton's Cocktail contained pure heroin and cocaine, suspended in a solution of ethyl alcohol, chloroform water and syrup, for taste. The American equivalent is essentially identical, administered with Compazine, an antiemetic tranquilizer that counteracts the nausea characteristically instilled by the morphine. At St. Luke's, gin is used to make the mixture taste as much like a conventional cocktail as possible.

Smoke-In Update

Three Memorial Day Toke-downs

San Francisco: Massing almost 10,000 supporters around Frisco's City Hall, the Campaign to Stop Prosecution of Dennis Peron, a popular dealer who ran the Big Top pot supermarket here, mixed straight prohibition repeal with paraquat protests for one of the largest smoke-ins so far this year.

Peron, NORML West Coast Coordinator Gordon Brounell, author/grower Ed Rosenthal, Paul Krassner, Mountain Girl, Margo St. James, County Supervisor Harvey Milk and a host of other West Coast luminaries spoke out while Moby Grape and Leila and the Snakes kept people entertained.

Absent, but frequently mentioned, was Mayor George Moscone, who had first promised to speak before reneging and finally threatening to have cops break up the celebration.

But nobody was busted, and the holiday celebration that ensued added further momentum for the move on the White House July 1 to 4. Bus rides from Frisco to this smoke-in and the Festival of Life scheduled for late August in Chicago can be arranged at (415) 437-3407 c/o Grimes.

Boulder: Torrential rains put the damper on the Boulder Colorado Free Festival and smoke-in at the state capitol in Pierre, South Dakota.

In Boulder where the sheriff had vowed arrests, the rain kept deputies home while 500 gathered in the park to party anyway. Since 3,000 joints had been prepared, footage on TV that night was full of people crowding around with three or four reeferers in their mouths, belying the sheriff's claim that "no pot was present."

Pierre: But further east in Pierre, South Dakota, the rain capped a day in which a small turnout, never more than 200, tied the State Police Criminal Investigation Division (CID) on a merry round of the governor's mansion, the state prosecutor's house and the state capitol building. Yippie Chuck Brame insisted on equal rights for pot under the Constitution and demanded that the CID arrest him on the spot for smoking a tobacco roll-your-own—whereupon the officer took a toke, looked at the menacing crowd around his men and Chuck, and backed off.

With that the partying started in earnest, five radio drew more people to the park every hour, and it was rain, not arrests as some had feared, that ended it.

Narc Dog Blood Flows



A root canal is performed on Omar, a four-year-old dope-sniffing dog working at MacDill Air Force Base in Florida. The German shepherd chipped the tooth one month earlier, presumably putting the bite on some hard drugs.

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DEA Bungles 57-Ton Bust

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—DEA agents nearly pulled off a huge shipboard pot bust when, after breaking the code used by the smugglers, they boarded and seized the 100-foot "mother ship" freighter *Moctezuma* 70 miles east of Fort Pierce, confiscating 57 tons of primo Colombian gold buds. But in a futile attempt to make the charges stick, undercover DEA narcs had purchased 20 bales from the freighter and carried it in past the 12-mile U.S. territorial limit before calling in the Coast Guard. All charges against the vessel's crew were dropped within a week.

The tip-off to the operation came when Florida Marine Police ran across a 26-foot speedboat admit seven miles offshore near Stuart. The four Latinos on board claimed to be fishing and testing new engines, but the cops quickly perceived that there was no bait aboard. They did find loads of supersophisticated radio and radar equipment in the stern and several documents in code. The cops obtained the documents from the Latinos in return for letting them cruise back to Miami with only a charge of improper boat registration. The documents were given to Miami DEA agents, who quickly deciphered them.

The documents indicated that the speedboat couriers were to contact the



Exited over breaking the coded message directing a major pot transaction, narcs blew the bust by sailing outside the 12-mile limit to seize the *Moctezuma*.

Moctezuma near Manzanilla Light, in Bahamian waters, early the next morning. At the appointed time undercover DEA narcs were waiting in a speedboat at the spot with the required identification: half of a dollar bill with a name and the requested amount of grass to be transported written on it.

It went down real smooth," reported narc chief Ray Magno. "Everything was fine out there." The 20 bales were swiftly unloaded, no money changed hands—"These deals are always cash in advance—paid through some bank account"—and as soon as the DEA speedboat was in American waters, orders were radioed to the Coast Guard cutter *Cape Shoalwater* to move in. The *Moctezuma* was boarded without incident, the crew was handcuffed and charged with conspiracy to import dope into the U.S., and the ship was towed into the Port of Palm Beach.

Eight days later, U.S. Magistrate Patricia Kyle found "no probable cause" to hold the 12 men arrested and they were quickly deported. "We can't prosecute them when they're outside the 12-mile limit," Judge Kyle explained. Complained agent Magno afterward, "We might as well accept it that any foreign country can flood this country with pot."

"In all my years in law enforcement, one Palm City, Florida, cop said, "I've never seen a setup like this." Police busted eight

tons of marijuana as it was being unloaded at midnight from the 81-foot yacht *Pegasus* at a wharfside mansion in the swanky Four Rivers development on St. Lucie Canal. Two men dived into the canal to escape arrest but were caught. "This is the biggest bust we've ever made ourselves," boasted Palm City Detective Captain Bob Crowder.


● "This is one of the largest rolling loads ever caught by the Florida Department of Agriculture," bragged inspector Ralph Piet after busting a semi loaded with 400,000 pounds in choice Colombian weed. Piet's suspicions were aroused when the truck pulled up for a routine check at his inspection station near Live Oak with a faulty rear-door seal and improper registration papers. Piet wired for assistance from police but busted the two men in the truck himself. Piet remarked of his third bust so far this year: "I feel that I am doing my job thoroughly."

● State and local cops and DEA fuzz descended on the Edmund, Oklahoma, home of a 20-year-old man and confiscated seven ounces of PCP, along with a pound of marijuana. Earlier, they had trailed a 21-year-old buyer to the location, then busted him as he left with \$1,200 worth of phencyclidine.

● Two telephone-employee companies in San Juan, Puerto Rico, were busted in a Puerto Rico Telephone Company panel truck carrying 600 decks of smack.



Florida fuzz tow 63-foot *Odin* to Ft. Meyers with ten tons aboard. No busts.



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"Coke Capital" of Land of Snow

Canadian narcs fear Toronto is becoming the "coke capital of Canada," now that new airline routes have been opened between Toronto and several South American countries. In the biggest Toronto coke bust so far, two Peruvian women—Juana Luisa Delgado, 21, and Rocio del Pilar Martinez, 23—were apprehended by airport customs officials with 25 pounds of blow sewn into their girdles.

● One California man and two Florida men were busted on a Hollywood, Florida, street corner in the midst of a 1.5-pound coke deal by city police and agents from the Dade County Department of Public Safety. The California man, who lives on a houseboat in North Dade, was charged with possession and conspiracy to sell coke; the Florida men were charged with littering, prowling and conspiracy to possess cocaine.

● Narcs score in Canada: Nineteen pounds of blow were seized in the possession of six men at Vancouver International Airport, British Columbia, climaxing a two-year investigation of the Northwest's biggest coke ring to date.

● Boston, Massachusetts, police investigating a burglary report became suspicious when 34-year-old Francisco Gutierrez, of Miami, attempted to elude them while carrying an outsize suitcase. After a chase he was apprehended and searched, turning up six pounds of cocaine in the suitcase.

● Three Canadians en route to Vancouver were busted at Miami International Airport carrying 332 grams of Colombian coke.

● Six pounds of snow, two pistols and records showing \$7 million in previous sales of coke were found by police in a Jamaica, New York, apartment. Tipped off to the "dope warehouse" by New Jersey narcs, cops used dope-sniffing dogs to raid the place, where six Colombian citizens were arrested.

● When Customs officers in Miami discovered a half-gram of coke in the jacket pocket of Armando Castro, 32, a bystander, Dade County Port receptionist noticed an "unusual curiosity" evinced by the next man in line. When she alerted the Customs officers to this, the suitcase of Miguel Castro, 39, was searched and a ki of snow discovered beneath a secret panel in it.

Hit Parade

Well, it's back-to-school time again. A lot of people could clearly use a few advanced courses in marine navigation and evasion tactics, to go by the look of all these Coast Guard busts. But it's all in the game: you lose a few hundred tons, you win a few thousand, on the average. Congratulations to the Coast Guard boys and also to all the dealers who regularly sneak acres of dope in under their noses.

● 50,000 lbs, 400 mi E of Miami, 70-ft trawler *Faviola*, USCG cutter *Dauntless* bust 9 arrests.

● 30,000 lbs, Ft. Lauderdale dock, 70-ft yacht *Jubilee V*, Customs seizure, no one on board to bust.

● 25,000 lbs, Stock Island, Fla., Outisland Seafood Co. dock, 70-ft trawler *Lila*, Fla. Marine Police seizure, no one on board to bust.

● 25,000 lbs, floating off Yankeetown, C.C. station base, Fla., 55-ft scuttled pleasure craft, no busts.

● 24,000 lbs, 10 mi W of Grand Isle in Fourchon Basin, La., 65-ft snapper *Yucatan*, Customs seizure, 3 crew busted, 15 more busted on shore.

● 18,000 lbs, 35 mi SE Matanzas Rock in Gulf of Maine, 55-ft *Southern Belle*, USCG cutter *Duane Tuesday* bust 3 arrests.

● 14,000 lbs, Pom. Everglades, Fla., channel, 63-ft luxury yacht *Fla. Marine* Police bust 2 arrests.

● 14,000 lbs, Jaurez Valley Town, Mex., in warehouse, Mex. can narcs busts, 2 busted.

● 12,000 lbs, Demopolis, Ala., airstrip, malfunctioning DC 3, Alabama State Police bust, 5 arrested.

● 10,000 lbs, Key West, Fla., Marquesas Shrimp Co. dock, 50-ft shrimp trawler *Sea Horse*, Coast Guard bust, 13 arrests.

● 5,300 lbs, Fernandina Beach, Fla., Intracoastal Waterway, 45-ft sailboat *Arawak*, Fla. Marine Patrol bust 8 arrests.



Ponce Inlet, Florida, cop loads 4,200 pounds found on two speedboats. One man was busted.

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NATIONAL WEED

Police Buzzed by Stoned Bugs

Toronto police report that their confiscated-drug repository is infested with a plague of marijuana-eating insects that are biting workers and causing mass resignations. Sergeant Jack Carr, in charge of the evidence room, reports that the flea-size bugs buzz wildly around the building biting employees after loading up on confiscated bud.

● VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA: Local pharmacist Carl Rowe needs \$40,000 for tuition and living expenses in order to complete four years of medical training at a foreign university. Rowe says that any benefactor who will front him the 40 grand will have a private physician on call 24 hours a day for the rest of his or her life. Any small town or underdeveloped country that subsidizes Rowe's study will have his undivided attention for four years after his graduation.

● MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: The Anheuser-Busch brewing company is promoting its Piel's natural light beer as the perfect replacement for body fluids that become dehydrated in the bodies of long-d stance joggers. They are actually backed up in this recommendation by Dr. Thomas Bessler,

editor of the American Jogging Association's magazine. Dr. Bessler jogs 25 miles every Sunday, with a "beer stop" every six miles. Piel's is especially good for this purpose, says the brewery, because it is "natural and low on sugar."

● PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA: A county attorney in Arizona recently offered a pot suspect an unusual deal: all charges against him would be dropped if he turned over his classic motorcycle to the cops. If suspect Timothy Sutter gives his 1960 Harley Davidson to the Pinal County cops, they say they won't prosecute him on charges of possession of marijuana for sale, transportation of pot and carrying a concealed weapon. Police reportedly want the bike for use in undercover work.

Jailers Raid Cookie Jar

BUSHNELL, FLORIDA—"I got to feeling dizzy and dizzy," recalled police-car dispatcher Cathy Quilling after eating three cookies that had been mailed to a prisoner in the Sumter County Jail. Ms. Quilling ate the cookies with codispatcher Debbie Coniglio and Norman Fore, the head jailer at Sumter. A half-hour later all three were rushed to Leesburg General Hospital with symptoms of marijuana intoxication.

On release from the hospital, having sustained no apparent injury, jailer Fore justified the appropriation of the hash brownies by pointing out that Sumter prisoners aren't allowed to have food in their cells. The sender of the package, postmarked in Texas, could not be identified by police.

Remarked Ms. Quilling after her ordeal: "I'm sure glad no kids got hold of the stuff."

Kansas Getting Wetter

WICHITA, KANSAS: Representative Michael Clover, who has been working for decriminalization of marijuana in Kansas, has introduced a bill that would legalize saloons for the first time in his state's history. Although already passed by the state senate, the bill is in trouble with the state

supreme court because the Kansas constitution specifically states that "the open saloon shall be forever prohibited." Until the court okays licensed taverns and a majority of Kansas counties approve, citizens will still have to drink only at home or in members-only private clubs.



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Cops Ban Witnesses:

Fate of 37 Tons Unknown

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON—One of the most dramatic seaborne grass busts in the history of the Northwest took on added dimensions when federal authorities arbitrarily refused to let news reporters witness the burning of the 37 tons of grass involved. Despite a special court order allowing them to observe the destruction of the grass, reportedly infested with scorpions, at the Scott Paper Mill in Everett, newspeople were detained for a half hour by Customs agents and then flatly refused entry onto the mill's premises. "We destroyed 37 tons," DEA agent David G. Canady told them afterward. "You just have to take my word for it."

The dope had been seized aboard the 168-foot *Helena Star* a month before. The vessel had first attracted the attention of the Coast Guard cutter *Yocona* by failing to fly a flag of any nation when spied 40 miles off Puget Sound. Her skipper Roman Ferrar Rubies of Mexico, radioed the cutter that the *Helena Star* was of British registry bound for Vancouver. But when the 213-foot *Yocona* kept trailing her toward the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the *Helena Star* at sunset doubled back for the open sea at 8 knots, her top speed.



The lovely *Helena Star*, with 37 tons of boo and scorpions in her hold, drifts unpowered in the Pacific awaiting Coast Guard boarders.

At dawn, 160 miles southwest of Cape Flattery, accompanied by the *Yocona*, an amphibious Coast Guard plane and by a helicopter, the *Helena Star* cut her engines and allowed boarders. When her registration turned out to be two years expired, the Coast Guard boarding party went below-decks, against Rubies's objections, to check out the permanent registry number. There they discovered 37 tons of burlap-

bagged grass piled haphazardly about the hold, with huge Mexican scorpions crawling all over it.

Skipper Rubies and his eight-member crew were taken to Seattle on the *Yocona*. The *Helena Star* was towed into Pier 36 flying a huge marijuana leaf flag that had been raised by the DEA agents who sealed her two hatches. She berthed next to the *Yocona*, where a midshipman had already stenciled a bright green marijuana-leaf emblem onto the cutter's port superstructure. "That means we got one!" he told reporters.

In Seattle Federal Court, skipper Rubies and first mate Pedro Zuniga Vera were charged with conspiracy to import grass into the U.S. while the seven Colombian crew members were deported.

The grass was destroyed under highly controversial circumstances. First, Seattle longshoremen refused to unload it because of the scorpions, so the job was done by Customs officers in the sequestered impoundment area. Seattle Intelligencer reporters were given special court permission to cover the burning but were physically restrained by the Coast Guard and the U.S. attorney at the dock. When it was learned that the DEA had at first, unaccountably underestimated the quantity of dope in the *Helena Star*'s hold by 17 tons, rumors quickly began to circulate that government agents had possibly pinched some of the dope for resale to grass dealers.

However, the Scott mill's steam plant foreman, R.C. "Bob" Tuengel, later assured the press, "Well, it was burned, I was there. I was walking in the stuff six to eight inches deep." The only civilian present at the burning, Tuengel said it took DEA narcs over five hours to break up the "smelly, moldy mess" of scorpion dope and feed it into the boiler furnace. "You could even smell it outside, a sweet, musty smell," he recalled. "Actually, leaning right over the fire, then you would really get it. Well, I could let my imagination run away with me. I wound up with a headache."

REEFER REPORT

Pennsylvania DAs Favor Decrim 2-1

● Decriminalization of penalties for possession of less than an ounce of cannabis appears virtually assured in Pennsylvania, after a NORML survey showed that district attorneys in the state appear to support a pending House of Representatives decrim bill by a factor of two to one. Out of the 67 DAs consulted in the survey, 40 responded with 26 in favor of the bill and only 14 opposed. The bill, House 904, would reduce the statutory definition of possession of less than 30 grams (about an ounce) from a misdemeanor to a summary offense. Summary offenses are similar to traffic violations—a \$400 fine is the stiffest penalty that may be imposed, and the offense does not appear on the individual's arrest record. Besides the state DAs, the Pennsylvania Bar Association and the Pennsylvania Medical Society support the bill.

● Nevada gubernatorial primary candidate Paul Holder, running in this month's Democratic primary elections, is calling for the decriminalization of private cultivation of marijuana: the growing of up to two plants would be permitted under Holder's proposals. Challenging incumbent Governor Michael O'Callaghan in a public letter, Holder declared that "the handwriting on the wall" points toward decriminalization of grass. "The waste of time, money and other resources of the criminal justice system can no longer be justified," insists Holder denouncing a legal situation that is "making criminals out of decent human beings." He urged O'Callaghan to call a special session of the Nevada legislature to consider his decrim proposals, in an effort to achieve "legislative sanity" on marijuana law.

● Liberal dope laws in California withstood some heavy fire last summer in the state legislature.

First Riverside Democratic Senator Robert Presley introduced a bill that would have reimposed arrest procedures and criminal sentences for possession of small amounts of marijuana if the defendant was arrested on school property. The proposal was voted down resoundingly after the California District Attorneys Association came out in opposition to it. The DAs came out in favor of a couple of bills, though, which would have reimposed criminal penalties for possession of high-THC content grass. A special "Thai stick" bill was introduced by Orange County Republican Senator Dennis Carpenter, which would have rendered possession of grass containing more than 8 percent THC either a felony or a misdemeanor under law; the charge to be imposed at the discretion of the police. Though ostensibly aimed at Thai sticks, the law could conceivably have been applied to Colombian, Hawaiian, Mexican Red and sinsemilla. This bill, too, however, was voted down by a huge margin. A similar bill proposed in the assembly would have specifically raised penalties for Thai grass buds and hash oil but was again defeated.

● In June the Miami state legislature passed a bill, HB-6, which makes marijuana legally available to researchers for the treatment of glaucoma and cancer chemotherapy nausea. The passage of the bill "frankly surprised" its main promoter, Representative H. Lee Moffit, who speculated that the marijuana might be given free to glaucoma victims and cancer patients from state pharmacies. Currently, researchers at the Miami School of Medicine's Bescom Palmer Eye Institute are developing ways to isolate the precise cannabinoid that reduces glaucomatous eye pressure from the grass chemicals that cause euphoria.

Oregon Grannies Grabbed in Hash Haul

by Digger Murphy

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—Two elderly American women from Le Pine, Oregon, were tried this spring in the Federal Court of Petty Sessions here, charged under the Australian Customs Act with smuggling \$19 million worth of hashish into the country. Mrs. Flora Marie Bassiere, 59, and Ms. Vera Todd Hayes, 61, hid their faces behind copies of the Reader's Digest as they were led into the courtroom.

The two women were busted in their Mercedes van just outside of Gosford in New South Wales. Working on a tip from an undisclosed informant, police ripped up the van's floorboards to expose a hidden compartment crammed with plastic-bagged dope—two tons of it, from bumper to bumper. The van had been under surveillance ever since its arrival by freighter in Melbourne.

Ms. Bassiere is a widow who had worked until last September as a cashier. Ms. Hayes is retired from the U.S. Army. The two had lived together in a 12-by-64-foot mobile home before last winter, when they took a vacation to Europe where Mrs. Bassiere has a nephew. The van was driven by the two little old ladies, police said, all



Vera Todd Hayes, 61, and Flora Bassiere, 59, after two-ton hash conviction

the way through Yugoslavia, Turkey, Afghanistan and India to Bangkok, Thailand, where the dope was loaded into it. From there the van was shipped to Melbourne while the women flew there by commercial jet via Hong Kong.

It is not known who tipped off federal agents to the sexagenarian smugglers, but the U.S. consul in Sydney, Ralph Jones, appears to have been at least "apprised" of the situation well before the busts came down. Both women were sentenced to 14 years in prison.

Senior Smokers Hit in Texas, Florida

The Oregon grannies are not the only senior citizens having pot problems of late.

Narcotics in San Antonio, Texas, recently chalked up another big hit when they grabbed an 82-year-old woman and arrested her for possession of marijuana. Police identified the woman as Sally Santangelo and say that she was nabbed with a brown paper bag holding 21 plastic baggies of "suspected marijuana."

Ms. Santangelo was freed on \$3,500 bail.

Another older ruler recently called police in Stuart, Florida, to report that thieves had broken into his house and made off with a quarter-ounce of boo and "a smoking device known as a 'Power Filter'." The cops, in this case, decided against pouncing on the 64-year-old caller but would not comment on whether they will return the stolen goods.

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101 RECIPES TO COOK WITH

Celebrity Busts

• Returning to Canada to plead "no contest" to a charge of possession of two grams of pot NORML director **Keith Stroup** was arrested at Calgary Airport, Alberta.



Keith Stroup

la, for possession of a single joint Stroup, who was fined \$100 for the first arrest and \$300 for the second has been banned from ever again entering Canada.

• Forty-year-old retired anarchist **Jerry Rubin** was detained overnight in the police bin at London's Heathrow Airport when he at-

tempted to enter Eng and with a dozen joints on his person. Rubin had been scheduled to rap about the legendary year 1968 on Harlech TV in Wales with Tonn Al-



Jerry Rubin

and Daniel Cohn-Bendit, homes of the 1968 Paris youth riots, but was shipped out on the next flight back to the States.

• Dr. **Hunter S. Thompson**, popular author and "Doonesbury" doppelgänger, was busted by Florida cops at the Shore Cliff Inn in Pismo Beach. Dr. Thompson

had earlier addressed 1,000 people at Chumash Auditorium on the subject of marijuana decriminalization, advising that grass shouldn't be legalized for fear that



Hunter Thompson

the American tobacco corporation might reduce the THC levels in newly commercialized pot brands. Subsequently, police were summoned to Dr. Hunter's home by the manager, who complained of a "disturbance" emanating from his room. Uncle Duke told the cops he'd been getting excited

over a televised basketball game; the cops said they smelled a distinct odor of high-test THC about him and asked to see his stash.

• A Cincinnati jury found former



Judy Carne

Laugh-In star **Judy Carne** innocent of the heroin-possession and prescription forging charges she had been facing since her arrest last year. The day before her acquittal, however, Carne's ex-husband **Robert Bergman**, 30, was arrested by police on an unsuspiciously charged dope charge.

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hattan Beach, Ca. 90266. (213) 545-3310.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	oz	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		oz	50-80
		oz	5-10
		oz	150-250
		oz	8 pipes
		oz	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality	oz	400-460
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	45-55
Black Napalese hash	slabs	oz	575-700
Lebanese hash	taste treat	oz	15-18
Domestic hash	truly inferior	oz	200-300
		oz	2000-3000
		oz	1400-1800

BRAZIL

Green grass	domestic stash, seedy	oz	10-15
Brown grass	domestic, fair to good, mucho	oz	200-250
Red Paraguayan	fine, only at border	oz	20-25
Red Colombian	excellent Santa Marta	oz	400-450
Gold Colombian	very sensual	oz	150-200
Black Flower grass	high ultra-energetic	oz	40-50
Bonsai hemp	peculiar stony buzz	oz	600
Cocaine	from weak local to top Peruvian	oz	50-70
Methamphetamine	Argentinian, scrupulous	oz	800
LSD	A+ cone tablets	oz	950
Mescaline	good domestic synthetic	oz	500
Magic mushrooms	fabulous	oz	100gm
		oz	100

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Top-grade Mexican	rare of late	oz	100-125
Commercial Colombian	glut	oz	40-50
Connaisseur Colombian	increasing flow	oz	475-700
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	30-45
Thai sticks	up black slabs, worthwhile	oz	350-450
Alghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	40-80
Honey oil	amber	oz	450-550
LSD	tremendous blotter microdot, caveat emptor	oz	180-200
Cocaine	short and sweet	oz	2000-3100
		oz	20-25
		oz	160-200
		oz	1200-1800
		oz	35-50
		oz	450-800
		oz	1-3
		oz	100-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	oz	55-75
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	oz	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		oz	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		oz	100-300
		oz	100-300
		oz	2500-3000

DENMARK

Domestic grass	smoked out some private stash	oz	10-15
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Moroccan hash	good kil mix, light green	gm	2.50-4
Alghani hash	primo	gm	1700-2200
Pakistani hash	plentiful, improving	gm	3.50-6
Nepalese hash	fresh supply	gm	3000-3500
Cocaine	increasing quantity, variable quality	gm	2.50-5
LSD	microdot	gm	2200-3500
Opium	mostly in-crowd, not commercial	gm	3.50-6
		gm	3000-4000
		gm	100-150
		gm	2000-2500

ENGLAND

African grass	plentiful	oz	35
Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Alghani hash	thin slabs, good quality up	oz	400-600
Colombian hash	some Afghani	oz	75-150
Hash oil	big blotter	oz	800-1250
LSD	OK to good	oz	50-65
Cocaine	large demand, steady supply	oz	500-800
Mandrax	good to excellent	oz	25-35
		oz	375-500
		oz	1-1.50
		oz	75-150
		oz	75-150
		oz	1800-2000
		oz	1-3
		oz	100-200

GERMANY

Alghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	oz	500-725
Moroccan hash	just OK	oz	2-5
Thai sticks	high quality	oz	1200-1350
LSD	blotter	oz	35-50
Cocaine	decent supply	oz	475-575
		oz	15-25
		oz	800-1200
		oz	2.50-5
		oz	200-400
		oz	65-110
		oz	500-750

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathaking	oz	8-12
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	oz	30-75
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	4-6
Pueblito	good	oz	50-90
Magic mushrooms	fresh excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown to pure white	oz	20-70
Opium	not much	oz	5-10
		oz	50-125
		oz	30-50
		oz	300-500
		oz	30-50
		oz	300-400

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	oz	70-75
Lachuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	4-5
Coca leaves	dry for smoking	oz	55
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best locally produced, not very good	oz	2-3
Quasuludes		oz	1-15
		oz	1.50-2
		oz	1,100
		oz	5-10
		oz	8,500
		oz	20

SPAIN

Spanish grife	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	fresh commercial chocolate, good	oz	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Chitral hash	hard to find	oz	50-60
		oz	1500-1700
		oz	70-80
		oz	2000-2500

Hash oil	Moroccan dark green abundant	oz	1200-1500
LSD	good blotter	oz	3-5
Cocaine	good to excellent	oz	200-300
Quasuludes	different kinds, in quantity	oz	80-120
		oz	1000-1500
		oz	20-25
		oz	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	tasty colas	oz	30-60
Quantity Jamaican	good brown	oz	150-400
Commercial Colombian	much	oz	30-40
Connaisseur Colombian	likewise	oz	125-300
Seedless Colombian	top stuff scarce	oz	25-40
Crystalline	ace	oz	250-400
methedrine		oz	40-50
California sinsemilla		oz	375-650
Hawaiian Puna buds		oz	50-75
Moroccan hash	slow mover	oz	750-1000
Lebanese hash	dirty blond	oz	40-75
Black Afghani hash	sleepy overpriced, fair	oz	125-175
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout	oz	1000-1750
Pak hash	just decent, no buy	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	oz	800-1200
Hawaiian	rare	oz	150-175
Hash oils	potent Alghani to honey	oz	150-175
PCP	powder the pits	oz	1000-1750
LSD	blotter microdot, others available fresh, frozen	oz	25-40
Psilocybin mushrooms	fresh	oz	400-800
Payote	available rare, many "boots"	oz	80-75
Quasuludes, 7145		oz	150
Cocaine	various qualities	oz	3-5
California red hair	lastly, potent, plentiful	oz	350-500
		oz	80-120
		oz	1000-2000
		oz	50-125
		oz	450-1000

Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	oz	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	oz	250-350
		oz	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		oz	50-100
		oz	500-700

Hawaii

Kona gold	pinny taste, excellent high	oz	110-160
Mau	delicious, tourist prices	oz	950-1600
Kauai	stoney overpriced	oz	100-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	oz	900-1500
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	110-160
		oz	20-40

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. □

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"Absinthe" Edgar Degas 1876

This painting by Degas clearly depicts the helpless despair of the life of an Absinthe addict. Degas himself was an avid user of this 100 proof liqueur, as were other impressionists of the day, including Rimbaud, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Verlaine. Ernest Hemingway was also said to be fond of the beverage.



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Interview

The Dope Taster

Another conversation with the dope industry's quality-control expert—on the decline of Mexican, the rise of industrialized dope, and America's inordinate fear of paraquat

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur



In this world some are driven to taste real adventure. They savor excellence no matter what the cost in money or human blood. Such a person relishes even the most grueling journey in order to sip, smoke, smell, lick or fuck the very best the material world can offer. Of course a living must be made. And the truly gifted can provide for themselves while indulging in the very thing they love the most—the chase.

There is such a person, the Dope Taster. He has been compared to "El Exigente" of coffee-commercial fiction. Like the soft-spoken, firm Colombian his word is sacred in both remote pot strongholds and Swiss banks. And like the TV coffee taster he owns a white linen suit. But unlike El Exigente he is no toady to fruit and bean empires. The Dope Taster travels only for love of the herb that has given him such a fine life.

When High Times first interviewed the Dope Taster in 1975 he was traveling by Lear jet at the expense of well-heeled smuggling cartels to sample the weeds and hashes on every continent. There he would arbitrate price and quality disputes with, at times, a single puff, while freighter fleets, air-cargo armadas and Bahamian bank accounts waited. His judgment and taste ultimately affect the consciousness of the entire nation.

Now the Dope Taster has returned from a recent 10,000-mile inspection tour of the world's major dope-growing areas. By his own reckoning, the Dope Taster logged hundreds of hours in the air at low altitudes, scoping out the dope fields. Traveling by foot, burro and jeep, he was escorted through closely guarded arroyos, lush secret valleys and primeval swamps steaming with weird vegetation. He spent weeks among sweaty workers smoking cigar-fat joints of new, potent pots with plantation honchos.

In the following conversation with "R.," the Dope Taster presents some reality behind-the-scenes looks at the rapid evolution of the dope growing, smuggling, dealing and consuming scenes. At a time when the marijuana world is in turmoil, paraquat scares, 500-ton busts and changing tastes—we are indeed fortunate to hear the Dope Taster's firsthand report from the front lines.

High Times: Tell us about this recent Latin American vacation of yours.

Dope Taster: I have just gotten back from inspecting the crops in Mexico, Colombia and Jamaica. I've been in touch with all the inner circles, the people you need to know to follow what's happening internationally in dope. I chartered planes or used planes made available to me from the generous forces that exist. I inspected all the pot-growing areas from the air. The only way you can really tell what's going on on a global scale is to look at it from the higher perspective you get in a Lear jet on a clear day. I got the idea from James

Jerome Hill, the famed builder of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He used to explore the entire West and examine the crop patterns, the settlement patterns. He would then know how to schedule his trains for the coming year and beat all his competition. Morgan used to do the same thing. Bernard Baruch also.

High Times: What patterns did you observe in this latest tour?

Dope Taster: The decline of Mexican cultivation for one. I think that myths abound these days in dope cities, and the myth of the importance of Mexican pot is one. The straight media still think Mexico is the big marijuana country. In going down there I found the intensive commercial cultivation of Mexican pot declining in comparison to, say, Colombia. A major shift has taken place.

"Average dope is 3 times as powerful as it was 10 years ago. You don't see extremely bad dope now, but extremely good is rare."

High Times: Mexico is no longer a big exporter. Is that what you mean?

Dope Taster: I would say that whereas straight sources and the DEA would tell you that it accounts for 80 percent of the dope imported to this country, it's actually more like 15 percent nowadays.

High Times: So there's nothing really interesting going on in Mexico?

Dope Taster: There's still a lot of good connoisseur dope coming out of Mexico and a lot of commercial as well. But its proportion is not as great as it used to be by any means. And the reason for this is that Mexico has become a much smaller country just in the last ten years than it once was. And it's much easier now for the government to put a hold on what's going on. The country is hovering on the edge of a revolution, and the pot represents the poor people's financing for this, represents the potential economic power of people, so it's being kept down fairly tightly by the established government.

High Times: Okay. Tell us about the picture in Colombia.

Dope Taster: In Colombia it's not quite the same because the government there is considerably less important. The country is still a big country. See, in Mexico you can be anywhere within a half hour now, with the advent of a good deal of plane travel, good roads and so on. But in Colombia it's still a place where you can go back out into the mountains and not see another human being for months. As those who crashed up in the mountains will testify.

So even though the government is not

that much more liberal than in Mexico, it doesn't feel the need to put the squeeze on the pot people, because they can remain the government without having to control every province.

High Times: Tell us something about what you saw from above, flying over the Colombian crop. What can we expect in the U.S. market?

Dope Taster: Down in Mexico what you see are no longer the big fields that used to be there but instead patches. Patches here, patches there, and so on. And since they can't grow that much, they intensely cultivate what they do grow, and you do see a lot more of the connoisseur dope. In Colombia you see less of the connoisseur dope. From the air you see huge fields of pot being grown in an industrial manner, like wheat or sorghum.

High Times: Substandard from what we're used to?

Dope Taster: Well, actually I think that if you drew a chart of the quality of dope over the last ten years, the average quality has been straight up. It's vastly increased, at least three times as powerful as it was ten years ago. But the extremes have been taken out. You don't see the extremely bad dope anymore that we used to smoke ten years ago. Likewise, the extremely good also is more rare.

High Times: Can you tell us your opinion on the whole paraquat scene?

Dope Taster: Well, paraquat is one of the real frauds of our time. It's such a joke. When Peter Bensinger [head of the DEA] has been where I have been then he can tell people that paraquat is being effective. The Mexican government is totally incapable of delivering any significant quantity of paraquat to Mexican pot fields. Totally incapable. But they take the money. They fill out the forms and tell the U.S. government whatever it wants to hear.

There aren't that many fields in Mexico anymore. There are patches. It takes more gas to get there than it's worth to come in and spray paraquat in some farmer's backyard. And a lot of the pot in Mexico is grown above altitudes where the average helicopter or ag-spraying plane can fly. It's something the government overlooks. Most of these patches are being grown in places that are out of the range of the average ag plane. It's all a joke.

High Times: What about the percentage of grass samples that supposedly show paraquat contamination?

Dope Taster: Yeah, but those are the samples that people are sending in because they are worried about it. I mean, nobody's sending in samples of good dope. Acapulco gold or anything like that. There's still Acapulco gold around too, you know. See, what's behind the whole paraquat operation is a political struggle down in Mexico. They had this land-reform thing with the last president, and as he left office he gave away a whole bunch of land to a number of pissed-off

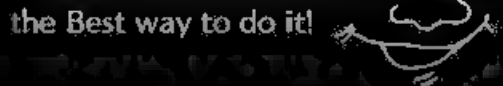
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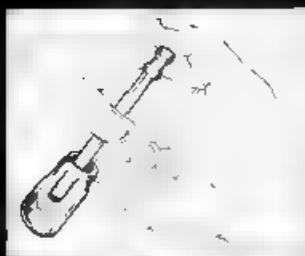


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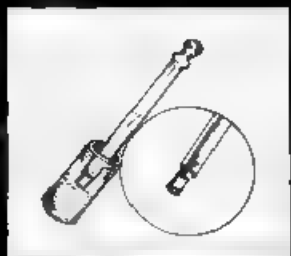
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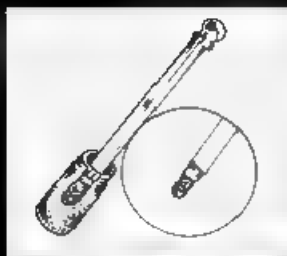
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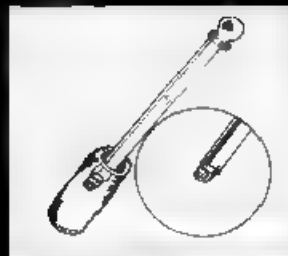
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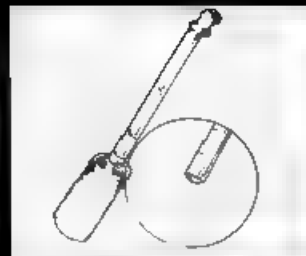
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peasants in Sonora province and Guerrero province and a few of the prime pot growing areas. So the peasants of course proceeded to cash in on the bonanza of the pot boom and started growing. And the new president who came in was very down on this concept of land reform—as part of the ruling class—and he sent the helicopters in. What paraquatting was done, was mostly done against those small farmers who'd retained land from during land reform, so they would be wiped out, lose their land, be unable to pay for it, and the old landowners could buy it back, which is exactly what has been happening in the past year or two down there.

So this is an example of paraquat being used as an instrument of international policy, but it really has nothing to do with the average American consumer because paraquatted pot looks really bad, and it smokes really bad. And it's not something that you do without realizing that something harmful is happening to you right from the outset. You know there's something wrong. I think people's normal vigilance will protect them from paraquat. There's very little of it around because they're doing very little actual paraquatting, and the smugglers are loath to risk their lives to smuggle in bad weed. And people who finance smuggling are loath to risk their money on bad stuff. And down the line no one wants to touch it, so it generally doesn't get passed along the system of distribution, because good weed drives bad weed out of circulation.

What's happened with weed is like what's happened with television. The idea is to displease as few as possible rather than deliver maximum satisfaction to a few. It's an industrialization.

High Times: What is the top-of-the-line good Colombian?

Dope Taster: Gold is king because of taste and the high. And, it's brand identification. You see the gold, you know you're going to get fairly high. Whereas to distinguish a good brown from a bad brown, or a good red from a bad red, or even a good green from a bad green, takes a good deal more knowledge. But even an average gold is likely to be fairly good. And you don't have to know much about dope to know that. So dealers and smugglers and everyone down the line—consumers, wholesalers—like the gold because it's sure to be good whereas distinguishing good dopes from bad ones takes considerably more judgment.

High Times: What about the top—you can get gold as good as it once was.

Dope Taster: Not really. But you can get a lot more gold that's fairly good. But there are other grades of dope that are pretty good. The browns of Colombia are a lot better now than they used to be. And it's quite an acceptable alternative to gold.

High Times: How do you tell good brown from the bad brown these days?

Dope Taster: Smell is part of it. And

freshness is very important with brown, dried-out brown can be deadly. If it's still got some moisture, it can be nice; a dank smell doesn't necessarily mean a dank smoke. It can be quite tasty. And of course you look for a lot of resin and so on. The early cuts of brown stuff may not have much resin at all and still be pretty tasty.

High Times: Now, you said that you also flew over Jamaica. Jamaican dope hasn't been heard of for a long time, as far as I can tell. Why is that?

Dope Taster: Well, Jamaica, being an island, is used by the DEA as a test country to eradicate marijuana. They've made it an ultimate test territory. And about four or five years ago the government virtually wiped out the ganja traffic, using the Jamaican government as their instrument.

**"You see gold, you know
you'll get high. To
distinguish a good brown
from a bad brown, a good
red from a bad red, etc.,
takes more knowledge."**

But since then Michael Manley has been in for a good deal of time, and Bob Marley has been pretty much installed in place of Haile Selassie as the king of Rastafarianism. Things are beginning to loosen up again. When I flew over the island I saw some patches of cultivation, some pretty-good-sized patches, but still not enough to be a factor in the U.S. market. What I saw could all be consumed by Americans who are visiting in the Caribbean without any of it ever leaving. Probably is.

High Times: How would you describe speaking sort of nostalgically, what the special character of a Jamaican high was?

Dope Taster: More red. When I smoke Jamaican I always think of red, and I think of it as energetic: reminded me very much of Rasta music. It had that same kind of feeling, like a thumping energy, a sort of fight-the-oppressor feeling, fight back, that whole thing. Not deep, but strong. Defiant. However, the Jamaican that I encountered down there now is a shadow of its former self. It's mostly bush. There is very little of the good stuff that's around—everything that was given to me while I was there was called "lamb's bread," supposedly the holy weed of the Rastas, but none of it was one-tenth of what it was before the DEA destroyed the market.

High Times: So is there no future for Jamaican then?

Dope Taster: No, I think it's going to return to the market in connoisseur quantities.

High Times: Okay, maybe we could cross

a couple of oceans and discuss what has become of Thai. What is the real story behind the decline of Thai?

Dope Taster: Well, it's the same as in every other country. It starts out with a few traditional tribalistic cultivators using dope for religious and ecstatic purposes and making the best. And it ends up industrialized—more people get higher, but the few don't get as high. I can't knock it, but in Thailand as in Colombia as in Mexico in general, as in Jamaica, and as in all the hash countries, dope has become industrialized. And Thai sticks are still nice, but the peaks aren't there anymore. Very few Thai sticks are worth the \$2,000-a-pound prices that people talk about. Very few of them are sold at that price too, I might add, anymore.

High Times: What about the state of the domestic U.S. market?

Dope Taster: Well, there's a good deal of optimism here because this is a country small enough, truly small enough and tight enough, that there is not likely to be much industrialization of dope here soon. And I think the connoisseur has the best chance of finding a really exotic dope right here these days, especially if you happen to live in California, where people who know they can get away with growing 10 or 20 or 50 plants put a lot of work into those plants and make them really good. As good as any Hawaiian.

I expect to see Americans growing stuff down in Guatemala and Costa Rica and places like that. And Colombia, and up in the mountains would be the ultimate perhaps. In the past, American involvement has been mainly on the smuggling end, but in the future Americans may become their own tribe of equatorial growers for tribalistic, religious and aesthetic purposes. See, Americans don't have any tradition of that. We grew it for rope here. And it's a testament to the sort of backward spiritual nature of America.

High Times: Any new developments in the hash-growing countries?

Dope Taster: The invasion of the Israelis into Lebanon brought us this year's hash crop.

High Times: Is that true?

Dope Taster: Apparently there was considerable disagreement over the price that the Israeli secret service would sell the hash for this year for the Lebanese. How much direct control they have I'm not sure, but I do know that immediately after the invasion there was a tremendous influx of Lebanese hash. Moroccan hash. There's some Afghan around. Some nice hand-rolled Afghan; that is coming through. And I anticipate some Sumatran grass.

High Times: Sumatran grass, that sounds terrific.

Dope Taster: Yeah, might be coming in soon. And I think Vietnamese; all those city slickers that they send out to the fields to grow rice, they're not all growing rice. It's hard to break the old habits, and

Vietnam is a very big place with many remote areas. I think that Vietnamese may be a factor on the market, probably being sold as Thai weed.

Because of the industrialized level of dope, governments are becoming more and more important in what dope is available and how much. What quantities and where. The indulgence of the Colombian government has more to do with there being a lot of Colombian available than any other inherent factor in Colombia. I mean there's nothing unique about Colombia. Just as good a dope could be grown in Mexico or Bolivia or Venezuela or Brazil. Better in many cases. The Colombian government is willing to overlook what's going on. They can afford to at this point.

High Times: How much dope is being imported from these countries? Can you give us a percentage breakdown of the various kinds of dope on the American market today?

Dope Taster: I'd say it breaks down to around 10 percent domestic including Hawaiian, 70 percent Colombian, 15 percent Mexican and 5 percent miscellaneous, which includes Thai, Jamaican, Brazilian and various types of hash.

High Times: Okay. Now that we've looked at the state of the market from the point of view of the consumer, maybe you could give us an assessment of the people who bring it in—the marketers, the smugglers. What has happened to them?

Dope Taster: I think people who have been in the business for some time have thought decriminalization and legalization would be well on their way to being here, that DEA fanaticism would be a scene that was behind us. But it doesn't seem to be behind us at all. It seems to be very much with us. And people who told themselves that if they ever got busted, they'd be out, have now been busted three or four times, and they're still in. Because it's very addictive. Very addictive. The dope isn't addictive, but the dealing and the smuggling are.

High Times: So the people in it are attracted to it as much by the intrigue and danger as by the bucks?

Dope Taster: It definitely represents an alternative to being a check-out clerk in a grocery store. I mean, it's a matter of reality that there's a lot of intelligent people around for whom society has no place. A lot of brave, daring, resourceful, ambitious people that society just can't absorb. It's sort of like the '20s and Prohibition with the smugglers then. There's no question that somebody's kid now will be president 30 years from now—some smuggler's kid.

High Times: You mean the way Jack Kennedy was the son of a bootlegging millionaire?

Dope Taster: Exactly.

High Times: So these people sound like they're all heroic adventurer figures. Are they all that great, or is there variation?

Dope Taster: No, not at all. In fact, very few of them are; a lot of them are just businessmen. Most of them are social misfits and sociopaths. But they're not as bad as the agents overall. At least they don't hide behind badges while they do their thing.

High Times: Is the dope trade really run by individual entrepreneurs still, or is it in some way or another organized by, if not organized crime, then, well, the mayor of some Florida town or people like that? Or are they sort of '60s adventurers?

Dope Taster: It could be said superficially that the era of the Ken Burnside, the individual entrepreneur who leads the way, is over. And it's true that larger organizations have grown up and are given franchises by various government agencies like Customs and by foreign

"The domestic market today breaks down to around 10% domestic including Hawaiian, 70% Colombian, 15% Mexican and 5% miscellaneous."

governments, to be semiofficial exporters and importers. This is where a lot of this industrialized-level dope comes from. You don't grow a field with a million pounds unless you know you've got pretty good protection from the government and you've got a perfect way to get it in and a perfect way to sell it.

So when you hear of fields being busted, the usual reason is it's an argument over the price of protection more than any diligent work on the part of the government. In fact, the government controls the pot trade for the most part. Overseas it happens through the CIA controlling or having good relations with the local domestic intelligence agencies of foreign countries, which in those countries administer and control the dope traffic. And here in the U.S., the DEA is intimately involved in all the dope traffic.

High Times: So would it be fair to say that the effect of the DEA operations in the past has been to drive the smaller individuals out and to

Dope Taster: Make the market more disciplined for the big ones.

High Times: To rationalize the market system.

Dope Taster: Right. And create statistics also, just create statistics. I mean, the narcotics departments are involved in nothing other than the pursuit of the dollar and the next big deal. They tend to merge in and become hard to tell from the dealer.

High Times: What do you think is behind the latest run of huge seizures of pot—500

tons in Colombia, 80 tons up in Maine, 80 tons here and there? Are they cracking down? Is more getting through? What does all this mean?

Dope Taster: This is the height of the season as we're talking now. You're going to keep hearing numbers like that and bigger ones for the next several months. But there's a lot more that is getting in. No one puts 40 tons or 80 tons on a ship unless they've got a pretty good chance of getting it in. What it indicates is that enormous capital has been brought to bear on this industry. People are willing to sink millions of dollars to get millions of dollars back. The only game that I can think of that quite compares with it is the arms trade. People are betting millions in cash on things like this, and they're mostly getting their return. Enough are getting their return and gain to keep going on.

High Times: How do the people who make a lot of money out of this live generally?

Dope Taster: Let's say they handle their success about as well as rock stars. Which, needless to say, is not well. They have a few hits, and most of them then go back into obscurity. And a few people have long strings of hits. But the fatality rate is appalling, both literally and in terms of people getting busted. But getting busted doesn't mean that much. It's an annoying cloud over one's career, but it doesn't disrupt it that much.

High Times: People who get busted seem to go right back into this?

Dope Taster: They have to because then they have to pay their lawyers, and the lawyers are like vampires. As long as blood will come out, they'll keep sucking.

High Times: You mean dope lawyers aren't righteous people?

Dope Taster: Well, they are at times. Different times they have been. I mean, they've probably done more good than most people, because they're in a position to do that. But they've also done more bad than most people too. It's weird. The lawyer and the doctor, as Carter pointed out recently, both have come to have a sort of life-and-death grip on people's lives. And they're really exploiting it. Lawyers represent the ultimate arbitrating mechanism in the controlled dope market, by which you are allowed to bargain to continue to do your thing.

High Times: Is there a kind of professional ethics in smuggling?

Dope Taster: Ultimately people come to adhere to some kind of general clandestine ethics. Like, you don't turn in your friends. You pay your bills. You do what you say you're going to do. Things like that. But it's a business that takes place in a dark alley with cash in hand, and there are many, many violations. It's very much like Prohibition in the early '20s, before territories were totally straightened out between various mobs. It hasn't really gotten down to the clearly defined terri-

(continued on page 103)

THE FINAL RESULTS

It took months of grueling work and hundreds of grueling man and woman hours to select the winners you see before you. Yet, after thousands of entries had been opened and their contents examined, discussed, appreciated, analyzed and inspected for possible bribes, we finally ran out of darts. The jury of eminent dope photo critics—including Art Director T. Courtney Brown, Dope Expert Leslie Morrison, Dope Intellectuals Gilbert Choate and Eric Kibble, one black and one woman—finally filed out of the judging room and announced to a crowd near frenzy with suspense that a winner had been chosen. His name—"Michigan Stu" Smith of Troy, Michigan. In decades to come, classrooms full of yet unborn students of the art of dope photography will look on his work, as we know the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of the Caesars and the England of Elizabeth, so the future generations of posterity will come to know twentieth-century America as the epoch of Michigan Stu Smith, in whose enduring master photos all the hopes and dreams of our time are forever enshrined. Thanks, Stu, it's off to the sunny Caribbean for you and a friend of your choice on a two-week expenses-paid cruise aboard the luxury windjammer yacht *Fantoma*. Don't bring back any funny "antiques"!

Like any other great event in history—wars, revolutions, famines, plagues, wheat blights and rock festivals—the Great Dope Photography Contest caught a whole generation in its headlong rush and brought us together in the seminal phenomenon of our times. Men and women of every race and creed dropped their weapons and became once again brother and sister; a Golden Age of the Arts and Sciences raised humanity's sights to new

ARE IN

RENOIRS OF REEFER. PICASSOS OF POT

CAMERAS CATCH CANNABIS IN CANDID CONDITIONS

JUBILANT SHUTTERBUGS COLLECT PLEASING PRIZES

horizons of golden opportunity and universal peace. Most entrants didn't sign their names, though most who won did. Second-place winner Thomas Magno and fourth-place winner Peter Brydon, total strangers, discovered that they both lived at 2269 15th Street, San Francisco! Another contestant—T.C.M. Scroggy from Ohio—entered 47 times and lost 47 times (however, he received a one-year subscription for trying so hard) (unlike most of you). We also discovered a firm that's doing a booming business renting out the same pot plant as a model to at least 500 different photographers, all of whom sent in their own filmic studies of it. Clearly, this hardy growth is the Brooke Shields of marijuana. 'Twas truly a blessed event, we shall not see its like again.

Five second-place winners carried off deluxe Hot Box™ cocaine-testing kits made by the Hot Box Co., and five others were the richer by the possession of THC-enhancing Isomerizers from the Thai Power Co. Unto five third-place winners were given superaccurate Ohaus triple-beam scales from the Correct Count Co. And last, but not least, the fourth-place winners received the most priceless gifts of all—one-year subscriptions to *High Times* (send \$16 for 12 issues to Box 965, Farmingdale, New York 11735). And though the battle is not always to the stoned, the thousands of unsung, unrewarded entrants who "missed the boat," as well as the tester, the Isomerizer, the scale and the magazine, went home feeling well and truly pleased, and if not pleased then we hope well, and if not well then we hope not ill, and at any rate we trust they shall not come gunning for us. Additional runners-up will be printed in next month's "Stash" section. A good time 'twas had by all.



Caribbean cruise



Thai Power Isomerizer



Cocaine testing kit by Hot Box



Ohaus triple-beam scale from Correct Count Co



High Times subscription

JACK ABRAHAM

SECOND PLACE WINNERS



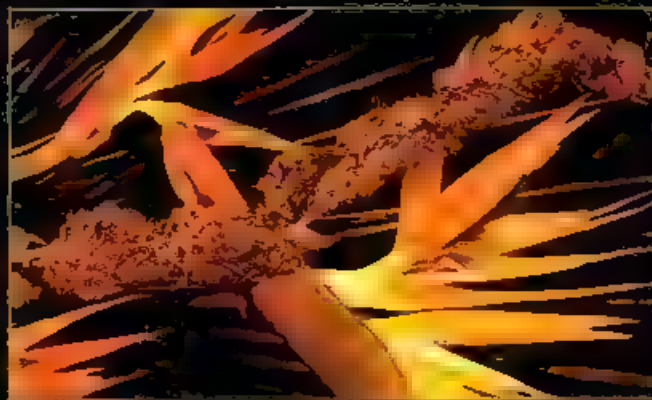
Tom Pappas, Tampa, Florida



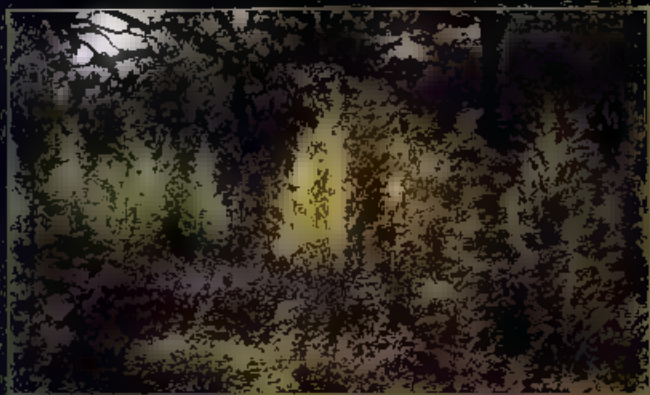
Jack Deo, Marquette, Michigan



N.O.B., Anchorage, Alaska



M.F.W., Bryan, Texas



"Lawrence of Mendarey," Pacific Grove, California



"Lumpy," St. Paul, Minnesota



N. Silverman, Chicago, Illinois





FIRST PLACE WINNER: MICHIGAN STU SMITH

THE HIGH TIMES DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES

THIRD PLACE WINNERS



Stephen Morris, Fairfax, California



Calbert Rodgers, St. Petersburg, Florida



Robert Necker, Victor, Montana



Steve Gram, Springfield, California

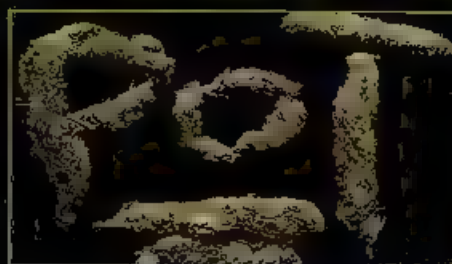


James Larson, Captain Cook, Michigan

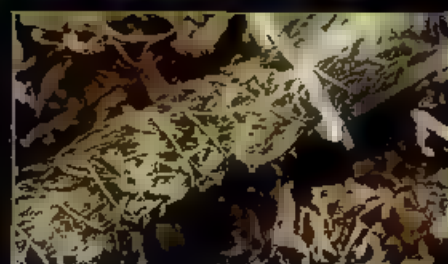
FOURTH PLACE WINNERS



Gary Sanner, Sanford, Florida



D.W. Mason, Baltimore, Maryland



Mark J. Rowoff, Arlington, Virginia



J. Broyden and S. Bowen, Knoxville, Tennessee



Bob Smith, Somerville, Massachusetts



Freddie Brynner, San Francisco, California

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BANANA BOAT CONNECTION

American West, the banana boat is doing for Colombian cocaine



John West Thatcher is not your average, run-of-the-mill, depraved, weird, long-haired, hippie drug smuggler. For starters, Thatcher doesn't drink, curse or smoke. Not even cigarettes. He's a God fearing, born-again Christian who eats lunch at his unpretentious desk, wets his hair and combs it straight back, works six days a week and goes to church on the seventh.

He's also a Kiwanis Club member, Davidson College trustee, retired lieutenant colonel and chairman of the Miami chapter of Youth for Christ. With a cover like that, who would ever suspect that Thatcher is the number one cocaine importer in Florida, maybe in the nation—a distinction he earned without really trying. Or spending a day in jail.

John Thatcher's business is bananas. Literally. He imports the yellow fruit from Colombia to Miami 150 million oblong tropical delights each year. He also imports—inadvertently—a lot of cocaine, something Thatcher, a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, finds hard to explain. The nose candy comes in with the rest of Thatcher's cargo on the three big banana boats he owns. Like Thatcher's bananas, the coke comes in bunches. Sometimes 50 pounds, sometimes 150 pounds at a time.

What the railroad did for the American West, the

by Andy Rosenblatt

banana boat is doing for Colombian cocaine. The connection is easy and efficient. In the last three years, well over a ton of coke has moved through it. Over 750 pounds has been wasted by Customs narcs who watch all banana boats that dock in Tampa or Miami. The top three seizures on the DEA all-time hit parade took place on banana boats. Together, the seizures account for one out of every eight pounds of coke the feds have put their hands on, an incredible \$190-million payload of snow. For every pound that's wasted, it's certain that three, four or maybe five pounds end up in someone's nose.

The banana boat offers the big-time coker some significant advantages. Scheduling is one of them. At least two banana boats leave Colombia for Florida every week. Their schedules are as regular as the airlines', and there's less chance of losing your baggage.

The banana boats travel the fastest water route possible; they're nonstop and refrigerated to boot. Unlike their airborne competition, banana boats require no overhead, since the coker, in essence, is hitching a ride. There's no maintenance or licenses to worry about. Not even gas.

Another big advantage is the banana boat's size. The 300-foot-long ships may look like huge hulks of scrap metal and twisted steel to the untrained eye, but they offer cokers up to 90,000 cubic feet of storage space and a million and one nooks and crannies to hide a stash.

The only limit is the coker's imagination, which is to say no limit at all. Coke has been found everywhere on Thatcher's ships. In the pipes, the walls, the electrical paneling, in oil containers and soap boxes. Also in the crew's lockers, the bilge, abandoned generators, rope lockers, the engine room, the galley and in tin cans. If a suitable compartment cannot be found, it can usually be constructed. Cokers have put in false pipes, false walls and false floors.

A stash of 157 pounds was found in the banana boat's bilge behind 6,000 boxes of bananas and a layer of decking. Another 42 pounds was inadvertently discovered by a fastidious female narc who marveled about one boat's galley crew and how they neatly wrapped their garbage. The "garbage" she stumbled past was worth \$10 million on the street.

Some of the best places to put small amounts of coke are on Thatcher's crew. Each banana boat carries more mules than a box of borax soap. The mules pack coke in the heels of their shoes, their underwear, their crotches and sometimes their girdles. The mules are recruited in Turbo, Colombia, where the banana boats dock. The selection process is not an arduous one. Any sailor who understands that there are rewards for poor vision and penalties for sharp eyes can qualify. Mules coming into Miami can expect \$1,000 or more for every kilo that is safely delivered.

Luis Eduardo Arias never collected his mule's fee. He never safely delivered his cocaine. Arias once tried to move 18 ounces of coke off the banana boat *Cubahama* by stuffing it deep inside his stained jockey shorts. But it wasn't the telltale bulge of Arias's crotch that gave the Colombian sailor away. It was the empty quart bottle of Pepsi he never returned.

Two Customs narcs routinely trailed Arias as he left the banana boat, crossed the Miami River and walked to Little Havana, Miami's Cuban, coke-snorting enclave. They didn't notice the enormity of the sailor's groin. At least initially. They did notice the soda bottle and became suspicious when Arias entered a convenience store but didn't return the bottle for a deposit.

"The Colombians are creatures of habit just like the rest of us," one of the arresting narcs later said. "None of them would pass up a chance to deposit a bottle. Not one of the big ones that pay a dime."

**The banana boats
travel the fastest
water route possible;
they're nonstop and
refrigerated to boot.
Schedules are
as regular as
airlines, with less
chance of losing
your luggage.**

Joaquin Fernandez also got burned. Not by Customs, by a competing mule. On a humid and uncomfortable August night in Tampa, Fernandez walked the deck of the banana boat *EA*, fought with the mosquitoes and waited for his contact. It wasn't long before a boyish-looking American appeared. "Putá," the American said in the middle of his conversation, "is Spanish for whore."

That was Fernandez's signal. The Colombian moved back into his quarters with great purpose. He then ran into the engine room and started removing the 117 bolts that kept the hatch plate on the water tank and everyone from his stash. Fernandez worked fast, but the last few bolts were stuck. The American who had boarded the boat offered a hand. As Fernandez moved away to make room, he turned and pissed in his pants. Four other men were standing behind him. They all carried guns. The men were Customs agents, tipped off by another sailor suspected of carrying his own load.

Arias and Fernandez ended their American vacation by being hauled before a federal judge and given a lecture and a fine they couldn't pay before being

deported to Turbo, a fishing village turned boom town on the Colombian coast from whence they came.

Virtually nothing happens in Turbo—a town of 30,000 inhabitants, small bars and rutted streets—that doesn't involve bananas or cocaine. A one-wharf town, 22 miles from the end of the closest paved road, Turbo sits on the edge of the Colombian jungle, where the rich soil produces millions of Cavendish bananas and the surrounding hills produce communist guerrillas.

Bananas provide most of the jobs in Turbo. Cocaine provides most of the wealth. In the best of times, bananas retail for 25 cents a pound. Cocaine, at any time, sells for more than ten times the free-market price of gold. Turbo's snowfall has given Colombian cokers the money necessary to buy the fastest planes, the biggest haciendas and the prettiest women. It has given successful mules the chance to purchase one of Colombia's most sought-after status symbols—a house with a concrete floor.

In Turbo, the wise peasant drinks his *aguardiente*, a clear liquid made from the essences of anisette and kerosene, with his eyes turned toward the ground. That is a sure way to stay alive in Colombia's Dodge City. Only one Turbo official ever had visions of becoming Wyatt Earp, and he is dead. He was the captain of the port of Turbo, and three years ago he tried to stop the cokers. The captain was shot dead in the town square at noon. His assassins were never apprehended. There were no witnesses. The men of Turbo continue to drink with their heads lowered.

One of Thatcher's banana-boat captains calls Turbo "the end of the world." It is a good place for a gringo to get mugged while trying to freelance cocaine.

But getting coke aboard a banana boat is no problem for Colombia's cocaine cartel. It takes 30 hours, 100 Colombian stevedores and Thatcher's 20-man crew to load one boat with bananas. It takes only a modest tip paid to the right Colombian customs inspector to get a stash aboard.

"Anyone with a raft or a canoe," admits Thatcher, "has access to our ships." One DEA agent who has been to Turbo and gives the cokers there considerable credit believes they could load a submarine.

Thatcher, the Colombians and our own narcs have tried everything to peel the Banana Boat Connection. There was one effort to leave only one door on the ship open, but that proved inefficient. There was also an attempt to restrict the crews' shore leave and forbid them a chance to see their women friends. That nearly provoked a mutiny.

The Colombians have beefed up their customs detail in Turbo, but duty there is considered as attractive as Vietnam. Most Colombians just sit tight in Turbo and wait for their tour to expire.

The narcs who cover the Miami waterfront are more enthusiastic. There's something about this cat-and-mouse game through an oily, grimy, hot banana-boat hull that warms the cockles of a narc's heart. The whole thing is reminiscent of Mad magazine's "Spy vs. Spy" and, what the hell, it's taxpayer financed.

"We study them and they study us," explained one narc. "We know their *modus operandi* and they know ours. Most of the mules aren't dumb. They send scouts out to the ship's bridge with binoculars. Sometimes we're eyeball to eyeball. The whole thing is fun."

The narcs don't like to lose at this game, but the odds are against them by virtue of their numbers. It takes six narcs at least half a day to thoroughly search a banana boat. That's more men than Customs can regularly afford. Customs has to settle for surveillance of crew members and spot checks.

John Thatcher also takes the Banana Boat Connection to heart. He's done everything he could to destroy it. For years, Thatcher tried to strike at the cokers with the vengeance of Frankenstein trying to slay his monster. There were times that Thatcher couldn't sleep at night, so he tried tongue-lashing the crew. Behind his back, in Spanish, they laughed, so Thatcher began to fire them. He fired anyone suspected of being a mule, from sailors to their captains. The turnover rate on Thatcher's ship soared to over 100 percent a year.

In one of his more desperate moments, Thatcher spent several thousand dollars employing sleuth Ivar Nachman to go to Colombia and break up the smuggling ring. Nachman is a former Miami constable who was raiding lockers at Miami High, searching for heroin, when he wasn't testing bulletproof vests in his office with a Smith & Wesson .38. Nachman's search for heroin produced four ounces of grass. His search for a perfect bulletproof vest produced a few holes in the walls of his office.

Nachman left Thatcher's headquarters for Colombia armed with his sunglasses, his cover as a photojournalist and a sense of bravado developed in the years when copping a few joints from a hippie was considered a big bust. Nachman returned with a portfolio of glossy pictures of the Colombian countryside, an equally flashy bill and no significant new information. The Banana Boat Connection continued undisturbed.

Along the Miami River, John West Thatcher is sometimes called the "man who smuggles bananas and imports cocaine." The tag used to make Thatcher angry. Now, in an unguarded moment, he can talk about cocaine and laugh.

Forty-six pounds of coke was recently seized near Thatcher's ship *Oro Verde*, which in Spanish means "green gold." Thatcher now thinks he may rename the ship *Oro Blanco*, or "white gold." ■



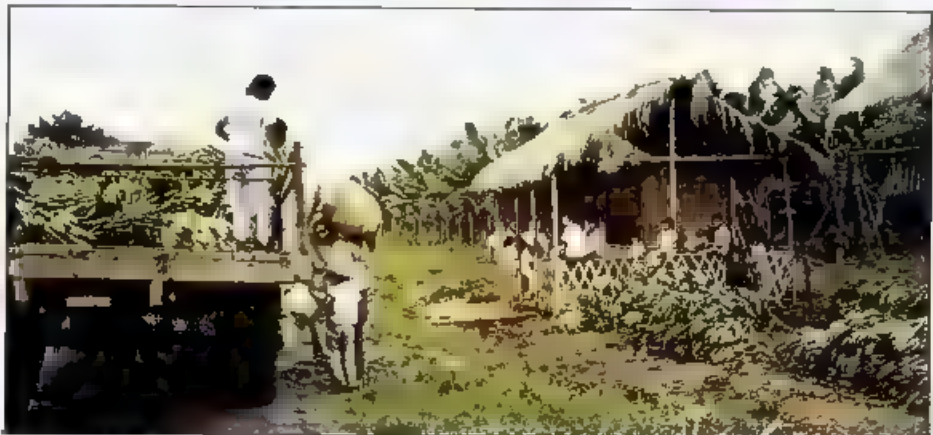
Younis Lethmann

A hand of bananas weighs 120 pounds.



Richard Weiss

A canoe can hold up to 100 hands.



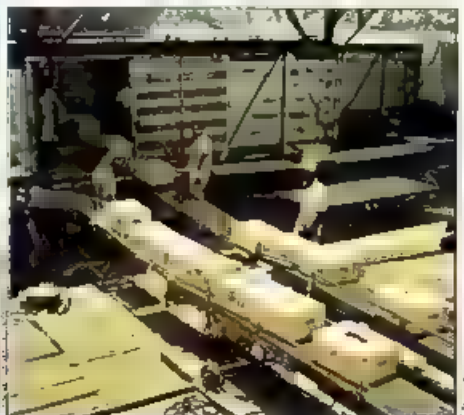
Shirota

A jostled track leads bananas from the uplands to the Turbo docks.



Unphoto

At Turbo, the fruit is boxed and loaded



Stella

...with some fine 'Lombo snort, usually

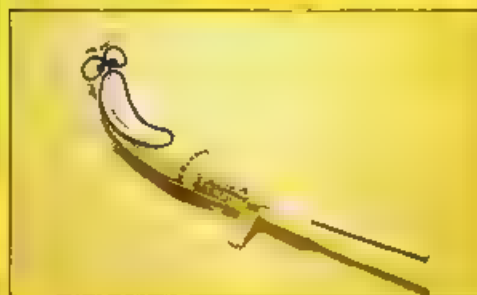
The *High Times* history of *Musa sapientum* (bananas to you)

BANANA



by J.J. Kane

IA



The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary defines banana as "a tropical plant bearing thick clusters of fruit, also, this fruit." Its *American Heritage* counterpart has a shade more to say on the subject, something about the banana being "the crescent shaped fruit of a tree-like tropical plant, having pulpy flesh and yellow or reddish fruit, a plant-bearing fruit." That's fine, as far as quickie definitions go, but the fact remains that bananas are much more than mere curved, yellow comestibles; they're vital components of our collective cultural, nutritional and—yes—sexual history.

The first thing that hits you about bananas is how humorous they seem. As professional funnypersons will tell you, there are certain words and terms that are certifiably funny—i.e., guaranteed to goose a laugh out of the most determinedly joyless listener. For some reason, probably on account of its comic and rather rakish sound, banana is one of them. (Others include car keys and Albuquerque—hence the oft-told triple entendre about the banana that lost its car keys in Albuquerque.)

Bananas have long served as the butt of a lot of bad, often tasteless jokes, like . . . I can't give you an example at the moment, there's a banana in my IBM Selectric. Their yoks value, however, is largely limited to English-speaking cultures. The Spanish word for banana, *por ejemplo*, is *banana* (bon-yon-a), which doesn't yield the same results

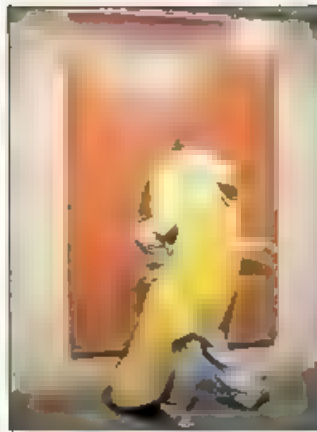




San Francisco's Anna Banana Festival is a treat for one and all to look like bananas.

laughs-wise. (Our south-of-the-border brethren more than compensate with their cucaracha, which, mirth mavens agree, is far funnier than our pedestrian cockroach.) The lone banana joke cited in John S. Crozier's authoritative *Dictionary of Puns* has a man ask his secretary, "Banana messages for me?" In Spanish, the same line would read, "Banano mensajes para me?" Even if you're a Latino, that probably wouldn't give rise to much more than a single, extremely strained smile.

In addition to its comical sound, the banana has contributed much in the way of visual humor. Tripping on a banana peel is the classic (perhaps sole) example of banana-inspired slapstick. (While Freud neglected to include it in his famous essay on the psychology of humor, he did uncork a very similar one about a woman who, not knowing what she wanted, fell into a pit of snakes.) In fact, banana peels rank right up there with pies in the face. By combining two dependably laugh-provoking ingredients, banana cream pies logically become the funniest foodstuffs imaginable. Little wonder then that they've be-

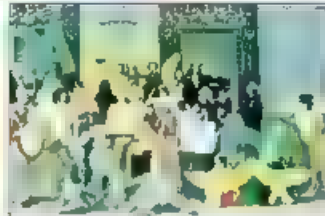


come a favorite weapon of pie-for-hire agencies like Pie-Kill Unlimited. Besides being funny, banana cream pies are also aesthetically pleasing. Why? Pie-Kill's Chief Agent Rex Weiner explains: "Throwing banana cream pies is aesthetically pleasing because of the way the bananas arrange themselves in

ond banana." on the other hand refers to one who wields power over some but not others. (Pity then the poor "bottom banana," who not only wields not a shred of power over anyone but doesn't even have the above-quoted phrase to describe him or her.) The simple exclamatory "bananas!" used to be an abbreviated, more emotive form of "banana oil" but today indicates mental instability, as in "I am now, have always been or am about to go bananas."

Bananas have likewise occupied a prominent niche in our collective sexual symbols system. The reasons for this are sufficiently self-evident to be perfectly clear: they're phalliclike in shape, grow in "hands" and come in bunches. (How did that old

Banana is a British term for dildo; Hindus believe Eve bit the banana; one South American tribe uses banana peels as penis sheaths.



Photos by Anna Banana

patterns on the victim's face. Banana has similarly infiltrated the everyday language of the common folk. "Banana oil," for instance, was once a popular synonym for "horse feathers." In baseball, players vilified bats crafted of low-grade wood by contemptuously calling them "banana sticks." Originally a vaudeville term, "top banana" was eventually employed to describe anyone wielding power over others—the so-called high man on the totem pole or "most important person in any given hierarchy." The related expression "sec-

boy scout middle go: What's not unlike a banana, is about six inches long but has hair and is attached to a kind of sac? [Answer next week—Ed.] Many Hindus continue to believe that the tainted fruit of Eden was not an apple, as Christians hold, but a banana. There is even one (understandably) anonymous South American tribe whose male members use banana peels as—you guessed it—penis sheaths.

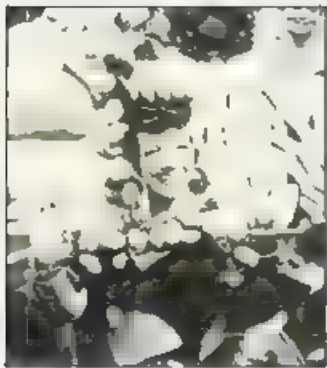
In England, to "have a banana" means quite literally to engage in a particularly sordid variety of sex (i.e., "I had

a banana with Lady Diana") in the old music hall tune "Let's Go to the Strand." a chorus punctuates the otherwise innocuous lyrics with persistent shouts of "have a banana," though the meaning escapes all but hard-core Brits and those in the know banana-wise. In short, banana is a British colloquialism for dildo.

Even in our own country, bananas have played a sizable part in our native ribald lore. The old Negro expression "peel my banana" actually means "how about (or what do you think of the idea of) having sex with me?" Then, of course, there's the old Redd Foxx one about the two horny spinsters who were in possession of two talking bananas, one little, the other big. Quoth the big banana to the little banana: "Too bad—they're gonna eat you!"

Nor has the banana's erotic connection been entirely lost on the present generation. Italian-American men are still fond of recounting anecdotes that invariably end with the line, "She sure made my banana cream." Gay males have been known to lighten their pleasure by liberally coating their regenerative organs with banana joy-gel, while many heteros season their sex lives by donning edible banana-flavored underwear (available wherever banana-related sex products are sold). There also persist widespread reports that bananas continue to be employed as dildos by certain women better left unnamed. They know who they are.

Before proceeding further, we should perhaps provide a bit of background on the physical nature of the banana. Though we've probably already identified it as such and will undoubtedly continue to do so, the banana is not strictly a fruit but an herb. Unlike dollar bills, bananas grow on trees. The trees sport stalks that are called *rhizomes* that can grow as high as 20 feet. A newly-planted banana tree requires some 10 to 15 months to fully ripen in "hands" of 10 to 20 bananas per. The word *banana* is African in origin. Over 100 vari-



The "gang" in *Twentieth Century-Fox's* *The Gang's All Here* was actually a "hunch" of bananas!

Culver Pictures Inc.

eties of banana exist, but the connoisseurs' consensus places the Gross Michel (or *Musa paradisiaca*) brand grown in the Caribbean high above the rest. Alphonse de Candolle, author of *The Origin of Cultivated Plants*, had this to add on the subject.

"The antiquity and wild character of the banana in Asia are incontestable facts. There are several Sanskrit names. The Greeks, Latins and Arabs have mentioned it as a remarkable fruit tree. Pliny speaks of it distinctly. He says the Greeks of the expedition of Alexander saw it in India, and he quotes the name *pala*, which still persists in Malabar. Sages reposed beneath its shade and ate of its fruit. Hence the botanical name *Musa sapientum*."

Like most of us, bananas are not without their natural enemies. Their most formidable foes include strong winds and the dread "Panama fungus," which inhabits the ground and is fatal only to bananas. Though bananas were shipped from the Canary Islands to the Caribbean as early as the late fifteenth century, extensive banana transport didn't become a reality until the 1880s, when Captain Lorenzo Baker and Minor C. Keith, two sea worthies who've long since sunk into oblivion, perfected the freezing techniques needed to prevent spoilage. From that point on, it was smooth sailing for the peripatetic fruit.

Returning to cultural affairs, bananas have surfaced with surprising regularity in every medium and art form known to homo sapiens, and quite possibly a few known solely to simians. Songwriters, for one, have long been

intrigued by the subject, penning over the years such banana oriented classics as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Down In the Banana Republics" and "Loving You Has Made Me Bananas." This is not even counting Donovan's "Mellow Yellow" or the Electric Prunes' "The Great Banana Hoax." While not directly associated with the fruit under scrutiny, street balladeer David Peel did compose "Have a Marijuana" say "marijuana" then "banana" and you'll not only see the connection but have yourself something of a rhyme in the bargain.

One middle-aged matron of my acquaintance remembers with moist eyes (to speak only of eyes) the time Harry Belafonte performed "The Banana Boat Song" ("hide de deadly black tarantula") naked but for a single

chorean sequence performed by male dancers clad in saucy banana tutus. Around the same time, King Kong poignantly peeled the clothes (and very nearly skin) off the banana of his eye, Fay Wray, in the 1933 fright-film classic of the same name. And who can forget the greatest banana-related production number in the history of movie musicals: Busby Berkeley's gala banana salute in *The Gang's All Here* (1943), in which a bevy of cuties headed by Carmen Miranda tripped the light fantastic while wielding giant bananas, symbolizing, presumably, bananas. More recently, French filmmaker Philippe De Broca fashioned a farcical flick entitled *Banana Peel*, charting the madcap misadventures of a pair of whimsical con men and a race horse named Banana

tall cruets of pale banana syrup to pour oozing over banana waffles, a giant glazed crock where diced bananas have been fermenting since the summer with wild honey and muscat raisins, up out of which, this winter morning, one now dips foam mugs full of banana mead, banana croissants and banana kreplach, and banana oatmeal and banana jam and banana bread, and bananas flamed in ancient brandy. Pirate brought back last year from a cellar in the Pyrenees also containing a clandestine transmitter.

A less sophisticated, if more succinct reflection on the fruit was composed by one "Mojo," an unusually alert simian subject of several federally funded primate-language experiments. Generally regarded as the first authentic chimp poet, Mojo offered the following thought on what he considered his fellows untoward banana fixation.

Dey think all day
but all can say
is "want banana"
or "banana away."

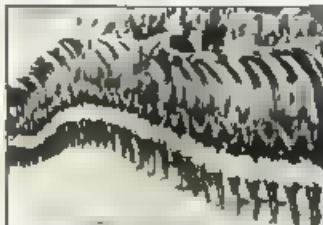
In the '50s, United Fruit's Chiquita Banana competed with Happy Tooth and Bucky Beaver for the addled attention of tube-addicted tots.

strategically placed banana. While no evidence has surfaced to root that remembrance in reality, it is recorded fact that composer Frank Silver got the idea for writing "Yes, We Have No Bananas" when he heard a Greek fruit vendor speak that garbled phrase. Silver then added lyrics, lifted a riff from Handel's *Messiah* and gave birth to a legendary ditty. There is even a discotheque called simply Bananas.

Filmmakers have exhibited equal enthusiasm for the *Musa sapientum*. One early '30s flick featured a terpsis-

Peel. There is even a Woody Allen movie called *Bananas*.

In the headier realms of high art and literature, bananas have also had their day. In the graphic arts, the striking banana still-life Andy Warhol painted for punk progenitors The Velvet Underground's debut album still stands as the prime example. In literature, we have J.D. Salinger's highly acclaimed short story "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," while in *Gravity's Rainbow* author Thomas Pynchon describes the fantasies of the banana-obsessed sailor "Pirate" Prentice.



Photos by Movie Star News

Madison Avenue advertisers have long recognized the banana's unique charm and have naturally exploited it to the fullest. One of the '50s most fabled fictional figures was United Brands' (nee United Fruit) Chiquita Banana, who competed with Happy Tooth and Bucky Beaver for the addled attention of defenseless tube-addicted tots. Obviously patterned after Carmen Miranda, Chiquita held forth with her Chiquita Banana jingle ("I'm Chiquita Banana and I'm here to say," etc.) until the '60s when she was laid to rest before being resurrected in the early '70s (obvious conclusion: they're trying to tell us something). There have been any number of other banana-slanted ad campaigns too fascinating to go into here.

The past several years

have also witnessed a steady profusion of banana by-products. These include banana Lifesavers, rolling papers, bubble gum and beer. Frozen bananas, frequently covered with chocolate and impaled on sticks, are popular confections in certain quarters too, we're told, as are, of course, your traditional banana splits.

Bananas have likewise been the focus of any number of cults and crazes. Back in the '20s, banana-bending contests were all the rage on the nation's posher college campuses. Other, braver sports would, on occasion, swallow whole bananas—for a gag, just for a gag. Depression-era flagpole sitters were often wont to mockingly wave empty banana peels at the jeering crowds below them.

Until recently little was revealed about Hitler's purported fascination for the fruit—he was a lifelong vegetarian—a fascination shared by many of his cohorts and one that goes a long way in explaining the high density of ex-Nazis in the so-called banana republics. Total secrecy likewise shrouded his planned "Banana Blitz"—a projected invasion of South America thwarted only by the total collapse of the Reich and Hitler's subsequent suicide. It was doubtless that aborted plot that prompted Hannah Arendt to coin the phrase the "bananality of evil."

Among New Guinea cargo cultists, a mint-condition copy of Warhol's banana print is said to command its weight in trashy paperback-novel covers and highly prized used flash cubes. Elsewhere, a dadaist named Anna Banana staged the second annual "Banana Olympics" in merry old San Francisco. The event was highlighted by a banana songwriting contest, a belly-to-belly banana race and an elaborate acrobatic salute to the fruit in question.

While banana crazes have come and gone with startling regularity, none received more attention than the Great Banana Hoax, whose repercussions were felt worldwide. According to Dean

Latimer, the plot was hatched in March '67 in the storefront offices of the now defunct East Village Other, for which Latimer was a reporter at the time (later the site of Ed Sanders's now defunct Peace Eye Bookstore and currently the home of a still functioning bodega).

Latimer, EVO editor Allen Katzman and publisher Walter Bowart were sitting around of an idle afternoon perusing a copy of *Morning of the Magicians*, a then-popular paean to the joys of LSD. Discovering that acid worked its magic by releasing a potent cranial fluid called serotonin, they wondered aloud and in concert whether any natural substances contained that selfsame fluid. They thought they found just such a substance in our old friend, the banana (which is actually rich in serotonin, not serotonin, as the Banana Hoax architects erroneously believed).

The architects of the Banana High hoax believed the serotonin that bananas contain was identical to the serotonin psychic acid unleashed in the brain by LSD.

Recalling the mild furor engendered by the Jackson Illusion Pepper hoax—which held that smoking menthol cigarettes through a perforated chili pepper provided a free ticket to Nirvanaville—they broke the good news to the psychedelic community that smoking dried banana skins produced a euphoria similar to that effected by marijuana. In on the scam, editors at the influential Berkeley Barb printed the story as fact. The wire services promptly picked it up, and, before you could cry "wolf," thousands of kids across the nation were literally going bananas. (Needless to say, banana smoking induced no such euphoria. If you're as obtuse as yours truly, you probably learned that the hard way.)

Within weeks, headshops were selling dollar bags of dried banana skin PTAs protested the pernicious "banana menace," and the Bureau

of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) dispatched agents to investigate this latest in a sinister series of psychedelic threats. In a *High Times* interview, former BNDD head John Finlator recalled his agency's efforts to cope with the problem: "We took 30 pounds of bananas into the lab, cooked, scraped and did everything else to them that the underground papers told us to. But it was a put-on." While it lasted, the craze was sufficiently pandemic to inspire the Electric Prunes to cut "The Great Banana Hoax" and for outsized banana props to become temporary staples of be-ins and smoke-ins across the land.

While smoking them may prove harmless (and pointless) enough, bananas can be dangerous, as the following incident illustrates. In October 1962, a speeding freight train carrying several thou-

sand bunches of bananas derailed near Great Bend, Kansas. Left untended for several days, the bananas naturally spoiled. A ruthless fruit wholesaler happened upon the carnage, purchased the damaged goods for a pittance or a song (depending on whose version of the story you choose to believe), peddled them in town at drastically reduced prices and thereby precipitated the first widespread outbreak of banana poisoning ever recorded in these United States. In a matter of days, perhaps hours, dozens were made ill. As a result of the tragedy, bananas have sold poorly ever since, not only in Great Bend but all over the state.

Actually, the above incident was a dramatization of a harrowing scenario that was averted when that banana-laden train and thousands of others like it did not derail as initially reported. Let's pray that it and they never do (a

little finger crossing and wood knocking might be in order here). A group of terrorists gaining control of the banana market could hold the entire world ransom.

Bananas can also pose more subtle health dangers. A recent article in *Private Practice*, a medical magazine, revealed, "Bananas are a potent source of serotonin presoramines. In fact, African tribesmen who eat a lot of bananas show a high incidence of right-sided valvular lesions, as do patients with Carcinoid Syndrome. So powerful a source of presoramines are bananas that one gram of pulp injected is equivalent to 50,000 bee stings." So if you ever chance to devise a method for shooting bananas, please be advised not to make use of it.

Last, and quite possibly least, bananas are chock full of nutritional value. The above cited serotonin-related dangers notwithstanding, the fact remains that the banana's effect on most normal people is both salutary and benign. Rich in vitamins A, B₆ and C, bananas are similarly well-heeled in the phosphorous, calcium and potassium departments. When it comes to the likes of fat, sodium and other potentially harmful ingredients, however, they're positively poverty stricken. What's more, an average six-inch banana contains only 85 calories, half as much as a can of Miller's and about the same as a shot of Wilson's. Got diabetes or peptic ulcers? Have a banana.

Now that you're well acquainted with the banana, you might want to wave a brief hello to its powerful next of kin, the plantain. Popular among Latinos, the plantain is the Johnny Wadd of bananadom, often reaching a length of 16 inches. A hard, resilient fruit, the plantain must be well cooked to be stomachable, let alone enjoyed. Exit plantain.

We hope that if we've accomplished nothing else (and that possibility looms large), we've at least brought you that much closer to our by now mutual pal, the banana. To which, of course, you're perfectly free to reply, "Banana oil!" ☐

Send Bananas, Rum & Cocaine



Swarthy stevedores hoist the special crate into the docked boat. The 20-ton freighter dips a little deeper into aqua waters, full to the brim with fat yellow bunches of sweet bananas bound for hungry gringos. The sweaty men labor under a tropic sun so hot it can drive their dark-eyed women loco for the pink banana. Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch, daylight come and me wanna go home, they sing as the crate is dropped into the huge hold.

Tucked inside this special crate is a secret banana, a gift from "Mono" of Cartagena. A banana filled with fresh crystal fruit that begins a calypso in your brain and makes you move your feet like that big Hollywood banana John Travolta. Day-o, day-ay-ay-o, Saturday night come and we wanna get blow

PRODUCTOS
DE
COLOMBIA







A High Times History
Yes, we have no democracy

Banana Republicanism

The big Ecuadoran freighter baked in the sun for days, riding at anchor in the oily water of Balboa harbor at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal. If her refrigeration systems could have been sabotaged, the aroma of broiling bananas might've been smelled back in her home port of Esmeraldas, 600 miles south. She was laden to the hatches with bananas, the very choicest Ecuadoran variety of Gros Michel, still pale green along the seams, ripening slowly in the frozen hold while above-decks armed men kept a sweaty lookout for possible saboteurs.

These were independent bananas in the big ship's freezers, unstamped by Chiquita (United Brands, nee United Fruit), Dole (Castle & Cooke) or Del Monte. The ship, crew and guards had all been chartered by a consortium of Ecuadoran banana growers to transport their entire month's harvest to New Orleans, where they aimed to undercut the big multinationals. This had never been tried before, and as the ship sizzled through an inordinate delay while awaiting permission to enter the canal, tension mounted. Nobody was sure how the big companies might respond to this ploy.

On the Caribbean side of the canal, the companies were already responding in a panic. As soon as the cargo manifest of the Ecuadoran banana boat had been read out to the Canal Zone Authority, word of it had shot straight to United Fruit in Boston and Castle & Cooke in Honolulu. Orders were straightaway telegraphed to banana growers in Honduras, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Nicaragua to immediately harvest as many bunches as possible and load them within four days—as

long as the Ecuadoran ship could reasonably be kept stalled at Balboa by

by Dean Latimer



compliant Canal Zone agents.

And so it happened that when the freighter finally moved out of the canal into the Caribbean, she was unknowingly passing through the wakes of a half dozen semiladen freighters that had all converged on New Orleans two days before. Shoppers all over the South were tickled pink that summer with the incredibly low price of bananas—down to a nickel a bunch in most places—and the independent growers in Ecuador took a bath on the deal. It hasn't been tried since.

This possibly apocryphal story alleged to have occurred in

the late '50s, is just one of the least dismal of the many fables and rumors that have collected around *El Pulpo* ("The Octopus"), as the U.S. United Fruit Company is called in Central America. Although Castle & Cooke and Del Monte undoubtedly have as many tentacles nowadays in these countries as United Brands, the latter in its original incarnation as United Fruit was the big corporate Frankenstein in the heyday of American imperialism.

In the '50s and early '60s, United Fruit was the single biggest landowner, business and employer in Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras and second only to the canal itself in Panama; in Nicaragua the fascist Somoza dynasty was (and remains) hand in glove with United Fruit and, as we've seen, main banana exporter Ecuador had no one else to sell to. Until obliged to sell out in 1958, United Fruit owned 40 percent of the Central American Railroad Company, plus a pan-American radio and telephone network. Many of its local representatives were known to be CIA stooges, and the corporation's policies were quite often interpreted by local dictators as state policies.

Using tactics that ranged from complicated economic pressure to routine bribery, United Fruit in its prime constituted a sort of shadow banana government over all Central America; and whenever the security of its banana hegemony was threatened in one country or another, the U.S. government was never loath to back it up with official threats, covert subversion or outright armed intervention. For until recently, all through the twentieth century, the proper care and merchandising of bananas was considered a basic priority in American economic policy.

United Fruit itself was formed in 1900 just after the U.S. had officially notified the world of its absolute proprietorship over South America by holding the Spanish-American War. A Yankee railroad tycoon in Costa Rica, 52-year-old Minor Cooper Keith, had recently diversified into shipping and discovered that bananas kept wonderfully on the London-to-New Orleans run, even in the primitive refrigeration systems of the day. The delicious yellow herb was widely popular in America, and it could be grown for nearly

nothing at all, provided the grower owned a whole lot of land and the people who worked on it. This was 1900. America effectively owned the entire Caribbean and all the countries washed by it. Minor Cooper Keith took over the Boston Fruit Company's plantations in Colombia and Panama and established the United Fruit Company. What happened after that to every banana-growing country in the hemisphere is history and legend. Let's we forget, let's take them one by one.

Guatemala

here are two predominant political patterns followed by United Fruit's banana republics: some maintain a horribly stultifying "stability" under the terrorist grip of a fascist dynasty, while others undergo a continuously violent rise and fall of governments, with some particular national hero playing Tom-and-Jerry with a succession of opposing

In June of 1974, six Latin American countries formed the Union of Banana Exporting Nations (UBEN). Corporate reaction was plain panic.

factions and juntas. Guatemala is of the second order of governments, and the hero has been Juan Jose Arevalo.

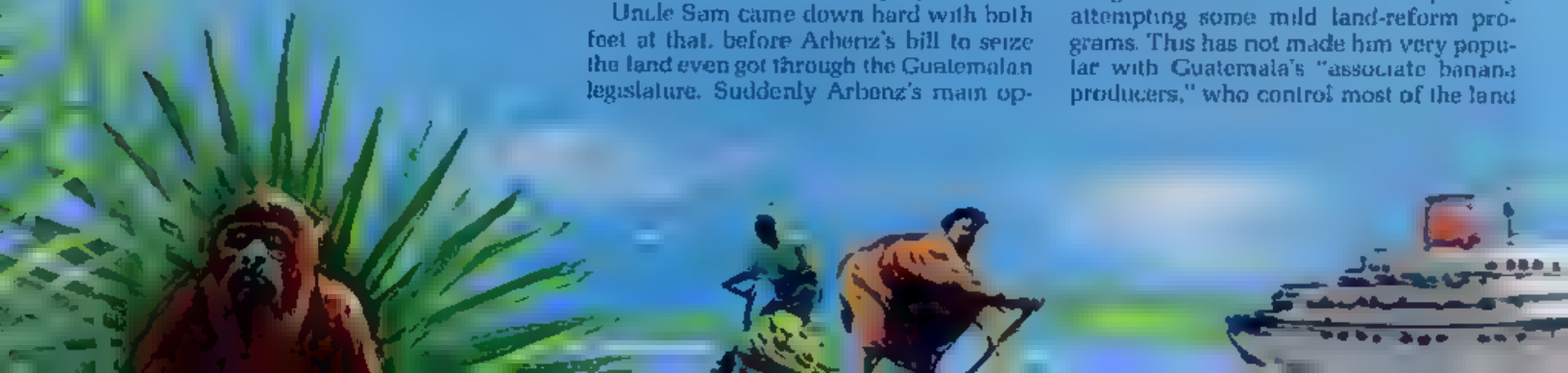
Like most of these popular heroes, Arevalo first came to power by a coup during World War II, when the U.S. was too busy with the Axis to keep a tight fist around every little South American banana republic. Between 1944 and 1951, Arevalo pursued some moderately progressive social programs such as a widened enfranchisement, compulsory education, improved housing and medical services and rural electrification. Unable legally to succeed himself in the 1951 elections, Arevalo gave over the presidency to his deputy Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, who was considerably more progressive. After two years in office, Arbenz actually saw fit to talk about expropriating United Fruit property.


Uncle Sam came down hard with both feet at that, before Arbenz's bill to seize the land even got through the Guatemalan legislature. Suddenly Arbenz's main op-

position leader, Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, found himself in Honduras at the head of 1,100 "anti-Communist guerrillas," a considerable cache of American arms and artillery and three USAF surplus B-25 bombers; Arbenz and Arevalo fled for Argentina as Castillo moved on the capital. In Washington, President Eisenhower responded to Senate critics by pointing out that the Guatemalan government had been lousy with suspected Reds and altogether too greedy. "The Arbenz government announced its intention to seize about 225,000 acres of United Fruit Company land," Ike explained indignantly, complaining about the "woefully inadequate compensation suggested by Guatemala of \$600,000 in banana-government bonds. President Castillo Armas signed an airlift "mutual defense pact" with Eisenhower in 1955 just before he was shot dead in his palace by an Arevalo supporter.

A succession of properly right wing regimes held sway in Guatemala through the next decade, allowing the CIA to train anti-Castro gusanos around Lake de Izabal and keeping on solid terms with United Fruit. In 1963, when Arevalo and Arbenz were openly plotting to return and run for election, a right wing coup led by defense minister Enrique Peralta Azurdia providentially suspended the elections entirely. Peralta's extravagant fascism, though, brought on bloody waves of left-wing protest that were answered with right-wing terrorism.

A moderate government elected in '66 seemed to cool things down for a while but after the U.S. ambassador was murdered in Guatemala City in '68, the thoroughly vicious and pro-American Colonel Carlos Arana Osorio was firmly installed. Under Arana Osorio, kidnap murders of leftist labor leaders and ambassadors from right-wing nations proliferated; according to Amnesty International, 20,000 people have "disappeared" in Guatemala in the last ten years. When he lost the '74 election on paper, Arana boondoggled his deputy, General Kjell Laugerud Garcia, into the presidential palace. In the face of increasingly violent and effective opposition by the popular jungle-based Guerrilla Army of the Poor, Laugerud Garcia has been desperately attempting some mild land-reform programs. This has not made him very popular with Guatemala's "associate banana producers," who control most of the land





and enjoy fat contracts with the American fruit multinationals.

The prime example of a "stable" banana republic—all Nicaragua is virtually the private estate of the hideous Somoza family in Managua. This wretched country has been governed by U.S.-supported fascists ever since 1912, when erstwhile President Adolfo Díaz asked for American troops to help put down a popular rebellion. Since at the time the U.S. was still contemplating Nicaragua as an alternate site for a grand canal, it responded with thousands of marines and a solemn treaty that gave the U.S. generous property rights all through the country—rights that were legally exercised by United Fruit until 1970.

The American legation guard propped up Adolfo Díaz securely until it was drawn out in 1925, whereupon an instant rising of the population, led by Nicaraguan folk hero Augusto Cesar Sandino, moved Díaz to call them back in 1926, and there they remained until 1933.

Four years later, on Díaz's demise and amid squabbling among progressive and conservative factions, banana plantation magnate Anastasio Somoza bought the election and established a permanent dynasty. His apparatus of secret police, informers and professional kidnapper-assassins, backed up by his family's total control over all the land and the armed forces, is about the closest thing to a perfect despotism the world has ever seen. Somoza himself was finally shot in 1956, nothing's 100-percent perfect—but his son Luis Somoza Debayle promptly took up the traces, with his brother Anastasio as minister of defense.

The junior Anastasio Somoza is the current dictator of Nicaragua. Despite the routine political abominations he necessarily practices to keep in power, Somoza's grip on the country has been increasingly challenged of late, both by the Sandinists and now even by the family's longtime supporters. As the Nicaraguan economy deteriorates—bananas just aren't all that profitable these days, in the decline of the American Imperium—the Somozas have resorted to some unparalleled terror tactics to keep in power. The street murders this year of two popular opposition leaders, Pedro Jose and Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, have sparked an unprecedented wave of strikes and violent

demonstrations. Observers believe that the Somozas are purposely intensifying the violence in Nicaragua in hopes of radicalizing their opposition into becoming out-and-out Marxist Communists, if the Sandinist Popular Liberation Front asks for aid from Moscow or Peking, they reason, then Uncle Sam will undoubtedly be back with his wonderful marines.

Republic and Haiti

Though neither of these countries exports a significant amount of bananas, United Fruit has owned extensive interests in both cattle and fruit. Both countries were effectively occupied by the U.S. military in fact, and their economies were very closely controlled by America until World War II.

The trouble began in the Dominican Republic in 1904, when a consortium of European banks threatened to foreclose on the entire country for the nonpayment

In the '50s and early '60s, United Fruit was the biggest landowner, business and employer in Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras.

of several hundred million dollars loaned to it in the past. Of course Theodore Roosevelt wouldn't hear of it, citing the Monroe Doctrine, and adding a few flips of his own, he landed the Roughriders at Santo Domingo and established a system of "customs receivership" by which every pennyworth of goods that passed in or out of the Dominican Republic was controlled by American accountants. Ramon Caceres was appointed "president" by Captain H.S. Knapp and was given seven U.S. Army officers to serve in his cabinet. Thus while it was patently impossible for the little country ever to pay off its loans as quickly as the interest mounted, a respectable level of chronic indebtedness was maintained—even if it meant chronic poverty, and often starvation, for thousands of Dominicans—until 1941, when the U.S. pulled out in anticipation of greener pastures over the ocean.

Haiti, the other half of Hispaniola, was ruled precisely the same. In 1915, dictator Guillaume Sam was lynched in the

street by his own citizens, and Woodrow Wilson landed marines at Port-au-Prince to "restore order" even before any widespread disorders had been recorded. One Philippe Dartiguenave was named president by the troops, and the U.S. Marine commander himself wrote a new Haitian constitution that provided for perpetual "customs receivership" by the USA. In 1921, a Senate field investigation reported quizzically that the entire notion of "rehabilitating" Haiti had seemingly been abandoned in favor of outright colonialist control. But nothing was done until 1931, when a U.S. presidential commission recommended popular elections, and when of course the popularly elected candidate, Steno Vincent, turned out to be patently anti-American, he was roundly ignored by the occupation forces.

In 1934 the legation guard of U.S. Marines was finally withdrawn from Port-au-Prince, though the customs receivership was maintained until 1947. After that, for ten years a succession of leftist and conservative factions were skillfully manipulated by United Fruit and other entrenched U.S. corporate interests in Haiti until 1957, with Castro threatening a takeover in Cuba 50 miles away, it was felt best to have a non-Communist government in permanent control of Haiti. In that year Papa Doc Duvalier emerged as top dog, was elected and evolved a regime so phenomenally sophisticated in its viciousness and terrorism that it was actually repudiated by the Kennedy government in 1962. And while the Duvalier dynasty, with its tonton macoutes (military police) and zoo cages stuffed with starving political prisoners, is still barred from U.S. and still United Fruit can do business with whomsoever it pleases.

Panama

Oldwater Republicans have a point when they insist that Panama owes its very existence as a nation to good old Uncle Sam. Previous to 1903, Panama and Colombia had coexisted uneasily as New Granada, in which Colombia had the upper hand. An enterprising Panamanian in national named Philippe Bunau-Varilla, however, became very

Town Starts Own Banana Republic

COACALCO, Mexico (UPI) Near ly 4,000 rock throwing citizens enraged at the police shooting of a workman stormed the town hall, seized Mayor José Ramón del Cueto and forced him to eat 12 pounds of bananas, authorities reported.

Cueto then was forced to sign his own resignation.

The angry crowd also seized Cmdr Nicolas Campuzano of the local judicial police and Deputy Cmdr Manuel Rodríguez of the municipal police. Both men were stoned.

The violence Monday was a protest against the killing of José Reyes, a workman in this small town 14 miles north of Mexico City. The two policemen accused of killing him were under arrest.

tight in the 90s with Mark Hanna, the top New York robber baron, and in early 1903 penetrated the Isthmus jungles with soldiers of mixed nationalities and a fortune in U.S. arms. There were sufficient Panama natives among them to legitimately raise the banner of secession from New Granada.

Columbia might very well have contested this unilateral activity, except that both Limon Bay in the Caribbean and the Bay of Panama at Balboa happened to be infested with U.S. gunboats that fall. In November 1903, U.S. Secretary of State John Hay signed a treaty with Sr. Bunau-Varilla establishing American semisovereignty over a generous strip of land from Limon to Balboa and authorizing U.S. military intervention any time either country felt like it. Ten million dollars was paid outright to Bunau-Varilla for the land, with \$250,000 promised each year thereafter. It was deemed necessary to land marines at Limon in 1908, 1912 and 1918, before the U.S. finally paid \$25 million to Colombia in 1921 in return for recognition of Panama's sovereignty.

Until just before World War II, the government of Panama got on quite chummily with the USA and the various

corporations that controlled the little country's economy. They accomplished this at the expense of popularity among their own citizens, however: working conditions in the Canal Zone especially were appallingly unhealthy, workers were grossly underpaid, and plantation hands who bothered United Fruit for a better deal were known to simply drop out of sight. Thus in 1940 emerged one of Latin America's more bizarre popular heroes, Dr. Arnulfo Arias, Harvard-trained physician and ideological fascist.

Actually, Dr. Arias had effectively controlled Panama ever since his U.S.-assisted 1931 coup against President Florencio Harmodias Arosemena. The series of exceedingly conservative chiefs of state whom Arias had put forth since then had achieved the acceptance of his Yankee

When President Adolfo Diaz asked for American troops the U.S. responded with thousands of marines, and there they remained until 1933.

overseers, so in 1940 Arias took over the Panama City palace in his own name. Directly he jailed thousands of dissidents, disenfranchised all non-Spanish-speaking peoples and cozied up to Mussolini and Hitler; he was ousted in 1941 on the eve of Pearl Harbor.

American opposition to Arias was sufficient by itself to get him reelected in 1949. He suspended the constitution, proclaimed himself "life dictator" and was assiduously working on a Somoza-style secret police bureau before his 1951 ouster by the military. He returned from exile in 1968, led a five-party coalition in the impeachment of U.S. puppet Marco Aurelio Robles and held a third presidency for 11 days. The junta who dumped him was led by General Omar Torrijos Herrera, who was formally elected the following year and who promptly abolished all political parties and has been running Panama ever since.

Charges by the U.N. Human Rights Commission that General Torrijos routinely starves and tortures political prisoners were termed "undeterminable

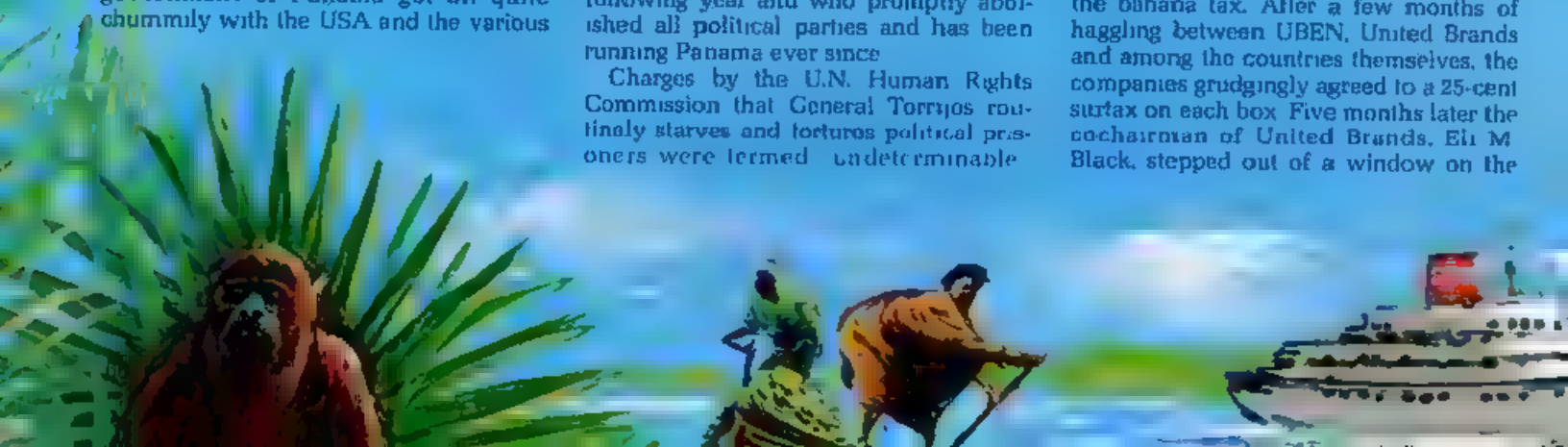
after a ten-day inspection tour last year. A considerably greater stir was created last October when, as part of the general Republican campaign against the latest Canal treaty rewrite, Senator Robert Dole accused Torrijos of personally pushing dope into the USA. A special U.S. investigating committee shortly afterward affirmed that "there is no direct connection" between the general and the narcotics trade, he might have a few relatives involved, that's all.


Monopolies

It was largely against tiny, impoverished Honduras that the monolithic United Fruit juggernaut finally cracked up, once and for all, in the mid 1970s. Actually, the juggernaut had been on its last legs for years beforehand. The rise of Big Oil throughout the 60s had gradually superseded the banana empire as Washington's favorite medium of overseas economic exploitation. In fact, a knock-down, drag-out boardroom war between United Fruit and Standard Oil in 1968-9 had resulted in the divestiture of most of United Fruit's nonagricultural holdings in Latin America. The railroads that Minor Cooper Keith had so laboriously and bloodily proliferated throughout the region in the 1900s were the first to go over to the locals. Even the name was changed, from United Fruit to United Brands.

But Big Oil turned out to be a tricky investment too. When OPEC began putting the screws to the West in 1973, the results were so immediate, conspicuous and altogether satisfying, that the Latin American banana countries resolved to follow suit. In June of 1974, six Latin American countries formed the Union of Banana Exporting Nations (UBEN) and resolved to up prices 1 to 2½ cents a pound and to put a dollar surtax on each box of bananas exported.

Corporate reaction was plain panic: this was no longer 1900. United Brands and Del Monte instantly came out against the new taxes, flatly refusing to pay them, and within months were warning their boats to keep clear of Panamanian waters for fear of repossession for nonpayment of the banana tax. After a few months of haggling between UBEN, United Brands and among the countries themselves, the companies grudgingly agreed to a 25-cent surtax on each box. Five months later the chairman of United Brands, Eli M. Black, stepped out of a window on the





44th floor of the Pan Am Building in New York and splattered himself all over 43rd Street and Lexington Avenue.

This was actually another benefit of Watergate. Young accountants from Archibald Cox's Special Prosecutor's Office had been snooping for weeks into United Brands' files to determine how much the corporation had fronted the Nixon reelection committee in '72. On February 3, 1975, the date of Mr. Black's defenestration, the investigators still had only the vaguest inkling of the can of worms they were opening, but Black assuredly knew all about it: namely, the \$2.5 million in bribes paid over the previous year to some well-placed official in the Honduran government.

Now Honduras, with its agreeably repressive junta government running things since a 1963 coup, was always considered a real sweetheart by United Fruit. The population is 90 percent mestizo, 50 percent of whom are illiterate; they make wonderful banana workers, not much given to socialist pipe dreams or even much complaining. Junta leader Colonel Osvaldo Lopez Arellano was always as sybaritic as he was shrewd, a perfect partner for United Fruit.

But poor Eli Black's body was hardly cool when word went out from Washington that a multi-million-dollar slush fund had been discovered, detailing Black's personally approved "special" disbursements to important people all around the world. Most of it was noted down in cryptic financial code, but one "special" payment was immediately deciphered, in 1974, at certain critical dates during the UBEN surtax negotiations, a total of \$2.5 million had been disbursed through the Paris branch of Chase-Manhattan to a numbered account at the Kreditbank in Ostend, Switzerland—an account kept either by Honduran President Lopez Arellano or by his foreign minister Abraham Bennaton-Ramos.

Bennaton-Ramos was sacked immediately. As the clamor mounted in Tegucigalpa, President Lopez managed to divert public attention from his refusal to open his Swiss accounts for inspection by broadcasting incessant condemnations of United Brands. With neighboring Costa Rica, which also claimed to have been "corrupted" by United Brands' bribe millions, Lopez accused all the U.S. fruit corporations of attempting to "destabilize" Latin American banana solidarity by

selective bribery (he even demanded reparations for this indignity, but was thwarted when a United Brands stockholder filed a class-action suit against the corporation on behalf of all the other stockholders and froze the funds). In a desperate stab at "land reform," strictly to gain popularity, Lopez actually turned several government-owned plantations over to local control by the banana workers.

Nothing availed, of course. In April of 1975, Lopez fled to Argentina and Brigadier General Juan Alberto assumed power in Tegucigalpa on behalf of Melgar Castro, the current president. After a decent interval, ex-Minister Bennaton-Ramos was released from jail, acquitted on all charges, and things are pretty much getting back to business as usual these days.

Unarmed workers were rounded up and jailed in chicken-wire enclosures. Individuals were beaten and tortured until the labor organizers gave up.

And here is what business as usual means in a banana republic: the plantations that ex-President Lopez had so rashly given over to La Empresa Campesina Asociativa de Las Isletas—as the new Honduran peasant growers' association calls itself—had to be reappropriated by the Castro government. Now it happens that the American fruit multinational handling those particular plantations is Castle & Cooke of Honolulu, makers of Bumble Bee salmon, C&H sugar, Royal Hawaiian macadamia nuts, Dole pineapples and Cabana bananas. When Honduran government troops began systematically raiding the Empresa Campesina plantations last year, it was in Castle & Cooke vehicles that they often arrived; then they rounded up the unarmed workers by the hundreds, jailing them in chicken-wire enclosures and routinely beating and torturing individuals until the "socialist-inclined" labor organizers gave themselves up. Today these plantations are largely run by Honduran military officers, and wouldn't you just know it—

Well, in 1975, at the height of the bribes scandals, Castle & Cooke chairman David J. Kirchoff modestly admitted that yes, C&C does generally disburse about \$80,000 a year in special payments to foreign individuals who do them indispensable favors. A list of these "specials" showed up not long ago at the Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility on Riverside Drive in New York City. Among the vouchers recorded there were sums to the commander of the 4th Battalion at La Cieba, Honduras, totalling \$2,850. This gentleman's name is Lieutenant Colonel Gustavo Alvarez, and he led a raid last year on an Empresa Campesina plantation in which 200 people were arrested: none of these people ever made more than \$400 a year in his or her life.

Shortly after this particular raid, Colonel Alvarez's district commander wrote a bulletin to Castle & Cooke that had to strike his overseers as a perfect poetry of Banana Republicanism, coming this late in the century: the 200 people were arrested, he said, "for agitating among the workers, and for interfering with the normal work routine of the Company." ■

One Banana, Two Banana

According to the Food & Agricultural Organization's Trade Yearbook, the banana import statistics for 1977 indicate that Costa Rica is currently the single greatest supplier of bananas to the USA: last year 1.3 million pounds of bananas were shipped from Costa Rica to the U.S., representing \$88.7 million wholesale. Honduras was the next biggest importer: 1.3 million pounds worth \$80.1 million. Ecuador, which has recently adopted a policy of shipping its own bananas to Europe and elsewhere, is now only the third heaviest American supplier, shipping 918,000 pounds to the U.S. worth \$64.5 million in 1977. Guatemala is fourth with 465,000 pounds, worth \$21.3 million. Nicaragua's domestic political situation, combined with unfavorable weather last year prevented it from exporting a significant amount of bananas.



7.7

The Real Life Adventures of the Real JAMES BOND

From supercop of Rent-a-Narc to top pot smuggler

by James Christian Bond as told to Ed Dwyer

He calls himself the real James Bond. Like his fictional counterpart, he's an expert in weaponry, wiretapping and martial arts. He's charming and dangerous. This real-life James Bond has made a career of jumping fences in the dope war; he's wanted and hated. But he's still alive and operating, for now.

A former Boston private detective and a one-time dope smuggler, James Bond was recently the government's number one witness against two Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents accused of filching top-secret DEA computer data. The government said the two were using the information to turn their own dope deals. It also claims that James Bond volunteered to set up the agents in a fake cocaine scam that was secretly monitored by hidden videotapes and body transmitters. The defense contended that Bond is an opportunistic double-dealer who struck a rotten deal with the DEA bigwigs in order to save his own neck. He was also condemned as a devil worshiper and an avowed nudist!

James Christian Bond (nee Walter Billings) has led a life remarkable for opportunities taken, for better or worse. Early in 1977, High Times feature editor Ed Dwyer interviewed Bond, then fighting a three-state federal indictment for pot smuggling. Along with his blond lady friend Christine, Bond had been grabbed by the narcs over Christmas 1976 on a 2,000-pound gross rap. The DEA was desperately trying to prove that Bond was in fact the "Mr. Big" in a multi-million-dollar dope-smuggling triangle extending from Mexico to California to Boston. It was a million-dollar prosecution for the government. For Bond it was a high-risk glamour game that wouldn't stop: he was living out his fantasy and wanted to tell his life story before it ended suddenly and violently. Bond was no stranger to notoriety. Just three years earlier he'd been the

kingpin of a nefarious private police force called "Rent a Narc" that supplied hundreds of resident informers to small-town America, at great profit to himself.

Bond was acquitted of the smuggling charges. But his recent DEA caper is evidence that he still inhabits the netherworld of raw deals, rats, high rollers and vicious scum. After careful consideration, we have decided to print excerpts from the unpublished account of James Bond's career as a successful private eye, rent-a-narc and dope smuggler, as told to Dwyer. The dope game is filled with characters, and none are more memorable, or dangerous, than the real James Bond.

March 1967, The Boston headlines blared: "State House Phones Tapped." I'd been double-crossed! I was promised "no publicity" on this job. My one-year-old firm, National Detective Agency (NDA), had been hired by a Massachusetts state senator (now a judge) to examine the phones of his and two other senators' offices (one of whom is now a well-known congressman) as well as the conference room for the House Ways and Means Committee. Our "tech sweep" had turned up positive. That case kicked off nine years of negativity and hassles from the state and the feds. Then Massachusetts Attorney General Elliot Richardson and Commissioner of Public Safety John Keogh passed the bad word along and, as I'll reveal later, it was to langle me up on numerous occasions.

But at the time I was cutting quite a swath. Living quite a life. My cases shamed those I'd seen on "77 Sunset Strip" and "Surfside Six." I was pulling in lots of paper (approximately \$70G a year), and I had four offices in the Boston area: numero uno had nine rooms, all appointed in plush leather and oak and guarded from the outside world by thick, 14-foot-

high iron bars. It was also equipped with an executive gymnasium, a bar and an oversized sauna. I employed 12 full-time operatives, both male and female. I had a full complement of electronic and photographic gadgetry at my disposal, including a fully equipped surveillance van.

I got cases the law couldn't (or wouldn't) handle. I became a joiner, an activist in my profession, a nut for the most modern techniques in detection. On my office wall hung memberships in international police organizations, business and service clubs. I took advanced weapons and self defense instructions at the Boston Police Academy; the diplomas on my wall attested to my conscientiously honed killer talents. In the line of duty I was shot at, stabbed, kicked down stairs and shaken up by hit and run attempts. I made personal appearances all over town and received scraps of legitimate publicity.

Unfortunately I was also the target of police-provoked hassles over wiretapping and firearms infractions that resulted in aggravation and bad nerves. But I had the money to escape, so I took to gambling, heavy gambling: the kind that can cost you \$20G a weekend. I even became pals with John Scarne, the guru of gambling. I traveled around the world looking for new adventures. I took on security assignments for Sheraton ITT—one almost got me hand-grenaded to death by Puerto Rican nationalists. I designed security vehicles for a major oil company in Saudi Arabia. You name it, I did it.

And I did it well. But the time had come for a bigger, slicker, more ambitious agency to replace NDA. The time had also come for a new identity.

I strapped on my custom-made shoulder holster and slipped in the gleaming Walther PPK. Its short, powerful bulk almost undetectable beneath my \$300 suit jacket. Armed and waiting

outside my Hyannis condominium was my specially constructed silver Lincoln Continental Mark III plus my lady companion for the night. I also packed my 9 mm. Smith & Wesson submachine gun (for which I held the only private license in the state of Massachusetts) and perhaps, for good measure, a cool \$100G in cash. My destination? Perhaps a Rotary Club meeting, the opening of a new Jerry Lewis theater or an appearance on a Boston television station.

Was this Walter Billings, ambitious gumshoe of National Detective Agency, father of two and married man? Not on your flat feet! This was the new me. My name was now Bond, James Christian Bond. I'd pulled out all the stops this time and was living my fantasies to the hilt. My marriage had dissolved under the pressure of my work and my growing restlessness; my grandfather had died, and I no longer felt any need to keep a name I'd always hated. Or a lifestyle that bored me silly. My hair was longer, my clothes more modish, my sex life downright satyrical.

My new moniker had been calculatedly chosen for effect as well as fantasy. I knew that every day, somewhere, in some media outlet, James Bond is mentioned. The name and all it conjures in the modern mind has become a sort of totem. I realized that the talented Sean Connery spent years trying to shake his identification with Ian Fleming's super sleuth. I also knew that I was no Connery in the looks department. But I also knew that once I told someone that my name was James Bond they'd never forget it. Even if they did think I was a little cracked, my ubiquitous under-the-covers agents, my deadly guns, my luxury car and my burgeoning business were all very real. My impressive record in the shamus trade couldn't be denied.

There was something behind the hype. I've always been a devotee of Napoleon Hill's *Think and Grow Rich* and other mentors of positive thought, but the response to my new identity was unbelievable. I became a worldwide celebrity of sorts. The Baltimore Sun sent a reporter up to do a feature story on me. The BBC paid my way to London, all expenses paid (plus a fee), to appear with Sean Connery himself on a talk show. I attracted far-flung, exotic cases that paid thousands of dollars per week and kept a tan on my face.

Yet I was still looking, still restless for something to satiate my need for adventure. I threw a party for 700 Bostonians that cost me \$10,000. I started a company called Weapons of the World, specializing in automatic firearms. I was a minor phenomenon, but somehow I felt unfulfilled. I was always casting about for the ultimate creation. Already I'd created a new personality, several new companies and more undercover ballyhoo than Boston had seen since they banned Ulysses. But my biggest bang was yet to be heard.

It was 1971, and people knew bullshit when they saw it—my guns, my car, my 007 image and my show weren't saying anything to the veterans of the Summer of Love, Woodstock, May Day and the disastrous consequences of Nixon's Operation Intercept. Thanks to the abysmal incompetence of the BNDD, SOADAP and the rest of the alphabet-soup enforcement agencies, the ranks of the acid-addled and the grass-scorched were fast being welled by the ranks of the smacked-out and the sped-away. Small-town America was frantic for relief, or just peace of mind.

I was new to the milieu: it wasn't divorce court or nabbing cars. I was innocently appalled. Yet I also smelled a mercenary opportunity in all this misery and hand wringing. What could an individual do? Well, this individual was to apply himself to the problem with all the

Through Rent-a-Narc, I would make millions while ridding the world of an evil. I surrounded myself with rats. They were my ticket to riches.

energy and naivete at his disposal. The answer stared me in the face: three simple words that were to change my life and, I would later rue, the lives of several thousand dopers in many states. The three words were Rent-a-Narc.

I planned how I'd make millions while at the same time ridding the world of an evil. I'd recruit agents from the local campuses—Harvard, MIT, Amherst, Emerson, U. of Mass.—by placing advertisements in student unions and underground papers. I'd tout my service in Justice and Law and Order magazines and in the program notes at the Boston Gardens. My new agency, Universal Detective, Inc. (UDI), would contract with the chief of police, the county attorney, the attorney general of the state—whoever it might take to insure that my people would be allowed to snoop, sneak about and turn in dope peddlers (and bring me \$70 a week for their services).

I'd train my agents in the most advanced weaponry and hand-to-hand combat at the Smith & Wesson range in nearby Springfield; they'd learn the double-buy technique; they'd be professionally personality tested and intelligence rated; their pasts would be thoroughly investigated and references required so we could eliminate any applicants with police records. I'd teach them the language of the streets, the current prices of the popular street drugs; I'd teach them how to write reports that would put their targets in prison. I'd set them up in small

towns with fake identities and cover jobs—all with the consent of the local authorities.

My advertising campaign would have hundreds of towns, counties and hamlets begging me to provide them with the means to combat the menace of dope—all for a price. I'd sink \$25,000 into the project. I'd hire a publicist to keep my name in the papers. I'd have cops providing my agents with dope from their personal slushes so they could insinuate themselves into the local head scene. I'd be honored and feted by the International Narcotics Enforcement Officers Association and the International Police Chiefs Association. I'd even have the constitution of one state changed so that my agents could operate with impunity.

I'd weather the broadsides from Rolling Stone, the Boston Phoenix, the Real Paper, AP, UPI and others who'd dare smear my personal army of avenging angels. I'd meet with Sam Yorty and the honchos of the Los Angeles Police Department and plan a statewide attack in the very heart of druggie consciousness. I'd join forces with other agencies that desired to start Rent-a-Narc affiliates in their particular areas. I'd be the main bat in an international SWAT against creeping stupor and slime. There would be thousands of private cops all over the country reporting to me. I'd be supercop, with my own private regiments. It was a million-dollar war. And, y'know something? It happened almost exactly that way.

Look up the word narc in Webster's 20th Century. It comes from the gypsy word for "nose." In other words, a snoop, a pest, an informer—a rat. For three years I surrounded myself with them. They were my ticket to riches. Their outstanding successes could in part be laid to the trusting stupidity of their targets (at least that's how I perceived it then). Who'd suspect that the obese slob with the Kapectate habit and a taste for Boone's Farm strawberry wine was in fact an undercover agent for Universal Detective? Or the Cape Cod mortician who spent three summers calling on vacationing dopers? And what about the two free spirits with the big tits who'd been seen cruising the streets of Portsmouth, New Hampshire?

I have on file in my current home the dossiers of 400 former agents, all of whom were retained by small towns and counties under terms I'd worked out with the officials there. Some ex-Rent-a-Narc agents are still working in the business, a couple for the state police in the New England area, one for the DEA itself. They came to their jobs well trained by me. In three weeks I gave them the equivalent of the 20-week course the feds give. Why were they working for me? The answer can only be supplied by the agents themselves, but I suppose it was a mixture of excitement at being licensed to carry a gun, resentment at a "hip" world that had left them behind, a twisted notion of law

enforcement, a craving to be accepted to belong, or just a need for a job that paid well. The explanations run from the idealistic to the perverse to the immoral.

Few of the communities that contracted with UDI for the service of a rent-a-narc were disappointed. In fact, the Kaopec-tate-swilling hog I mentioned earlier was described as "a joy to work with" by the Maine chief of police who'd required his talents. I have on file dozens of similar letters from law personnel around the country. However, the police were usually reluctant to publicly credit my agency with the massive busts that would result from our work. Rather, they'd restrict their praises to the notes that would accompany signed contracts. (Only when federal pressure began did the number of contracts begin to diminish.) Agents would occasionally be caught in compromising situations and have to explain to an unknowing cop just why they were licensed to carry a pistol—without blowing their cover. Or in one case why they were fucking a police lieutenant in his patrol car right after a dope deal had gone down. It often took a fast mind and a glib explanation to keep cool and out of trouble with either side of the law.

As our kill rate spiraled higher and higher—and our advertising got slicker and more pervasive—I received requests for information on Rent-a-Narc from police forces in such faraway states as Idaho, Missouri, South Carolina and West Virginia. I proposed to the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency that it grant funds to me to facilitate the expansion of Rent-a-Narc nationally. I was turned down, of course.

And what about the 5,000 unfortunate souls who were prosecuted thanks to the testimony of UDI agents? Did I regret that in many cases their only crime was to have a few joints in their pocket, or maybe they passed along a single tab of LSD to someone who pretended to be a friend? They meant nothing, they were criminal and expendable. I was busy sending bills to officials and receiving commendations and honorary degrees. It made weathering the bad publicity and the bad blood much easier. But the cycle of karma is not so easily stalled. At the same time my agents were busy putting dopers in prison, the law was gearing up for a move against me that was to end Rent-a-Narc, my plans for an international consortium of private antidope armies and, eventually, my career as a detective.

The coup de grace came late in 1973, when Rent-a-Narc was booming and I was riding the crest. State police officers, accompanied by the Waltham police, crashed into my apartment and arrested me for possession of ten pounds of marijuana that they "found" under my car. Would you believe that they observed "green vegetable matter" lying loose when they peeked through the glass and into the dark garage—after a "tip off"?

The judge believed, I think he was probably green with envy himself when it was testified that I'd been interrupted in a game of "strip checkers" by the cops' arrival. Also confiscated were two pounds of sea salt that the cops identified to the press as "pure cocaine."

Taking the first lousy advice a lawyer ever gave me, I allowed the court to find me guilty on the pot rap, thinking that I was being arraigned on a misdemeanor. My mistake. I paid a \$1,100 fine, fully expecting to continue business as usual. As usual, I wasn't quite through with my legal enemies. Within a matter of months, I was visited by the state police and the federal police (the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms cops), who in rapid succession revoked my private-detective's license, my class-three firearms license, my weapons sales permit. All without me ever spending a minute behind bars!

The DEA agent in charge tightened the handcuffs so they'd crack my right wrist in three places. The others threatened my lady with rape.

As if I hadn't caught the drift of events already, I was informed that I was now a second-class citizen at their mercy. Once word got out—it didn't take long with the press I was getting—the cancellations started to arrive. I was forced to refund around \$82,000 in advances on contracts for the coming year. UDI and Rent-a-Narc had made me rich and I had plenty socked away, but I sensed disaster. The law had tasted blood. The whole conspiracy sickened me. I knew there was more than a fleeting cooperation in my case between the state and the DEA, who'd already begun to intimidate and coerce my contractees. I retired to my bedroom to contemplate my future. I didn't come out until three months later—a changed man.

I was miserable. The same law that I'd respected, yearned all my adolescent years to uphold, admired despite all my traumas with vengeful cops, now wanted James C. Bond dead. Maybe not with a bullet in my skull, but for sure with a big zero next to my reputation—or a number stitched to my denim workshirt. Lord knows I tried desperately to reestablish myself in my old stomping grounds. From the security of my bedroom I sent my resume to nearly 700 top companies. I'd reviewed the Fortune 500 and the Wall Street Journal for corporations likely to need an experienced investigator/security analyst. I went far afield: Dupont, Lockheed Corporation, the CIA, the American Red Cross, 3M, Hilton, Alberto-

Culver, J. C. Penney, Alcoa, Merck, Xerox.

I wanted a legal, respectable job in the worst way. "No suitable opening at this time for which you are qualified" was the favorite shoot-down. Who were they kidding? I'd been put on the shit list. It was the age of the computerized blackball, and I realized that I was right in there with the Cosa Nostra, the Weathermen and any other "enemies of the state" that Nixon's ever-growing battalion of enforcers had fingered.

I'd started to turn on fairly regularly, liking it more and more every time. I began to understand the dupe I'd been all these years, just how wrong the dope laws were. I began to regret the things I'd done through Rent-a-Narc. I was haunted by the thought of kids still languishing in jail because of my ambition, my greed, my ego. Ironically, the first marijuana I turned on to was provided by former rent-a-narcs who'd also come to a few new conclusions about their pasts. We were becoming awakened to a new spirit of love about a half dozen years too late.

James Bond began to evolve a plan of action with every toke of dope he took. Millions could be made from this high, perhaps even more than was possible with Rent-a-Narc. Maybe I'd spent too much time on a pipe dream when the real answer was in the hands of my victims? I'd turn my talents, my connections, my existing funds to a new business—the business of getting people high, of bringing them love. As it had been with every venture I'd set about to doing, I reconnoitered the possibilities, made discreet inquiries, surveyed the terrain. Then I began to move.

From this point on I have to change a few names and fuddle a few locations. That's because the government of this country doesn't take kindly to its citizens smuggling marijuana into its confines from Mexico. It gets very upset, as I was to find out. With one or two exceptions, who I'll mention later, the people who appear in this second part of my life are all better left unmolested and unpublicized. Even the way I launched myself into the new enterprise could cause some embarrassment. Not to me, of course. I enjoy being a nudist, and I can't think of a more blessed place to begin a labor of love than in the sunny confines of a nudist camp.

That's exactly where I made my first motion to escalate my personal war on the blue meanies, my own vendetta in the name of love. I'd known the camp weed dealer for several years, while I was a kingpin of Rent-a-Narc. He was the first person to turn me on, he knew the shitty turn my life had taken, so when I confided to him that I wanted to score big, he didn't flinch. Well, maybe a little when he eyeballed the contents of the paper bags I'd carried over to his van—\$45G in cash that I cobbled together with the help of a lawyer friend in Cambridge. I knew he didn't

have that type of connection, but he'd get the idea that I was very serious.

After several 20- and 30-pound deals made to test my faith (and line his pockets at the same time), M introduced me to a most remarkable fellow. I'll call him Gus. Gus had recently been popped in Jamaica for nine tons of dope—as far from nickle-dime dealing as a Boston boy can get without tying in with the guys who kill. He'd taken up the faith of Sai Baba, an Indian holy man, and was out of the business (maybe just a little out of his tree, too, he'd plan his legal strategy by casting the I Ching and meditating on the words of his teacher).

Gus had friends in California, big friends who were anxious to connect with someone with paper on the East Coast. My \$91G must have been big enough, for within weeks I'd made my first clandestine trip to California to meet them. I did very little dreaming, lots of hiking in the mountains and a fuckload of scheming. The result was a smoothly executed transport of 1,200 pounds of top-shelf Mexican colas to Boston by van.

I was subsequently introduced to Gus's friend and fellow Sai Baba freak who I'll call Frank. He claimed to be one of the founding members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. All I knew was he had one together operation, complete with a spanking new Beech Baron and a warehouse full of primo weed. In due time, Frank would introduce me to the guts of a Mexican operation: burlap sugar sacks, Pemex fuel pump attachments, camouflage netting, bug screens, carbines, M-16s, hidden fuel dumps and the requisite toilet paper. Together we'd border hop from Orange County to Baja to Culiacan, earn several hundred-thousand dollars and send a few vans packed to their metal roofs with good weed on their way from Mexico through Arizona to Boston.

Frank and I parted company after a later disaster. Our otherwise crack pilot—a Vietnam veteran we called "Henry Kissinger"—forgot to filter the fuel that had been left in surplus military tanks for his return flight to California from Mazatlan. He took a \$50G dump onto the shitty terrain in the North Americas (the Baja) and was forced to abandon the 700 pounds of weed and the Cessna stretch-version to the natives. All we recovered was a liter of hash oil that Henry and Frank remembered to tuck away in the scrub with their maps and charts.

My Boston backers were not pleased and refused to front any more money, so I was compelled to use a few secrets I'd accumulated around the world in order to survive. I donned my black robes, made the circles of salt, lit the candles and incanted the secrets to save my life. Sure enough, I received a phone call from a fellow I'll call MM. He was a pilot acquaintance of Frank's and Gus's and had heard through the grapevine that I might be interested in getting together to

do some business. I'd learned all my amateur lessons, knew how to handle myself, was a certified criminal of love; of course I was interested. I flew back to California, intending to become a pro.

The Mexican border is shitty with inspections and roadblocks, more so than ever since Operation Intercept in 1969. But nowadays they wait until you're three-quarters of a gas tank into the interior before they suddenly materialize, pounce on you, tear apart your car or van and make you strip to the buff. You can expect this to happen to you if you ever decide to take Highway 15. When MM and I teamed up, we decided on a new *modus operandi* that would emphasize international cooperation. In other words I exploited the very valuable friendships I'd made with Frank deep in Mexico in the growing areas of Mazatlan and Culiacan.

For a few dollars extra a pound, the Mexicans would bring the weed up to

Our crack pilot took a \$50G dive into the Baja and abandoned our 700 pounds of weed and our stretch-version Cessna to the natives.

within scooting distance of the Arizona desert, from there, I arranged to have it removed, preferably by a Cessna 210 or Beech Baron or DC-3 (depending on the size of the load). Link it up with a good-sized r-v or van and have it driven back to Boston. But there were some changes in style as well: we now dealt commercial weed (it was easier to get on a constant basis and have moved to within striking distance of the border), and we had the goods removed by a safer northern route (through Colorado or Wyoming and across the Dakota to the East). We devised a unique communications code.

Jesus, I was having fun, running risks and learning to fly and feeling like I was making some restitution for the grief I'd caused in my previous life. And I was making enough money to frequent Vegas and do a bit of gambling, guzzling and lounge lizardry. We spent as quickly as we made. We rented apartments around Boston to serve as stashes and took long vacations.

But things began to sour due to greed. I never lied, and I don't countenance holding out. But when MM told me that I'd dropped \$5G on a Tuscon-Chihuahua run he'd supposedly set up while I was back East, I knew there was something smelly in the works. And in that business, the word that someone is ripping you off spreads very fast. Like it or not, I had to use a little armed persuasion to remind others about the ethics of our working relationship. How much worse can it get

than having to put a .38 slug two inches from your "partner's" skull in order to persuade him to come up with the \$42G he'd earned on your seed money and had no plans to share? (I suppose he can be excused because of his four-gram-a-day coke jag; makes cruddy sense, huh?) Who needed worms when you had a family? I retired to Boston and prepared my last big move—family members only, dig?

When I was a little kid in Newton, I loved my Uncle Al. When I got into the smuggling business, I knew his larcenous old heart would leap at the chance to make a few clandestine dollars. So we made a deal: we'd occasionally use his van to move the weed across the country, and pay him a grand for his time and silence. He could always say we stole the van if he were questioned. How was I to foretell that he'd be the one to turn rat and sell us out to the DEA for \$6G? That's what he did, and when I found out my heart was broken. My dad refuses to speak to him ever. What a sweet move he dimmed on. We'd offered him \$2G a day for the use of his basement once the load got in. I flew to L.A. and rented a 39-foot Winnebago with a box on the back, extra fuel tanks and a CB. I also arranged for a lookout truck to be driven by M (who I should mention was once a Rent-a-Narc agent).

Once everything was in place in Arizona, my connection and I met in Nogales and headed into the interior to Magdalena, where my main man owns an airstrip (as well as 300-plus acres of sweet countryside near Culiacan). I knew we'd get the weed up to the airstrip without a hitch because my Nogales connection happened to be a captain in the *federales*; his badge would open gates and preclude the hassle of car searches. We even insured ourselves against those unforeseeable fuckups that give ulcers to young dope smugglers and jail sentences to would-be scammers who don't plan ahead.

When the pilot we'd contracted didn't show up in Magdalena, we arranged to have the Mexicans fly it in with their own man and plane—for \$5 more a pound. Of course, we had to kill the extra time in the desert trying to look as inconspicuous as possible (or at least as unillegal). We took off our clothes and did some sunbathing after two days the border patrol plane that had spotted our location buzzed off, the agents inside probably having a good chuckle over the naked faggots they'd seen.

After eight days of waiting, we were on our way north with 784 kilos of dope (back in Magdalena I rejected an offered kilo of Peruvian coke—it's nothing but a manic high and bad karma to deal, at least to me). After cruising north into Colorado we swung east and into blizzards so thick and mean that we had to bang the ice off the 'bago with shovels. When we arrived in Boston, full of the Christmas spirit and

(continued on page 78)

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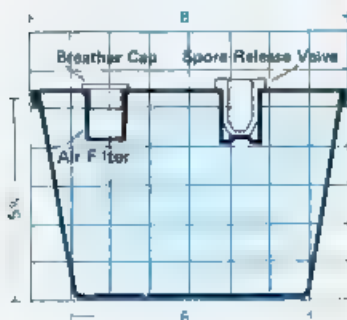
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Kids Shouldn't Get Stoned

by Dr. Peter Bourne



Dr. Peter Bourne is President Carter's chief adviser on drugs and drug law enforcement. Born August 6, 1935, in Oxford, England, Bourne moved with his family when he was 17 to the United States, where he received degrees from Emory and Stanford Universities. He founded the first community mental-health center in Georgia and met Governor Carter there in 1969. Carter appointed Bourne director of the Office of Drug Abuse in 1971; subsequently, Bourne held a number of roles in the Carter organization, including deputy campaign director

for the Carter

Bourne has served on the Council on the United States in the World Health Organization, and is a drug policy leader in the period of the Carter administration. He is the director of the DEA from 1973 to 1977.

In the enthusiasm for the decriminalization of marijuana in recent years, one concerning side effect has emerged which has failed to receive the attention that it probably deserves. This problem is the steadily increasing use of marijuana in large quantities by young people before they have reached physical or emotional maturity.

In the interests of society, we have built in traditional cultural constraints on the manner in which various activities, usually those which were considered dangerous or quasi-illicit, could be engaged in by young people. We, for instance, prohibit the

driving of automobiles by people under a certain age, and although it has always been violated there is an age level under which we feel it is undesirable for a person to drink or smoke. These controls, while frequently violated, were regarded not only in the interest of society but were generally fairly effective in discouraging people from engaging in these various activities before they acquired sufficient maturity and judgment to avoid using them in a way that was self-destructive.

Because marijuana has always been illicit (at least since the 1930s) the same cultural constraints have not de-

veloped with regard to the use of this drug. Because of its legal prohibition for the more serious developmental constraints of age-related social constraints did not occur. As a result, as we move towards decriminalization the 13 year old feels that he has as much right to smoke marijuana as the 23 year old, because there is neither a cultural value system nor any laws to say to him that this is something he must not do, and that he must wait until he has reached a certain level of maturity. While it is hard to make an argument in favor of age discrimination, it is clear that the younger person is therefore likely to lack the maturity and judgment in

engaging in any behavior.

This concern should not be confused with the argument as to whether marijuana has any deleterious physical effects but is related to growing evidence that many adolescents use poor judgment in determining when and how often and how heavily to get stoned. Adolescence is a time in one's life when a great deal of one's cognitive world is in the learning mode and will accept ideas without scrutiny and passively in an almost blind dependence on authority. In the case at hand, one is stoned because one does not yet know as better an effect of marijuana on one's long-term welfare. □

Everybody Must Get Stoned

by Monica Choate

As a child and a woman I feel personally insulted by Dr. Bourne's policies as reflected in his composition to kids and marijuana use. What kind of doctor is Dr. Bourne anyway? In my opinion I think he is a mad doctor like Dr. Frankenstein and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He was born in England. Another famous English doctor was Dr. Harvey Hawley Crippen who killed teenage girls with an axe (I think my father knew him). And what about Dr. Goebbels, who was Adolf Hitler's right hand man? That's what kind of doctor Dr. Bourne is. He lies to the public and is responsible for making Jimmy Carter spray marijuana plants with paraquat, which instead of helping kids is like putting ugly babies on the top of mountains like they did in ancient Greece.

Dr. Bourne says the reason kids shouldn't smoke pot is because they "use poor judgment in determining when, how often and how heavily to get stoned." So what is he really saying? Is he saying that there are correct times, when, how often and how heavily to get stoned? If there are, why doesn't the post tell us? Not Top Secret? I'm not saying little kids shouldn't smoke pot. Infact, my cousin has a perfectly good reason why real little kids up to about 11 or 12 or until they have puberty shouldn't smoke. It makes their hearts beat too fast [tachycardia, Ed]. But everybody agrees that that's about the only health problem anybody ever heard of pot causing except for people in government tests who have to smoke 1,000 joints a day to prove it makes you slopy. My father says that in his day they told you not to smoke pot because it made you die, or want to kill, or get pregnant or have an abortion. Today, everybody knows that's not true. But they

Monica Choate, daughter of High Times columnist Gilbert Choate, is 13 years old, a student at Elizabeth Irwin High School and a member of the Little Women's Consciousness-Raising Group on New York's Upper West Side. When she grows up she would like to meet Johnny Rotten, Margo St. James and Paddy Chayefsky.



still don't admit that pot is good for you. Instead Dr. Bourne just says that "spending too much of this phase of one's life stoned because one does not yet know any better can clearly be detrimental to one's longterm welfare." Whatever that means, I don't know! We don't even get welfare! Compared to the time most kids spend watching TV a few hours smoking pot can't really hurt them all that much. That's what I think.

Anyway, this quack doctor has a lot of nerve telling kids what's good for them. Why, he's the guy who tells Jimmy Carter that it's okay to spray pot with paraquat! Now, he knows that kids are going to smoke pot, even if he says it's going to be "detrimental to

their longterm welfare." So how is it going to do them any good to smoke paraquat which is a kind of poison? Anybody who could give poisoned pot to kids isn't Santa Claus! And he's not just some orphan-hating old meanie like the old widow who lives on our floor! He's a doctor! He should know better!

In class we learned that all doctors have to take the Hippocratic oath, which says, "You do solemnly swear that into whatsoever house you enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power... and will give no drug for a criminal purpose..." In other words, he's supposed to help people not hurt them, like for instance by giving them poison

to smoke! And that means even if you don't approve of them smoking in the first place! Because the oath also says that "whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, you will keep inviolably secret." In other words, what people do is none of your business! Is Mr. Bourne a doctor or is he some kind of Nazi? We saw on the NBC "Holocaust" show how the Nazi doctors used to take people to gas chambers, but Dr. Bourne is even worse than them. He brings the gas chambers to the people! Yuck!

Ever since 1776 some English people have never gotten used to the idea that the United States is a free country. King George tried to conquer the colonies. Now Dr. Bourne is Irving. He has a job working for President Carter, but is he really any good at it? Have any fewer people died of cancer since he got his doctor's degree? Does he know a tongue depressor from a bent wire hanger? For example, he tells them to spray paraquat on the pot, but what good does that do? I haven't known anyone who's gotten sick smoking it (Some of my friends have bought paraquat pot, but just for souvenirs.) And the big joke is that instead of spraying it ourselves Bourne gave the job to the Mexicans. They're the people who've been trying to conquer Texas ever since 1838! If Jimmy Carter really wants to be mean to kids, he should hire the old lady on our floor who gave the cockroach poison to my brother last Halloween! She should get on great with that snooty Amy!

My teacher is taking us to Washington for a class trip this fall, and if Jimmy Carter wants to I will be glad to drop in at the White House and tell him what the kids are really thinking. ☐

ye hippocratic oath

"you do solemnly swear each man by whatever he holds most sacred, that you will be loyal to the profession of medicine and just and generous to its members; that you will lead your lives and practice your art in uprightness and honor; that into whatsoever house you shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power, you holding yourselves far aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice; that you will exercise your art solely for the cure of your patients and will give no drug

perform no operation, for a criminal purpose, even if solicited, far less suggest it; that whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, you will keep inviolably secret these things do you swear let each man bow the head in sign of acquiescence, and now, if you will be true to this, your oath in my prosperity and good repute be ever yours; the opposite, if you shall prove yourselves forsworn

All doctors have to swear by the Hippocratic oath, but Dr. Bourne swore by the "hippocratic oath!"—Monica Choate 13

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James Bond

(continued from page 74)

elated at our safe arrival there was no Uncle Al at the house to greet us but no matter. We unloaded the wagon and M took 50 pounds of wet weed that had been soaked by the snow (I wasn't to see him again for several months). I headed home to my honey who'd missed me for over 90 days and was ready to show me how much I'd missed. We put on our bathrobes and took out a cool bottle of champagne to celebrate.

The cork had no sooner popped than several flat feet came through our door and some of the grubbiest characters I'd seen on both sides of the border were waving automatics in our astonished faces. The DEA was making its usual uncouth entrance and we were under arrest for possession with intent to sell 1,400 pounds of Mexican marijuana. I'd obviously been set up. The agent in charge of the 11-man detail made certain to tighten his handcuffs so they'd crack my right wrist in three places. This gross SOB, who I'll call Fatso, got his biggest kicks out of making me repeatedly bend over and spread my cheeks. Searching for hidden contraband, no doubt. The others got their jollies by insulting Christine and threatening rape.

I'd never seen such a slipshod, brutal and repulsive police action in my long career (at least the States showed their warrants before doing their dirty work). The DEA agents took special pains to rip my furniture apart and confiscate everything that wasn't too heavy to carry away. It wasn't until three months later, after I'd been released from a puke-smearing drunk tank on \$100G bond, lost every cent in my apartment and was required to show my face every Friday to a parole officer, as well as having been smeared in the papers as a felon, that I found out that Uncle Al had gotten plastered one night while I was in California and decided he'd see how much my hide was worth. He volunteered to be Judas; he told the feds that he'd been driven to action by fear of 200 pounds of moldy dynamite I'd brought back from a spelunking expedition to some old Arizona silver mines. I was becoming dangerous, storing away explosives, he said.

The wheel had come full stop; I was gathering back in spades all the trouble I'd ever caused in the past. But I knew I'd made restitution several times over; I was merely face to face now with the forces that would keep us all down and on the same level as themselves. For some unfathomable reason I was destined to play this game all the way out, see it spin its way through the lives of people I'd once loved and trusted. The next year would prove that many times over I'd become a victim, but I'd go kicking and screaming. If I went at all. ☐

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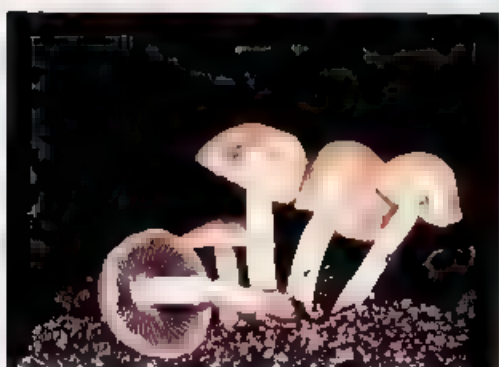
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Culture
Hero

Emmett Grogan

An elegy for the jailbird con-man novelist who masterminded the Summer of Love
by Al Aronowitz

Yeah, I knew Emmett Grogan, knew him well enough to've gone on a half-assed caper with him in behalf of a coke dealer who thought he might've just snuffed the uptown player mother-fucker who ripped him off for \$20,000 worth of snort, knew him well enough to've long suspected that he boosted a TV set and a hair dryer out of my pad so he could feed his junk habit, knew him well enough to've given him \$100 that he never paid back plus a bottle of my dying wife's Percodans as a Christmas present. He later accused me of getting him back on junk with that little gift.

I knew him well enough for him to've spilled me his whole inside story of the Altamont Raceway killing while he nodded out over dinner inside a private room at an Italian restaurant in San Francisco's North Beach. This was Emmett's version of how a skinny black kid, panicked into pulling a gun, got stabbed to death by an Angel in front of a half-million people, a movie crew and a stage, built overnight, on which Mick Jagger was trying to prance out a song for the biggest Stones freebie ever. Emmett rode with the Angels. He lived at their house until they told him to shit or get off the pot, either join them or split. Emmett split, but he stayed friends. Emmett worshiped Sweet William, one of the most legendary Angels of them all.

Emmett also worshiped Albie Baker, the greatest of all jewel thieves, a cat burglar who's hit hard times now that he's older. He can't scale walls like he used to. Emmett and Albie met in prison. Emmett met a lot of people in prison, like Ronald Biggs, who was Emmett's cellmate in England, another of Emmett's idols, the mastermind of the multi-million-dollar Great Train Robbery who eluded capture for so long. Yeah, I knew Emmett. I'd take my sons over to listen to him talk in the Park Slope apartment he rented in Brooklyn during the days when he was busy being a newlywed, trying to write and reading authors like Dashiell Hammett.

I knew him well enough to've been invited to his wedding, held in Montreal, where Jerry Wexler sent the Kinney jet on a junket from New York, loaded with wedding guests. I was in San Francisco at the time, but I sent a telegram. Emmett was a corny newlywed. He was nuts about his wife, Louise Latraverse, an eye-ful of French Canadian actress with the kind of smarts necessary to play with Emmett's head. He called me the night his son was born, the night of Kahoutek's Comet. He was a corny father, too, acting just like some hack had written his lines for a TV sitcom about a brand-new daddy. Still, Emmett was hip enough to've picked his baby's name. Max, out of a phone book.

Emmett and Louise grew apart after they moved to Montreal, where Louise had to go chase her career. After a while, Emmett took a separate apartment so he



Emmett was full of shit, like everybody else, but I knew him well enough to've been dazzled by him.

could write. He'd always been skinny. But now he got fat. He got fat sitting on his ass in front of a typewriter, watching TV and eating pizzas. Then he threw the TV set out the window, finished what he was writing and took a job on the docks to get back into shape. I remember Emmett telling me how Bob Dylan came by to visit in Montreal while Bob was on his Rolling Thunder tour. Emmett knew everybody. He knew Bob well enough to've been there the night Bob met Janis Joplin for the first time at Albert Grossman's house up in Woodstock. Yeah, I knew Emmett.

I knew him well enough for him to've put down two of the villains in my life by using their names for a couple of characters in something he wrote that people will keep reading for years. I knew him well enough to've been one of his honorary babysitters while he boled up in Leonard Cohen's old apartment down in the canceled part of the Lower East Side to write his first novel, *Ringolevio*. Even Emmett got mugged in that neighborhood one night. His nose was almost torn off. He didn't have his piece with him.

Emmett was full of shit, like everybody else, but I knew him well enough to've been dazzled by him. In *Ringolevio*, which Emmett didn't take much pain to disguise as his autobiography, he made himself out to be his own superman, starting as a teenage junkie who also was a prep-school safecracker, scaling dumb-waiter shafts to rip off the homes of his schoolmates after casing their pads at the parties he'd been invited to. He told how he became an actor, wrote scripts, traveled around Europe, hung out with Irish

revolutionaries, murdered people.

He also told how he founded the Diggers, the Robin Hood co-op that stole food from the San Francisco commission markets to cook as free meals for the starving hippies camped out in Haight-Ashbury during the San Francisco psychedelic revolution starring art-nouveau posters, light shows, the Monterey Pop Festival, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead and Bill Graham. After Emmett finished writing *Ringolevio*, he told me: "They thought a junkie like me would never do anything. They thought I was finished. They thought I could never write a book. And they thought I was too junked out to ever make a comeback." Emmett was running around with Tuesday Weld in those days.

I knew him well enough for him once to've said to me, "You want me to kill somebody for you? I'll kill somebody for you." He said it with a strange, eerie smile that seemed to make his face drip like a Dali watch, a smile that made me feel he was secretly licking his chops. I'd seen that smile on other people I knew to be thinking of murder. Emmett was dangerous. Emmett was mysterious. In 1968, he went on WBAI to tell kids they shouldn't go to the Democratic Convention in Chicago to get their heads bashed in for the greater glory of phony revolutionary heroes like Abbie Hoffman. Emmett hated Abbie. He said Abbie copped his style. But when Albert Grossman joked that Emmett was a CIA agent, I half believed him.

Emmett always made a big production out of moving around like he was some kind of fugitive, paranoid that at any moment he'd get set up in an ambush. He'd come up with intriguing gimmicks like Interpol's monthly list of telephone numbers to call to find out if his line was tapped. Something like that. Yeah, I knew Emmett. I knew him well enough to think, one crazy time as I went speeding the wrong way down the Interstate, that Emmett might be the .44-caliber killer, that Emmett was the devil himself. Emmett knew enough about homicidal maniacs to've created Billy Jamaica, the lunatic who goes through Brooklyn in Emmett's second novel, *Final Score*, shooting people in the head before he blesses them. "BAAMMM! Godspeed!" Billy says. Yeah, I once thought Emmett was the devil.

I knew him, with the gold ring pierced through his right ear and the big, unmistakably Irish grin that always made you think he'd just had his hand into some kind of cookie jar, like Fort Knox. Yeah, I knew him, a guy I'd spent some time with, one of the stars of my life, one of the most spellbinding writers of my time. I knew him well enough. I knew him well enough to've cried when, on April 5, 1978, Johnny Hamill called to tell me Emmett'd been found dead of a heart attack, probably from too much doping, on a New York City subway. ■



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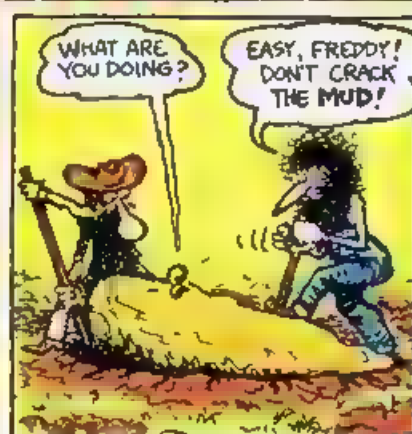
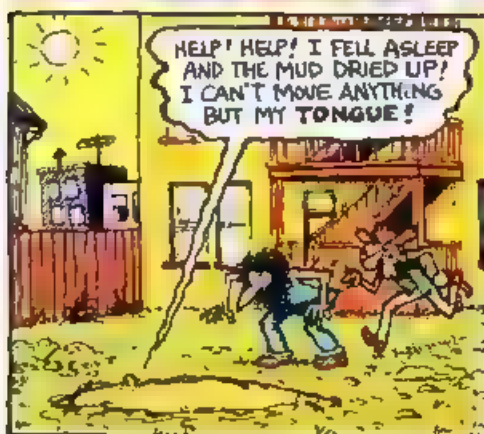
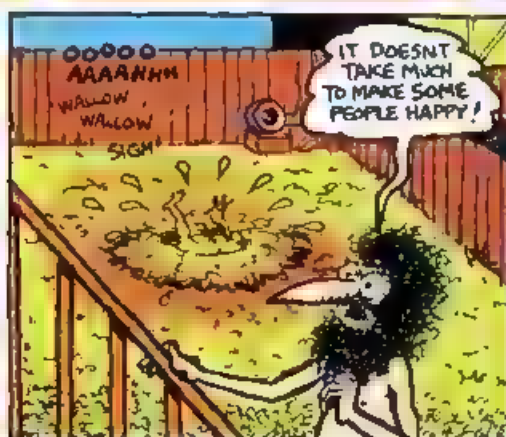
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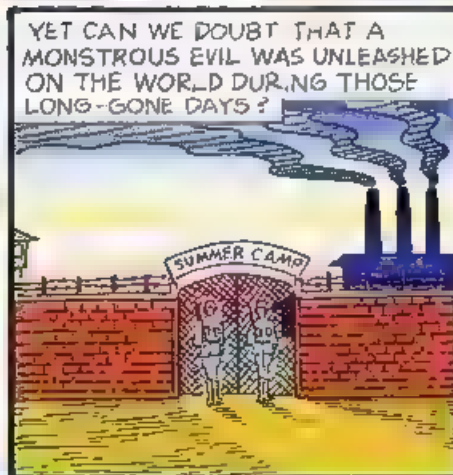
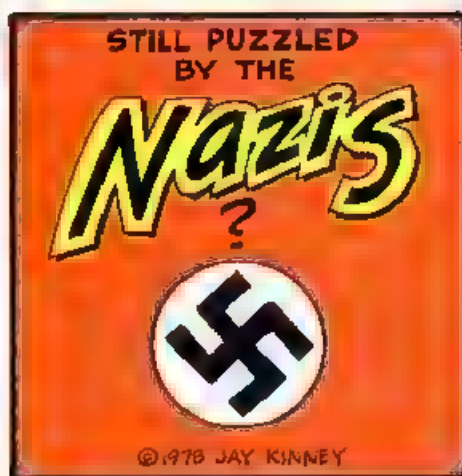
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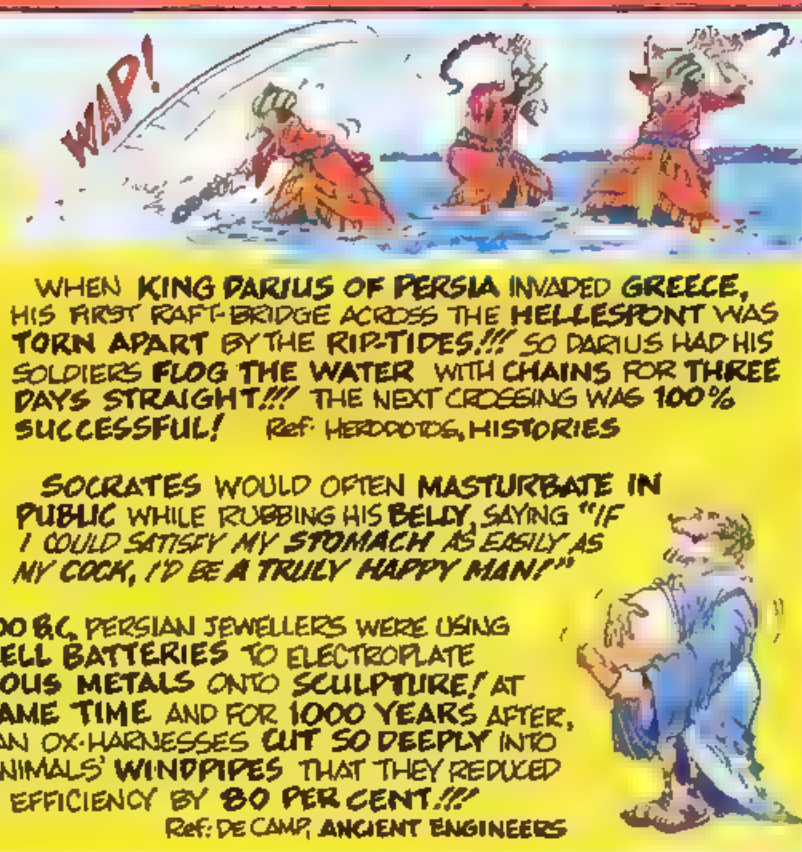
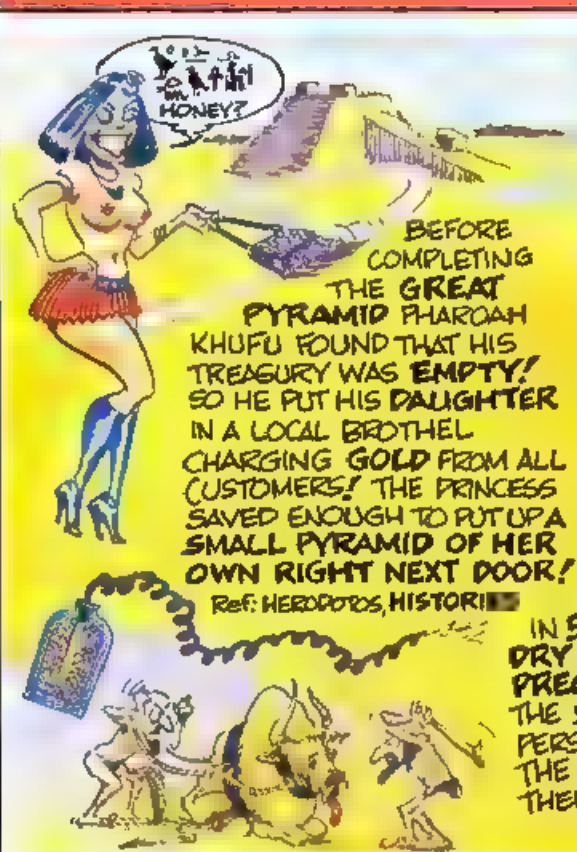
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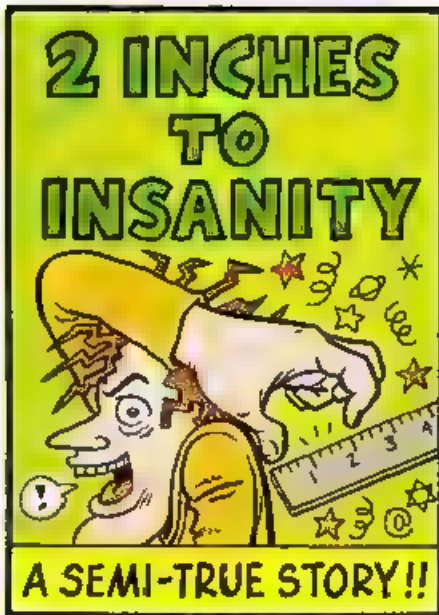




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Third World to Enter Space Race

The first human beings to come into contact with extraterrestrials might well speak to them in Pushtu or Swahili. It all depends on which equatorial nation is selected to provide a 200-square-mile Earthport base for the launching of satellites and peopled spacecraft under the auspices of the new World Space Center. The idea is to provide inexpensive space-travel facilities, independent of the USA's NASA or the European Space Agency, to be used by a consortium of developing countries to pitch the Third World into outer space.

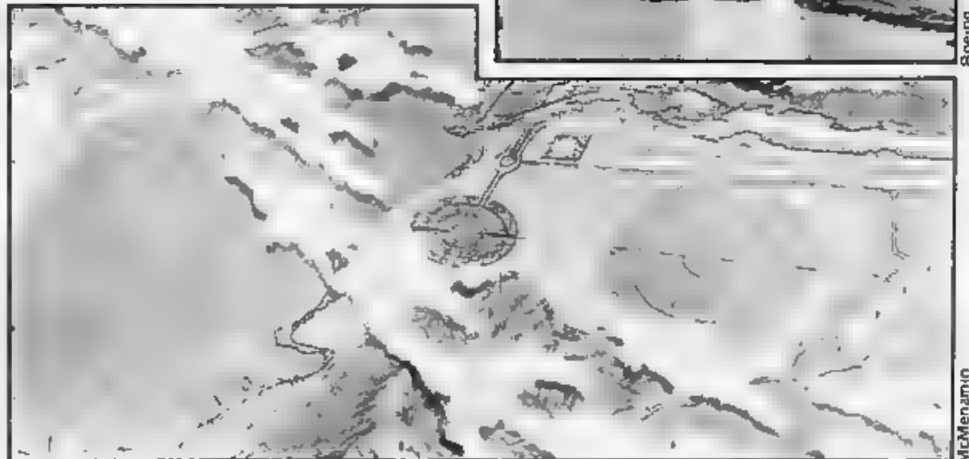
The Earthport project is coordinated by independent Western and Third World space specialists, and already over a dozen countries and private corporations have contributed millions toward its implementation.

It may not be long before pressurized Bantu beehive huts go up in the Mare Caesarium on the moon, if the international Earthport project proceeds on schedule. Or perhaps 20-mile-diameter space stations orbiting between the Earth and the moon will be populated inside with pygmies and bushmen stalking elephants through the jungle in one-third the gravity found on Earth.

However, critics of the Earthport movement have suggested it may be a veiled attempt by the great powers to extend Cold War geopolitics into the Third World. A prime Earthport supporter, the German tax-exempt corporation OTRAG, has spent \$30 million since 1976 in developing a launching facility in Zaire's war-torn Shaba province. 100,000 square miles of Shaba on the Zambian border have been leased to OTRAG by the Mobutu government and the corporation exerts full military and police powers there. Eventually the Zaire facility will be used to launch reconnaissance satellites paid for by non-aligned, Third World governments. It has been charged that the Germans have been using their Zaire "range" to develop a nuclear missile delivery capability in contravention of the 1954 Brussels accords, though the London Observatory and Popular Science magazine report that OTRAG's obsolete launch rockets would be wholly inadequate to military use.

Despite the controversy, Earthport plans are forging ahead in several areas under the coordination of the World Space Center, recently incorporated in Vienna. So far five other equatorial nations—Liberia, the Sudan, Panama, Rwanda and Sierra Leone—have officially volunteered property to serve as a common launch site.

A launch pad located on the equator would offer significant advantages over a pad located at any higher latitudes. At the equator, the Earth is spinning at nearly 1,000 mph toward the east, imparting a considerable momentum to any missile fired from it. The momentum would cut down immeasurably on the amount of fuel required to cast a satellite into orbit. For the same



An artist's rendering of possible Earthport design shows wet and dry landing zones.

reason, a satellite in permanent orbit over the equator would be easier to reach by earth-based rendezvous craft like the *Enterprise* space shuttle.

As the fabulous possibilities of satellite technology emerge, developing nations (most of which are situated near the equator) are becoming increasingly interested in them. NASA's two super-sophisticated Landsat satellites now in orbit can detect unsuspected mineral resources in wilderness areas, indicate likely new deposits of underground coal and petroleum, monitor drought effects and waste and widening, and even detect crop diseases, locust swarmings and forest fires. As things now stand, major Western multinational corporations enjoy first access to Landsat data, the developing countries, where most of the new energy resources are being discovered, most often get the material only secondhand and are insufficiently equipped to properly interpret it. Thus the suspicion exists in many quarters that the big companies may now be leasing or buying cheap land in these countries, ostensibly for agricultural purposes, but actually for the eventual exploitation of satellite-

spotted natural resources.

It's the stated purpose of the international Earthport operation to extend the benefits of satellite technology to underdeveloped countries. The Sabre Foundation of California, a public policy research group headed by R. Buckminster Fuller and Apollo astronaut Philip K. Chapman, reported after an Earthport feasibility study: "As the commercial uses of space grow we believe an international launching facility will help people around the world to enjoy the benefits." NASA and private study groups indicate that space-oriented industries will develop into an unprecedented global economic boom within 20 years.

OTRAG's Zairean facility will be fully operational within three years. In French Guinea, full satellite launch facilities are being developed by the European Space Agency. In New York City, the Public-Interest Satellite Association, Inc., is forming a research group to advise other nations about Earthport-style possibilities; the advisers will include former NASA and Rockwell International employees.

Boeing

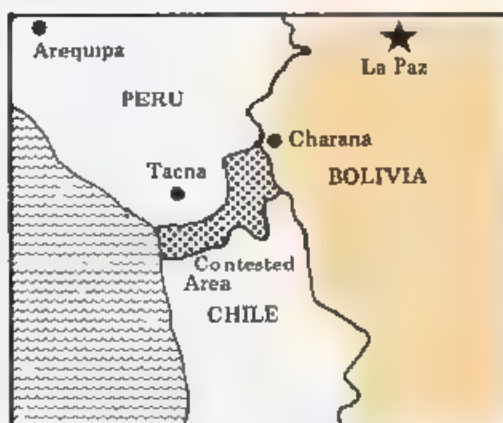
McMenamin

War Centennial Threatens to Erupt New Chile-Bolivia Conflict

A century-old dispute over sea access rights recently led to a break in diplomatic relations between Chile and Bolivia and is now threatening to erupt into war.

At the center of the controversy is the narrow corridor of land, around the town of Arica, that previously constituted Bolivia's only outlet to the Pacific Ocean. The area has been occupied by Chile ever since the War of the Pacific (1879-84), and it is feared that Bolivia's long smoldering fervor to reclaim the area will boil over should Chile refuse any concessions by the centennial anniversary of the war. Reports of new troop movements persist in the region, although they are regularly denied by military chiefs of both countries.

The diplomatic situation is complicated by the fact that Peru, which borders Chile at Arica, has a treaty with Chile stipulating that Peru must be a party to any land deals involving the Arica area. The highest historical point of "entente" was reached in February of 1975, when the presidents of Bolivia and Chile, generals Banzer and Pinochet, met at Charana to negotiate the 100-year-old Arica dispute. Despite their cordial "embrace at Charana," Bolivia's hoped-for corridor to the sea was never opened, ostensibly because Peru would



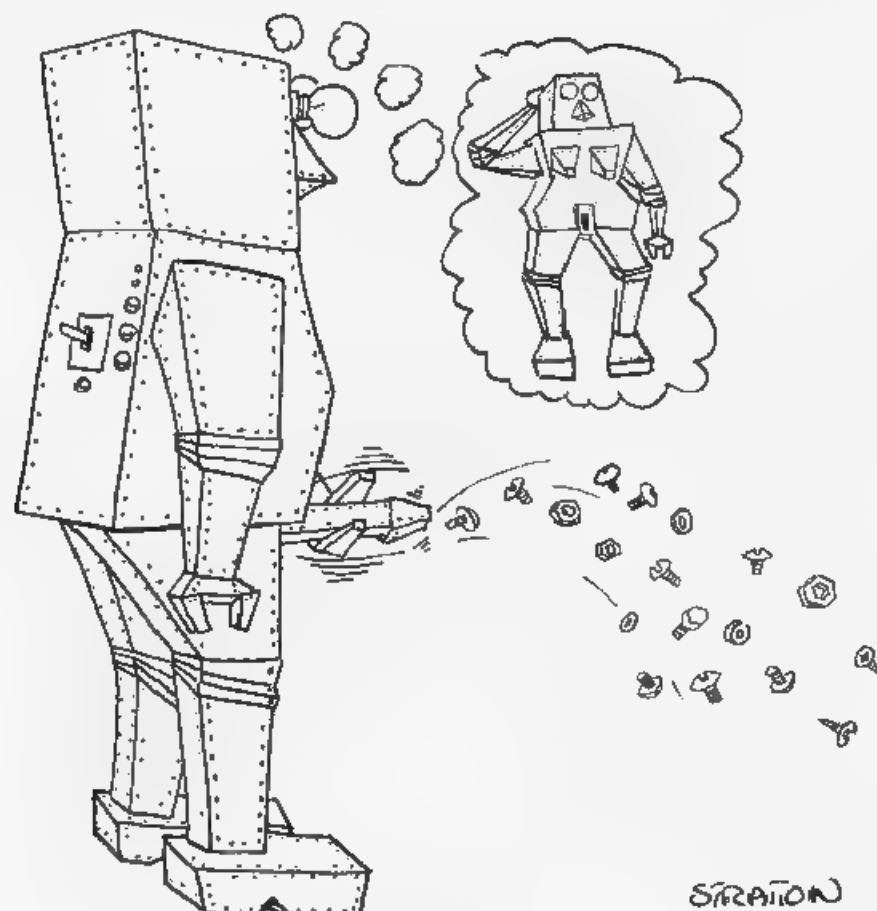
Landlocked Bolivia is willing to fight for an outlet to the sea

not cede the necessary land. So in March this year, General Banzer broke relations with Chile, accusing Pinochet of teasing Bolivia with the promise of Arica but not coming through.

Chile has always been noticeably high-handed over Arica. It was motivated to seize the territory in 1879 by British corporations like Melbourne & Clark, who coveted the nitrates found there in abundance. It justified the occupation of Arica by declaring, "Our rights are born of victo-

ry, the supreme law of nations." On the other hand, Chile has always accorded Bolivia generous rail transport, customs and port facilities there.

In May this year, a scheme by General Pinochet to create a tripartite complex of economic development among Chile, Peru and Bolivia was flatly rejected by General Banzer. The imminent return of electoral democracy to both Bolivia and Peru, after years of military rule in both nations, makes it hard to foresee the future in the area. The prospects run from a new war, which no one there can really afford, to some kind of three-way breakthrough. The coming "centennial" of the Pacific War makes it even more urgent that a permanent solution in the area be devised by 1979.



Draft Looms in Jamaica

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—Troubled by a large number of unemployed and illiterate young people, the Jamaican government is for the first time considering the adoption of a universal military draft.

The movement for compulsory service in the island's armed forces was started by Councilman H.E. Davis, who stated that "Jamaican youths are unoccupied and are desirous of joining the army, in which they would be disciplined for civil life." Davis, who served in Britain's Royal Air Force during World War II, also feels that many young illiterate Jamaicans could be taught to read in the army. The opinion of the youth of Jamaica has not been solicited, but Councilman Davis's recommendation for the draft has been unanimously passed by the Portland County Parish and is now under consideration by the ministries of justice and defense.

Suspected Dope Runner Wins Colombian Presidency

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—After the most apathetic Colombian election of the century—only 20 percent of eligible voters went to the polls—Liberal Party candidate and reputed dope dealer Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, 62, became the new president of Colombia. Turbay Ayala had been fingered last April, in a U.S. congressional report, as a suspected grass and coke trafficker, though the U.S. ambassador in Bogota protested that the charges were unsubstantiated. Turbay, a 40-year campaigner with extensive support from right-wing property magnates, accused the American Congress of "drug McCarthyism" and suggested that the dope charge had been made to ensure that as president he would work to clear his name by vigorously suppressing the coke and smoke traffic. To the contrary, Turbay Ayala has firmly pledged to work with Colombia's new "emerging class"—a euphemism for the nouveau riche dope coffee sugar and emerald smugglers, who have prospered under the benign neglect of Defense Minister General Varon Valencia. Observers speculate that between Varon Valencia and Turbay Ayala, the energetic investigations of dope-obsessed Attorney General Serrano may be summarily terminated—one way or the other.



Colombia's new smuggler backed president, Turbay Ayala

Colombian Hellhole to Become Garden of Eden

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—The "Devil's Island" prison at Gorgona, in the Pacific just off the Cauca coast, is shortly to be closed by the government. It may be kept as a nature preserve, though investors in Medellin and Cali are interested in developing a harbor, airport and several luxury hotels there, to turn it into a new vacation attraction.

Hoods Liberate Graveyard

SAO PAULO DE MERITI, BRAZIL—Recently a large tract of open land in this Rio de Janeiro suburb was officially zoned and developed as a cemetery. The developers shortly afterward published a notice claiming that they felt it "necessary to stress that the cemetery has not been officially opened so far and would murderers therefore refrain from dumping dead bodies of victims on that site, as has frequently happened."

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Couples Battle Nightly over Sleep

CHICAGO—A sleep researcher at Rush Presbyterian St. Luke's Medical Center reports that husbands "almost always" deprive their wives of proper sleep. Dr. Rosalind Cartwright has simulated domestic American sleeping patterns in her laboratory, and she says that while the men generally achieved a proper nightly amount of deep, healthful "delta" sleep, women were most often deprived of it by their husbands' tossing and turning, snoring, etc. Short of twin beds, Dr. Cartwright suggests that couples take frequent separate vacations so the wife can catch up on her sleep.

"Shaking Tent" Beats Out "I Love Lucy"

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA—After three days of watching a new color television installed by anthropologists in the village general store, previously isolated Cree Indians in Manitoba politely asked for its removal. The anthropologists had been studying the immediate effect the TV might have on a remote people, but the Cree responded that after an initial fascination they found it

boring and claimed that its abundance of evil spirits entered their children and gave them nightmares. They also mentioned that the community shaman regularly puts on much more entertaining shows with his regular "shaking tent" ceremonies, in which persons both alive and dead are conjured up in full view of the whole town to heal the sick and to foretell the future.

Gov't Admits Microwaves Threaten Millions

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Representative Elizabeth Holtzman (D-N.Y.) has released a General Accounting Office study that admits that a majority of Americans are daily exposed to possibly hazardous levels of microwave radiation. The study indicates that radiation given off by microwave ovens, telephone transmissions, UHF TV broadcasting, airport radar and CB car radios may "affect the immune system, create anomalies in mouse litters, such as hernias of the brain, and produce a trend toward lower behavioral performance."

Studies from the USSR and Warsaw Pact nations have already suggested that excessive microwave exposure may cause eye strain, fatigue, irritability, insomnia, decrease in memory, decreased fertility and birth defects. Holtzman points out that currently there is no government agency officially investigating the problem.

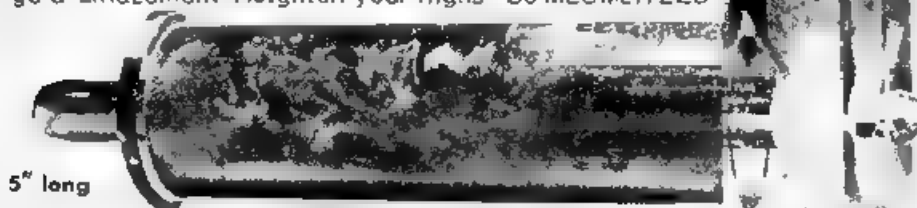
Maharishi Invades Rhode Island

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—Transcendental Meditation magnate Guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has called upon all devoted TM practitioners to migrate to Rhode Island and transform it through their superior vibes and inspirational example into a veritable Promised Land.

The collective effect of over 10,000 TM users practicing in one spot, says Maharishi spokesman Joshua Roberts, will cause "a dramatic change in the quality of life in Rhode Island." In the imagined "ideal society," crime and disease statistics will subside, fewer car accidents will occur, and even the weather will improve.

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Anita Pledges "Gay Havens" Nationwide

MIAMI, FLORIDA—A "homosexual haven" may soon be established in a Miami church bought by Bob Green, Anita Bryant's husband/manager. Ms. Bryant, claiming that gay men and women from all over the country have written to her for spiritual help, has determined to set up a nationwide chain of Anita Bryant "ministries." Counseling will be provided free at her "halfway houses" for "sincerely repentant" homosexuals and lesbians.

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Nudists Desert Britain

No nude beaches is bad news for the British economy, says England's Naturist Foundation, whose 250,000 members have been forced to bathe in France, Yugoslavia and Scandinavia because Great Britain is the only West European country without nude beaches. The situation is costing Eng and millions of sterling a year, claim the Naturists, who call upon the English Tourist Board to provide 30 beaches where mad dogs and Englishmen can go naked in the midday sun.



Shoreline

British beaches pristine but prissy

Belfast Robot Destroys Overparked Cars

One bizarre technological development brought about by the guerrilla war in Northern Ireland is a robot that patrols the streets of Belfast investigating and sometimes destroying suspicious-looking parked cars.

The robot is called the Marauder and looks like a small tank with arms. These arms can rip off a car door, punch holes in the body and windows and otherwise probe an auto that is suspected of containing a terrorist bomb. In recent years, the Irish Republican Army has often left parked cars packed with gelignite bombs to explode on the main streets in Belfast, killing and injuring not only civilians but members of the British Army Bomb Squad who have attempted to defuse the devices. Any car left parked on a main street in Belfast for more than 15 minutes is liable to be trashed by the Marauder.

Hungary Jumps to #1 Suicide Nation

Hungary has risen to the top of the world's suicide league, according to World Health Organization figures that indicate more than 40 out of every 100,000 Hungarians killed themselves last year. This compares with rates of about 30 per 100,000 in the other most suicide-prone countries such as Austria, Finland, Czechoslovakia and Sweden.

More than 4,500 people in Hungary killed themselves last year, and another 20,000 tried but failed. Psychologists attribute the high rate to rapid urbanization, the difficulties of adjusting to modern life and the acute housing shortage, which forces many Hungarians to live in crowded, emotionally tense households.

Dr. Geza Varady, director of Budapest's Institute for Mental Health, believes that his country's citizens' record breaking penchant for self-destruction stems from "the Hungarian temperament, which is volatile and likes dramatic gestures."

Iron Curtain Gets No-Iron Pants

Because jeans have reached the price of \$150 on the Hungarian black market, Levi Strauss has obtained permission to cross the Iron Curtain and open a factory in Budapest. Domestic production is expected to slash the price to no more than \$50 a pair.

Sweden Okays Gay Teens

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—The age of sexual consent for gay men and women in Sweden has been lowered to 15. Until now, only heterosexuals could have state-sanctioned sex at that age—homosexuals had to wait until age 18.

Swedes, Swiss Top U.S. Income

Sweden is the nation at the top of the affluence list with a per capita income of \$9,030, says the 24-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Switzerland closely follows at \$8,870 and the U.S. is in third place at \$7,910. At the bottom of the heap is Turkey at \$1,000 a year.



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The End of Paris' Beat Hotel

by Maxine Feifer

Always one of Paris' cheapest hotels, number 9 Rue Git-le-Coeur became known as the "Beat Hotel" in the late '50s and early '60s, when it was home for most of the writers and painters who were the vanguard of the Beat Generation. Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Brion Gysin and Harold Norse are just a few of the seminal hipsters that filled the rooms and lounges of the funky "class 13" hotel.

They lived on small allowances from home, did menial work when they had to, or, most often, hustled. Then they sat up all night over cheap wine and hash and talked and talked and talked. Down in the café was blue-haired Mme Rachou, the landlady, who fended off cops, families, debt collectors and whatever else threatened her Beat brood. Then, in 1963, the Beat Hotel was sold, "cleaned up" and renamed the Hotel de Vieux Paris. And so "finis" to an era.



Photos by Harold Chapman

Known as the Beat Hotel, No. 9 Rue Git-le-Coeur was home to a vast array of '50s and '60s hipsters, including Peter Orlovsky and Allen Ginsberg (upper right). Now a standard tourist inn, the hotel's new lobby (lower right) betrays none of its funkier heritage.

A room that once was filled with straw has a pile carpet, a mirrored dressing table and a queen-sized bed in it. Walls, once decorated with murals (like Ted Joans' "The Chick Who Fell Off a Rhino") or hung with bicycle wheels and battered tubas, are now covered in modern floral paper. Les femmes of the Beat Hotel still wear shades and long straight hair, but now they are wealthy foreign tourists following fashion. Their rooms cost \$25 a night and are rarely booked for more than three days—in short, 9 Git-le-Coeur is a standard tourist establishment.

The Laigles, the new proprietors, are no patrons of the avant-garde. When they cleaned the place up and turned it into the kind of hotel that makes money, they threw out dozens of abandoned canvases. "Of course," smiles Monsieur Laigle, "now I wish I hadn't." Nostalgia has caught up with the Beat era. This month, at an auction in New York, the Beat Hotel papers were put up for sale at a reserve price of \$60,000; for years they'd been displaying in a small museum in Lichtenstein until Richard Ahrens, a New York dealer, removed them for sale.

A publisher in San Francisco wants to do a book on the Beat Hotel and Harold Norse is already at work on a somewhat more cynical counterreport. The Dream Machines of Brion Gysin and Ian Somerville (precursors of the strobe light) are now becoming part of the collection at the Cultural Center Pompidou at Beaubourg, Paris's big new modern art museum.

Adieu to Beat and to the fantastically muralled walls. But maybe Harold Norse was prophetic when he said of the Beat Hotel in 1963, "the fleabag shrine will be documented by art historians."

Political Prisoners Screened by CIA Personality Test

Twenty thousand Indonesian political prisoners will be released shortly—but only after undergoing a battery of CIA-devised personality tests to determine each prisoner's "susceptibility" to communism. Tests similar to those routinely used by many

American corporations to indicate the "personal character" of job applicants will be given to the prisoners, including the Hans Eysenck test, which specifically measures an individual's attitudes toward "communist ideology," from "tough-

minded" to "tenderness." The government has promised amnesty to all prisoners jailed by the Indonesian government since the 1965 CIA-assisted coup brought President Suharto's party to power. However, those who score "poorly" on the tests (donated to the Indonesian government by the CIA) will be more closely watched than those who score "well."



The Bun Also Rises

But this time it's falling, along with thousands of other little loaves and scores of people, as a 40-foot bamboo tower, covered with buns, collapses in Hong Kong. Two towers fell injuring 24 participants in the annual Bun Festival held this spring on Cheung Chau Island. Chinese tradition says that reaching the uppermost buns will bring a climber good luck in the coming year.

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Big Oil Turns on Terrorists

RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA Seven Arab countries and Iran are presently recruiting anti-sabotage and counterinsurgency experts for a prospective "Oil Interpol," a private-detective agency to guard their oil fields from subversion. Increasingly frequent and destructive "accidents" have plagued Arab oil fields in recent years, causing billions in damages. Although no formal charges have been made, widespread opinion holds the radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine responsible. Operatives in the new security agency, patterned after the private international police company Interpol with headquarters in Paris, will have no power to arrest suspects.



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Hindu Sacrificial Feast Marred by Protesters

AHMEDABAD, INDIA—The annual nine-day feast of India's highest caste Brahmins, the Chormes Koti Gayatri Yagna, was celebrated in splendid fashion this year despite protests from many quarters over the "colossal waste" involved. Traditionally, the 5,000 Brahmins entitled to attend the ceremony ritually burn over a million dollars worth of food in "sacrifices" to the goddess Gayatri. 32,000 kilos of ghee butter, 50,000 litres of milk, 25,000 kg each of rice and til, barley and 100 kg of herbs, resins and miscellaneous food. This year His Holiness Jagatguru, Shri Shankaracharya, "Teacher of the World" and presiding Brahmin at the festival, halved the sacrificial expenses to \$500,000 after protestors burned Hindu-like images of "Fanaticism, Superstition and Corruption" at a "Counter-Yagna."

Still, nearly 500,000 lower-caste observers gathered at the dry Sarbatmeti riverbed near here to watch while the Brahmins, after a 24-hour fast, began lighting the 1,000 yagna kundla sacrificial pits. Each fire was ignited with a torch that had been driven to Ahmedabad from the Eter-

nal fire, which is kept perpetually burning in the Himalayan town of Kedarnath. Hindus believe that this fire was first lit in prehistoric times, during the nuptial rites of Lord Shiva for his marriage with the Lady Parvati. Although gigantic images of Gayatri predominate over the Yagna feast grounds, ministers from the Muslim, Christian and Parsi sects are also traditionally invited to lecture this "assembly for world peace" on the ethical aspects of their religions.

Many Hindus this year regarded Shri Shankaracharya's diminishment of the Yagna sacrifices as a betrayal of the sacred ceremony. His Holiness himself declared that it was done in view of unprecedented killer cyclones that devastated southern India this spring, killing and impoverishing millions. Political observers suggest that the reduction was made on the suggestion of Jagna Sanga, a top Brahmin who is currently struggling for control of the ruling Janata coalition in New Delhi, where 83-year-old Moraji Desai is currently the figurehead premier.



King Khaled

Saudis Declare Fashion Ban

RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA—King Khaled has decreed that foreign women visiting Saudi Arabia must henceforth be clothed in Arabian-style garments or face an "unspecified punishment." While the wearing of veils may not be rigorously enforced, bare arms and ankles—"imported ways which, to say the least, contradict the rules of good manners and seeminess"—are strictly verboten. The king also ruled that "hippies" will be immediately imprisoned for "disrespect to Islam."

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Africa

Student Rebellions Rock Nigeria

LAGOS, NIGERIA—Political activism by young African college students, previously minimal on most of this continent, has broken out in Nigeria with a violence unparalleled even by the '60s youth demonstrations in America and Europe. At least 60 people have been killed in demonstrations this year around Nigeria's nine major universities, and police now patrol even elementary and secondary schools in the military government's attempt to quell nationwide student unrest.

Colonel Ahmadu Ali, Commissioner for Education, has repeatedly closed Lagos, Ibadan and Ahmadu Bello universities and has officially banned the activist National Union of Nigerian Students (NUNS). "The students believe that if students in Europe could bring about the collapse of governments, so could they," an official bulletin charges, "and they see nothing in the way of their goal." Government insinuations that the student movements are communist-inspired have been raised to justify the exceedingly brutal police suppressions.

The violence began early this year when tuition fees at Lagos University were abruptly increased by 300 percent. NUNS president Segun Okeowo, terming this an attempt to restrict education to Nigeria's overprivileged upper class, called for lecture boycotts and off-campus street demonstrations. But when the Lagos students gathered to march off campus, police shot two of them and gassed the rest.



Demonstrators in Lagos, Nigeria

At the funeral of one of the victims days later violence again erupted: students took to the streets, smashing police vehicles, kidnapping two policemen and barricading the routes to the university. Students at nearby Ibadan University also kidnapped a cop and firebombed police vans. Suburban life high school kids fought cops

hand to hand until one student was killed, and then they smashed up police cars and burnt down the town jail. Students pulled wealthy Nigerians from their luxury cars and forced them to repeatedly chant, "Ali must go!"

Police and military response to the nationwide rioting was so vicious that the Nigerian Medical Association was moved to comment: "It is ironical that the Federal government, which so loudly condemned the shooting of demonstrating students in Soweto, can endorse worse atrocities in Nigeria."

Segun Okeowo, who is challenging the NUNS ban in court, has pledged: "We will fight with our blood as we have already done to assure that an egalitarian educational system is achieved." It is rumored that Nigerian students are secretly hoarding gas masks and guns until such time as the universities are reopened by the government.

The real sources of Nigerian student unrest, according to analysts, have to do with the glaring disparity between the very rich and the very poor in the cities and also with popular resentment against the military government and its increasingly obvious reluctance to call for open elections next year as promised.

Unwed Mom Challenges Bantustan Politicos

UMTATA, THE TRANSKEI: The former minister of the interior of this newly created country, Ms. Stella Sigcau, is in the process of forming a truly extraordinary political party. Its symbol is her ten-month-old baby Jeremiah, born out of wedlock.

Ms. Sigcau was forced to resign from her government post last year by the Transkei's autocratic prime minister, Chief Kaiser Matanzima, when it became evident she was pregnant. Since she had been allegedly having an affair with an officially unidentified government minister—supposed by many to be the Transkei's former roving ambassador, Jeremiah Moshesh—Prime Minister Matanzima indignantly condemned "this Protumo-type scandal" and sacked both Ms. Sigcau and Moshesh.

Observers are convinced that Matanzima's purge was actually motivated by tribal rivalries.

The Transkei is largely populated by members of the Tembu and Pondo tribes, both Bantu-speaking people but divided by immemorial territorial rivalries. The expulsion from parliament of prominent Pondos like Sigcau, Moshesh and others by Matanzima, a Tembu chief, is seen as a blatant ploy to establish permanent Tembu control over the newly established Bantustan.

Ms. Sigcau, though, as a ranking official of the sole government party, Matanzima's Transkei People's Freedom Party, is still permitted to sit in the Umtata parliament. This summer she began sitting in a normally empty section of the parliament floor, holding her baby portentously. To date, 20 other disaffected parliamentarians have taken to sitting with her.

It is now felt that Ms. Sigcau may be effectively forming a faction that could topple the South Africa-dominated Matanzima puppet regime.



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Tourists vs. Lions on Serengeti Plain

DAR ES SALAAM, TANZANIA -For the first time in many years, tourists visiting Tanzania's fabulous Serengeti Plain and Ngorongoro Crater will soon have the opportunity to hunt and shoot the famous big-game animals that prowl that region. Game hunting has been banned in Tanzania's national parks since 1963, but officials now feel that the animals have repopulated the area to such a tremendous extent that limited hunting may be resumed.

Tanzanian Tourist Minister Simon Ole-Saibul emphasizes that the hunting will be strictly supervised and controlled by the government. The Tanzanian antipoaching squads, which have been very effective at limiting inroads onto the reservation animals by native hunters, will be maintained vigorously. More importantly, professional big game hunters—who have virtually exterminated several game species—will still be banned from the parks. Only tourists will be given permits to go on hunting safari during game season, July 1 to December 31. With only minimal hunting assistance from government guides, it is not feared that tourists will significantly reduce the game population.



For the first time since 1963, tourists can hunt Tanzania's big game

With Kenyan game nearly exhausted by overbagging, Ugandan game largely wiped out to feed Idi Amin's starving army, and a guerrilla war in Rhodesia to the south, Tanzania is grabbing its chance to become East Africa's top tourist country. Interna-

tional corporations are being assiduously wooed to re-invest in Tanzanian tourist industries—virtually defunct since their nationalization in 1967—and the government has actually dropped its ban against “hippie-style” hair and clothes for visitors.

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Australia

Micronesians Having Second Thoughts about U.S. Citizenship

TINIAN, MARIANA ISLANDS—Though a majority of Mariana Islanders voted this year to become an official U.S. commonwealth territory like Puerto Rico and gain nominal U.S. citizenship for their population of 15,000, many people here and all around Micronesia are seriously debating whether their continued dependence on the USA is healthy. Washington's treatment of native Micronesians, they feel, is economically and socially oppressive.

Micronesia—comprising the Marianas, Marshalls, Carolines and American Samoa—stretches for 3,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean, constituting the largest colonial region in the world today. The islands are regarded as strategic military locations, so American rule is tight and strict, greatly resembling a military occupation. Kwajalein in the Marshalls, for example, is a U.S. military base (and a dump for poison-gas weapons) where 500 Polynesians are employed to serve the American personnel. The natives are denied access to base recreation facilities and food services; a whole chicken costs 50¢ at the PX but \$1.55 a pound in the grocery stores at Ebeye, three miles offshore. It is to tiny Ebeye—650 feet wide—that the native servants are boated every night for "security reasons."

Ebeye is a "slum island" greatly resembling Soweto outside Johannesburg. The natives live in conditions of utter squalor and overcrowding; 8,000 people packed onto the island's 73 acres. Polynesian children can't attend the U.S. school on Kwajalein but are boated 200 miles away to Majuro Island.

Conditions similar to Kwajalein abound throughout Micronesia. On Guam, 25,000 people subsist on food stamps in the presence of a gigantic MacDonald's restaurant serving U.S. base personnel. Ponape has become so impoverished by California tuna fishers legally poaching in their waters that the island actually imports a million dollars worth of canned fish annually. Micronesian youth everywhere, trained in skills inappropriate to island economics, are leaving to work in Honolulu or Los Angeles.

The suicide rate in Micronesia is currently 20 per 100,000, twice that of the U.S. Thus, although the Marshalls were "enticed" to vote themselves into the American commonwealth by a promise of \$14 million in U.S. aid, many are reconsidering if it was really worth it. U.S. pressures on the other island groups to do likewise is bound to intensify as official U.S. trusteeship nears its legal expiration date.

Antarctica

Britain, Argentina Clash over Antarctic Island

STANLEY, FALKLAND ISLANDS (ISLAS MALVINAS)—A new "cold war" fully worthy of the name has threatened to break out in the Antarctic, pitting Great Britain against Argentina in one of the coldest, bleakest, most faraway places in the world.

For two years now, a team of Argentine naturalists has maintained an observation post on South Thule, an uninhabited island 700 miles southeast of the Falklands, a windswept sub-Antarctic archipelago 600 miles off the coast of Tierra del Fuego. South Thule, despite its remoteness, is officially considered to be Falklands territory; and the Falklands, even though their few inhabitants are Spanish and call their home Las Islas Malvinas, has been a dependency of Great Britain for 250 years. So when reports of the Argentine "occupation" of South Thule finally leaked out in the British Parliament recently, a mini-in-

ternational incident threatened briefly.

Spokespersons for the British Conservative Party, traditionally reluctant to cede a single inch of the once-great British Empire, regard the Argentine scientific base on South Thule as a premeditated encroachment by the Argentine government, which has repeatedly pressed a territorial claim to the Falklands. Foreign Minister Dr. David Owen came under sharp criticism in London for not resisting the "occupation."

Conservative peer Lord Carrington professed to be "astonished that the government seems to have been suppressing this information from the public" for two years. Liberal Party peer Lord Goronwy Roberts responded on Dr. Owen's behalf, declaring that reports of the "occupation" had been exaggerated in "the media"—even though none of the media in Britain could recall mentioning the subject at all.

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Interview: Dope Taster

(continued from page 45)

lories yet so it still has a sort of overlapping. Its delightful character can still survive to an extent. The accountants haven't moved in. But they will.

The Cuban exiles in Miami, for example, represent a disciplined, refined, efficient force in the business. When you hear of big busts, you'll often find that it's Cubans who are busted. These people have all stuck together, and they'll stick together and they won't talk, and they'll do what they're told to do and they won't ask very much money for it. And they'll take orders. They're often veterans of CIA-type organizations, anti-Castro organizations, who've found new things to do with their planes and their skill and their clandestine skills. And they're tightly disciplined. They do a good thing.

High Times: Do the Cubans smoke dope at all?

Dope Taster: No, they don't smoke dope too much. And they're often part of the government sponsored franchise. So are many Anglos. But the hippie gets busted the hippie goes and talks immediately.

High Times: Is that true?

Dope Taster: Sometimes. In many of these cases a hippie gets murdered. Right away everybody's overtaken with remorse, and they're fingering each other and stuff like that. Whereas with the Cubans, they just dump the bodies in the bay, like industrialization. Nobody thinks a thing about it. They're sort of the Sicilians of the Caribbean. And they're good at it. The government's got to do something with these people, so they might as well be doing this. They bring in a lot of dope, a great amount, and a lot of it is all right.

High Times: Do hippies get along with Cubans when they deal with each other?

Dope Taster: Yeah. It's like a hippie-Mafia character is coming out of all of this, a thuglike character who is able to operate in the world of the high and the world of the low. Sometimes the two worlds get confused by the government presence in the dealer world. One of the things that's been happening lately, speaking of Mafia-hippie-type people, is that many of these people have been recruited out of the ranks of big dealers to be franchised dealers or smugglers for a quasi-governmental clientele.

High Times: The government, you mean.

Dope Taster: Well, I'll give you an example. A friend of mine who smuggles Thai weed recently laid this really nice, pure heroin on me. I asked him how he happened to have such pure uncut heroin at hand. And he didn't really answer my question, but he began to tell me about this great arrangement that he was making with some middle officials of the Thai government who had taken a liking to him.

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and were going to sanction his smuggling activities. It's things like this that make the enormous amounts of dope that are around today possible. But it makes you wonder about who runs who

High Times: Does dope mean the same to people now as it did ten years ago?

Dope Taster: For a lot of people it does. Especially younger people, all of whom are currently avid dope consumers. But the aesthetic nature of it seems to be less important these days than the tranquilizing nature of it. This is part of the recent popularity of Colombian. Colombian is the smokable Quaalude.

High Times: That's a pretty negative way of thinking about it.

Dope Taster: There are a lot of bad things going on in society that require a little tranquilizing to cope with. Colombian can do that. It's a worthy contribution. Especially in a healthy way. You know, alcoholism is not nearly as much a problem for people under say, 35, as it used to be. And I think that Colombian dope can take the credit for that. Mexican was all right for hippies who wanted to see God. There's nothing wrong with saying hello to God once in a while, and I think Mexican still has that and so do a few other good dopes at good moments. But more important is day-to-day peaceful survival. And Colombian offers that potential.

High Times: Do you think Colombian is the soma of a brave new world?

Dope Taster: In the industrialized capitalized nations it represents a substitute for communism. And in communist countries it represents a substitute for capitalism. Dope is very big in communist countries now too. It's very big everywhere, all over the world. As the world gets more and more crowded, dope is becoming very popular.

High Times: How come?

Dope Taster: Dope is a world in itself. Dope represents a sort of simple, romantic, peaceful world that is not that available elsewhere but readily available at the end of a joint.

High Times: After all these years of tasting dope, do you ever get tired of it?

Dope Taster: I get very tired of the scene. I've gotten tired of really strong dope. Which I think says something for dope. You don't need more and more of it as you go on in order to get high. But you need it more and more often. I don't crave getting higher and higher.

High Times: So you don't want to get higher and higher, but you do want to be high more and more?

Dope Taster: Yeah, right. Pretty much all the time.

High Times: What do you say to the insecure, puritanical people who are distrustful of someone high all the time?

Dope Taster: What can you say? I have an excuse to be high all the time. It's my job. It's my job to stay spaced out.

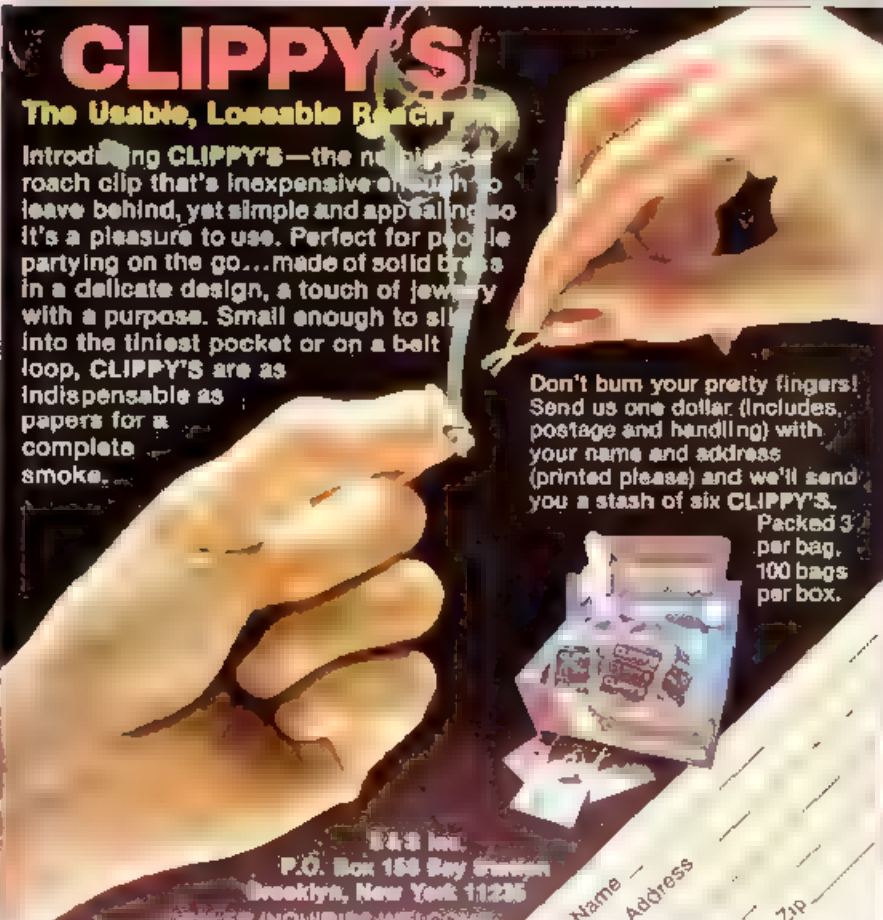
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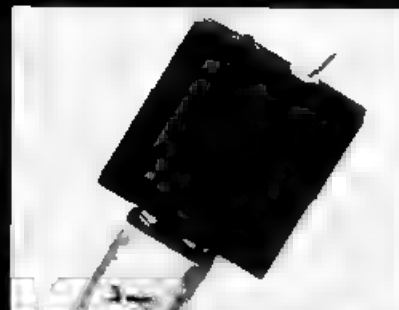


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High Times: At higher levels of the business, can large smugglers talk to the people who grow it and tell them they want this kind of dope and that kind of dope? Does any kind of dialogue go on?

Dope Taster: Oh, sure. I've seen many such conversations go on. But what makes the wheels turn are economic wheels. Again, you have to realize dope has outgrown the tribalistic aesthetic traditional forms. And it is now being grown strictly for money and strictly in a modern agricultural way. The quality of dope in Colombia has vastly improved overall in the past five years because of that kind of conversation.

High Times: Do you think the prices of weed are too high?

Dope Taster: Yeah, I do. I think that we have an overvalued-market situation where the ease of smuggling has increased to the point where the surcharge for transportation is excessively high. On the other hand, the average dealer can barely make a living.

High Times: Why is that?

Dope Taster: Because there's so much so-so weed around. The demand for dope is being filled, but it should be cheaper. It's going to have to be cheaper to sell off the amount that's being imported these days. In fact, this year at this time, dope prices are depressed. On the wholesale level they're down to the same prices of four or five years ago.

High Times: Do small dealers like to become bigger dealers?

Dope Taster: Everyone wants to get ahead. Some do.

High Times: Tell me about the really good dope that you've seen lately.

Dope Taster: Well, what we're smoking now might be called the new Jerry Brown less is more gold. This is like what most Americans can see in the next year or two from Colombia. Sort of tarnished gold appearance—it's got some green, some brown, a little yellow—sort of a hybrid, fast growing, easy quick return. Wheat-like dope is what will represent most of the American consumption.

High Times: Wheatlike, did you say?

Dope Taster: Wheatlike in terms of being grown in fields and by machines, artificial fertilizers and so on.

High Times: Is the agriculture that modernized?

Dope Taster: Yes. It's gotten so modern that it's dependent on the price of oil, it's that industrialized. You see, fertilizers are by-products of oil, and when oil went up, it really raised the price of growing the dope in the export countries. It started out you'd go down to Colombia and select a

pound for \$5-10. Now it's up to \$50-100 a pound.

But it's now stable—everyone has been paid off that can possibly be paid off in the various countries, and it just flows along. That's down there. Up here, decriminalization/legalization efforts have not really changed things: the number of people being busted goes up every year despite all this going on. They're going with heavier and heavier raps. Now you have large numbers of folks in their 20s or early 30s, doing time in heavy federal institutions for just smuggling. They're middle-class folks whose lawyers didn't do a good job for them. They were stone guilty, or they didn't pay off the right people or whatever, and they're in there doing five and ten years for marijuana, lots of them.

High Times: Why is the government still pursuing a harmless weed?

Dope Taster: I think the government is faced with the real problem of how to convert the DEA into the official distributor of dope. In other words, how to make that leap from being against it to being for it and making money off of it. This is the real dilemma that dope politics is faced with. Because at this point in time there's no way that it can be argued that dope threatens to destroy society. It may be one of the few things that can keep society together. And it's even beginning to dawn on the politicians who run things.

Dope is here to stay, and it is probably good for society. Because it's a healthier way of altering your state of consciousness than alcohol. It's healthier than just about everything. It's healthier than pills. Grass is very versatile.

High Times: You don't think that it's looked upon as subversive anymore?

Dope Taster: Only by some very vested interests and some very reactionary elements, some very out-of-touch elements. William F. Buckley is supporting decriminalization and smokes dope out past the 12-mile limit. You can figure from that that it's come a long way.

But it's still very much there, available for creative purposes, aesthetic purposes, love-making purposes and so on. And it never disappoints you, never lets you down. And it's here to stay. I think legalization is a question that is going to be put off and put off as long as possible. Until the courts are clogged with so many cases that they have to declare amnesty. We're almost to that point right now. There are so many cases pending and so much time being wasted on this that it represents a significant drain upon the economy. We are at that point where it's undermining the dollar.

High Times: Last interview, I asked you what kind of dope you would like for your last joint, and you said you'd take a half joint of Thai and a half joint of Mexican. Now how do you feel?

Dope Taster: Delta-8 THC gas, man. But that's another story. ☐

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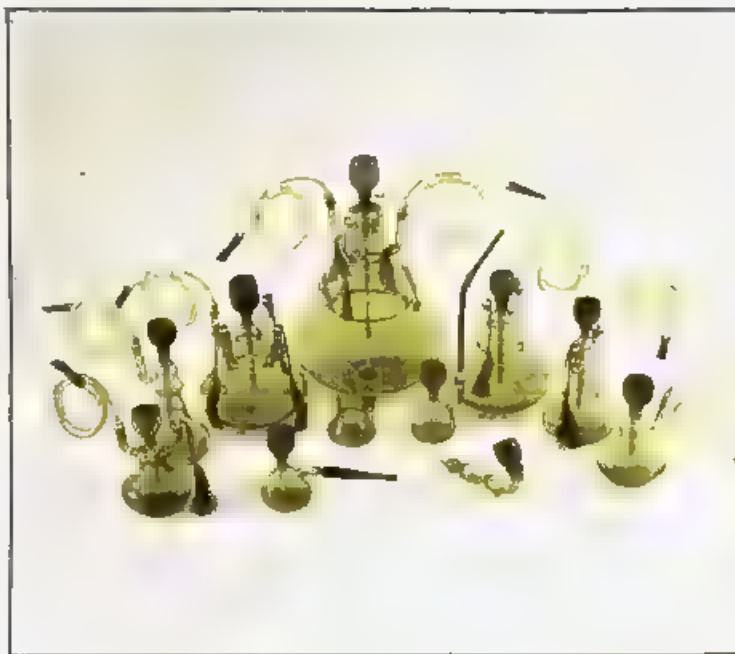
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"Synthetic Cocaine" Defense Wins in Va.

An important precedent was set in a Fairfax, Virginia, court when a county circuit-court judge dismissed a cocaine case on the grounds that the confiscated coke might be "synthetic" and thus not illegal under state and federal laws.

Arguing for defendant Richard Goebelle, who was charged with selling 9 ounces of cocaine to a narc, attorney John Zwerling challenged the prosecution to prove that the \$25,000 worth of cocaine was really illegal. He pointed out that the three known types of synthetic cocaine—called allococaine, pseudococaine and pseudoallococaine—are not illegal in the United States. Only "natural" cocaine made from the leaves of the coca plant has been specified as illegal to possess or sell except by those with a government license.

State chemists were able to obtain only one of the three varieties of synthetic cocaine to use in comparison tests with the confiscated drug. Since the tests were not conclusive, Judge Jennings ruled that the state had failed to prove that the defendant had been dealing in a controlled substance.

The decision was the first of its kind in the country but was not binding on any other courts. Defense attorney Zwerling was one of the originators of the defense that marijuana had to be proven *Cannabis sativa* before charges could be brought against pot defendants.

Synthetic cocaine is virtually unavailable in the United States, according to knowledgeable sources, who add that synthesizing cocaine in quantity would cost ten times what it would cost to refine natural cocaine. But the substances are said to be so similar in effect and appearance that nobody truly knows whether there are in fact clandestine laboratories now producing a legal drug to market as an illegal drug.

New Laser Sees Years-Old Fingerprints

The Ontario Provincial Police laboratory in Canada has developed a new laser scanning technique for picking up fingerprints months and even years after they've been placed on any surface whatsoever. The amino acids in human flesh, it

seems, collect microscopic traces of oil and paint, and no matter how clean an individual's hands may seem to be, when deposited on any surface by the fingertips these traces are held there in their unique loop-and-whorl configurations by the amino acids, which maintain stability indefinitely.

By illuminating any surface—even smooth plastic or wrinkled paper—with blue laser light and photographing it through a yellow filter, police can pick up fingerprints that were left there months before. Surface samples at this point must be brought into the police lab for scanning, since argon laser machines are still too bulky for field work, but Ontario technicians are currently developing a microminiaturized conventional lamp-sized unit.

High School Pot Law Loses in Ohio

A Buckeye Valley, Ohio, high-school student who was summarily expelled from school for smoking marijuana has been reinstated by court order. Judge Henry Shaw decreed that Rule Six in the Buckeye H.S. "Student Handbook," making expulsion mandatory for any student caught smoking pot, is inconsistent with Ohio state law. Since decriminalization, possession of 100 grams or less of smoke is a misdemeanor in Ohio, punishable at most with a \$100 fine.

Minnesota Bans Interpol

Interpol, the private law-enforcement agency with headquarters in Paris, will no longer be snooping out drug users in Minnesota. A bill to ban state law-enforcement agencies from collaborating with Interpol has been signed into law by Governor Rudy Perpich after passing the state's house of representatives by a vote of 125-2 and the senate by 42-2. The landmark ordinance has been hailed as a major victory for Constitutional privacy rights by legislators everywhere.

Few Trust U.S. Courts

Thirty seven percent of Americans believe that people charged with a crime are responsible for proving their own innocence. An equal percentage believes that all decisions made in a state court are subject to approval and revision by that state's governor. And 72 percent of Americans believe that the Supreme Court in Washington can review or reverse any state law it takes a mind to. This widespread ignorance of American law was uncovered by a national study conducted for the state courts, which however did reveal some political insight of people who know anything of the actual workings of state courts: only 17 percent have any confidence at all in them. □

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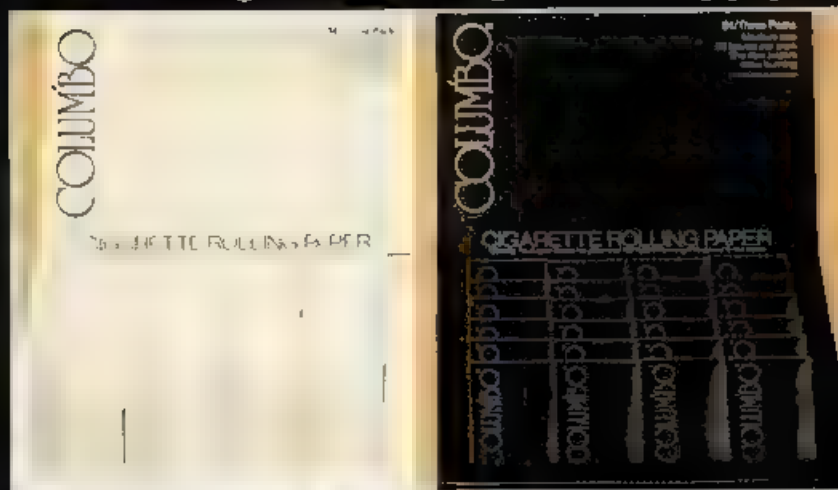
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White Drunks on Dope

by Shay D. Addams

Southern rock has risen phoenixlike from the smoking ruins and ashes in which Gregg Allman left the southern music scene when he rattled on his road manager Scott Herring in Macon, Georgia, and split to hide out at Cher's Hollywood mansion in 1976. The breakup of the Allman Brothers Band was probably for the best—for their fans and for the band members themselves. Guitarist Dickey Betts's superb Great Southern Band and former Allman Brothers keyboard man Chuck Leavell's new group Sea-Levell (a smooth synthesis of blues, rock and Georgia jazz) have fans wondering why the band hadn't ditched Gregg sooner. Former Allman Brothers drummer Butch Trucks's new band, the Butch Trucks Band, may be headed for the pits soon, if rumors that his plans to rejoin Gregg in Phil Walden's latest attempt to reunite the Allman Brothers prove true.

On the other end of the southern rock spectrum is Atlanta's Darryl Rhoades and the Hahavishnu Orchestra, whose synapse-shorting stage act makes the Tubes look like "Gong Show" rejects. Darryl will soon spread this 12-piece musical aggravation's dazzling blend of tire-slashing satire and paraquat-treated parody to unsuspecting audiences everywhere.

The steel-guitar, country-influenced, Georgia-jazz sound of the Charlie Daniels Band, Wet Willie, the Marshall Tucker Band and other top-notch "boogie-all-night" bands owes a debt to the legendary Bruce Hampton, the key influence on Georgia-jazz bands, but in Atlanta he's still known as the "last of the unknown musicians." Hampton rocks on a chazord, a Byzantine-era string instrument he plugs into his amp. His latest shattering vision is a group consisting of 21 drummers who will rehearse in the basement of his ramshackle residence in an undisclosed suburb of Atlanta.

In the wake of Lynyrd Skynyrd partying earthward to a flaming plane crash (what a way to go), the established Georgia-jazz sound is making way for a new wave of rebellion against the southern rock aristocracy. They call it drunk rock.



Drunk rock queen Marshall Chapman surrounded by (clockwise from upper right): former Gregg Allman, margarita-guzzler Jimmy Buffett, Jimmy Hall of Wet Willie, and the Marshall Tucker Band.

Drunk rock is more hard-core blues, smaller bands. Drunk rock requires consumption of tremendous quantities of boo, booze and blues by performers and audience alike. The pot and liquor com-

**Drunk rock is both
tough and mellow, more
alert, more brilliantly
aggressive and fights
to change the status quo.**

bination is a lethal one, for the recipient becomes simultaneously tough and mellow and is consequently more alert, more brilliantly aggressive, knows the score and will fight to change the status quo.

"White Drunks on Dope" may even soon be adopted as an anthem of sorts by the drunk rockers who haunt clubs like Nashville's Exit Inn and Rose's Cantina in Atlanta every night of the week. Preferring bottled beer to carbons, and church keys to safety pins, this crowd of hell-raisin', dope-smokin' drunk rockers often bears a close resemblance to the audiences that gather at Jimmy Buffett concerts in the South. Perhaps this resemblance is not so coincidental, recalling that Buffett penned one of the all-time drunk-rock classics, "Let's Get Drunk and Screw," feverishly scribbling down the lyrics on a napkin at the bar of a Holiday Inn in Gainesville, Florida.

The queen of drunk rock is Marshall Chapman, a young South Carolina woman with a Telecaster guitar who leans back to chug a full beer, flings the empty bottle backstage and jumps feet first into a song she calls her "life story in three minutes." "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls?" More than one male southern rock star has been known to comment, "Marshall can ride in my truck anytime." Breaking out of the country-western/outlaw pigeonhole that barely describes a small portion of her music, in her new album "Jaded Virgin" Marshall Chapman's no-holds-barred approach makes her a southern-rock Janis Joplin for the late '70s.

Belting out ballads to Pabst Blue Ribbon beer long before Billy Carter gained national notoriety for beer guzzling, Eric Quincy Tate represents the quintessence of drunk rock. Rock 'n' roll refugees from Corpus Christi, Texas, EQT chose Atlanta ten years ago as the logical place to create and live out the tequila-drinking, bar-room-brawling music.

"Who Gave the Monkey a Gun," a tune by Atlanta's Thermos Greenwood, accurately reflects the situation regarding the current city administration and police department there. Another of Greenwood's songs, "Yard Man," also displays keen insight into the quality of life in a city currently experiencing such intense growing pains, as Atlanta grasps for the status of an international city.

Thermos recently topped the bill at a

Photos: Chapman by Guy Lazarro; Buffett by Front Line Management; all others by Chuck Pulin

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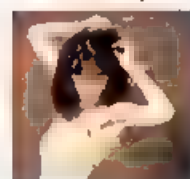
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benefit for CAMP (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition) at the ornate Egyptian Ballroom. Another Atlanta group as yet unknown outside the city limits was also featured. The Dynamic Atlanta Cruise-O-Matic roared through the saliva-saturated throng, scattering pedestrians while lead singer Johnny Hibert shifted into overdrive. The Cruise-O-Matic's cover of "Secret Agent Man" alluded to the presence of several narcs in the crowd. Drunk rock, it appears, is as comfortable in a bar as it is at a smokeasy.

EASTER, by the Patti Smith Group (Arista AB 4171). The Patti Smith Group's



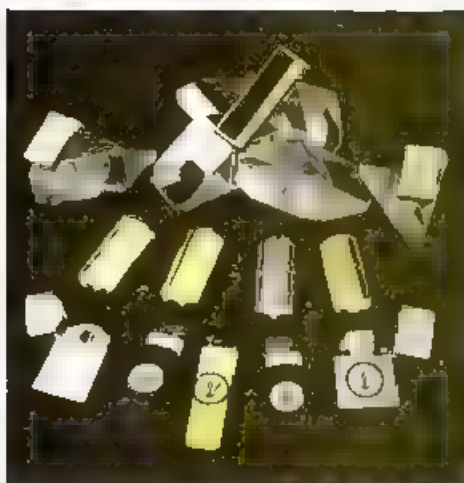
Easter is a resurrection of the revolutionary spirit in rock 'n' roll. "We're trying to reactivate the high and positive energies of the 1960s," said Smith in a

recent interview. "Rock 'n' roll was originally a reaction to mediocrity. Now it's disintegrated into a business. By the 1980s we want to get rock 'n' roll back into the hands of the people." Easter is the most radical political American mass-market rock album since early Jefferson Airplane. In fact on "Because the Night" Smith's voice has the rich splendor of a young Grace Slick circa "Somebody to Love." For those who think there ain't no such thing as free love anymore, "Because the Night" (coauthored by Bruce Springsteen) is an impassioned paean to lust, hunger, fire, desire.

With Easter Smith shows she's expanding her consciousness: on *Horses* she got high on a schoolboy getting sodomized; on *Radio Ethiopia* she got high on "Quaaludes, Quaaludes, Quaaludes"; on Easter she recites "High on Rebellion" (from her new poetry book *Babel*, as is the Easter poem "Babelogue"). "Till Victory" is a fervent revolutionary anthem; "Ghost Dance" is an incantatory chant to raise the spirits of dead American Indians to battle the descendants of their oppressors; on "Rock 'n' Roll Nigger" (originally also the album's title before it was squelched by Arista) she sings, "Outside of society, that's where I want to be."

After her fall from a stage in Tampa, Smith was thought to be the Karl Wallenda of rock 'n' roll until she was born again on Easter. Her voice is stronger, more resonant and displays greater range than ever before. Her boys in the band are improving too, with great guitar breaks by Lenny Kaye, Ivan Kral's throbbing bass, clean and crisp percussion by Jay Dee Daugherty and powerfully haunting keyboards by John Cale's protégé Bruce Brody (replacing Richard Sohl of previous albums). The band's tour de force is "Space Monkey," rocketing into the future of rock with animal savagery. Join the Easter parade, a martial procession to the front lines of the resurging American cultural revolution. —Harry Wasserman

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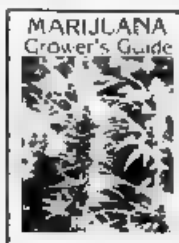
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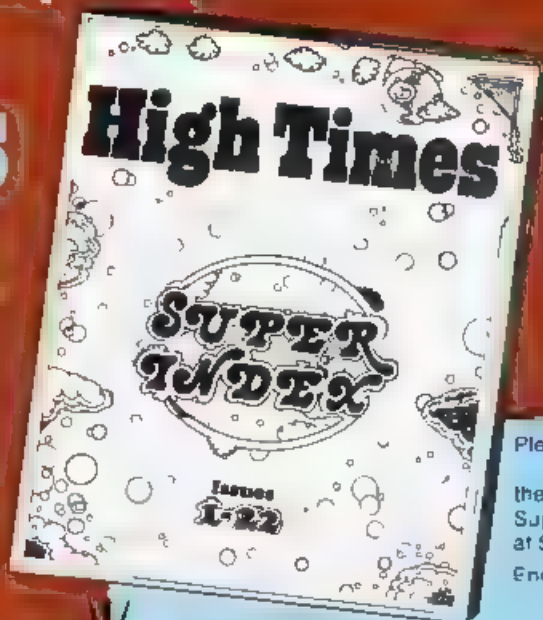
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The Comic Strip as Art

by Eric Kibble

The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics, edited by Bill Blackbeard and Martin Williams (New York: Abrams, \$12.95 paperback).

The Hyperion Press Library of Classic American Comic Strips, series editor Bill Blackbeard (Hyperion Press, 45 Riverside Avenue, Westport, Connecticut 06880 22 volumes, \$354.10 hardcover, \$161.10 paperback).

Al Capp was young once. He wrote and drew *Li'l Abner* himself. In later years, such was the distance he maintained from what had become one of America's most otiose comic strips, the high point of the Dogpatch saga was reached, for many young readers, in the episode in which Capp's stable of hack writers and drawers introduced a character named Pants-less Perkins at the very time when their employer was facing serious charges of self exposure to underage girls in the Midwest. Yet, it now is clear, time was—in the 1930s and '40s—when *Li'l Abner* was the epitome of refined wit and satire, its every panel suppurating with caustic cultural comment and seductive, supple draftsmanship.

This little aperçu is but one of dozens that seize the unprepared reader of *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics* the way the rediscovery of classical Greek authors must have staggered Western Europe at the end of the Middle Ages. Even a TV baby with a healthy respect for the possibilities of the form as tortured recently by, say, R. Crumb, Guido Crepax, Steve Ditko, Art Spiegelman, Gilbert Shelton or Heavy Metal must tremble and sigh with aching nostalgia and incense-suffused reverence for the mighty accomplishments sampled in this landmark volume. I read it twice, setting it down at last only with the greatest reluctance, cherishing the high as gingerly as the last rock in a gram and vowing that if I were ever given the chance to live my life again, I'd live it as a Hearst cartoonist circa 1916. Then, there can no longer be any doubt, it was the days

The Smithsonian collection represents

the first or at least the second, sizable selection of newspaper strips reprinted in extensive sequences; that is, some 70 pages of *Popeye* and nearly as many of *Barney Google*, *Wash Tubbs*, *Moon Mullins* and *Polly and Her Pals*, to name just a few. The only comparable venture in world publishing to date has been the 1977 publication of the *Hyperion Library of Classic American Comic Strips*, an even more ambitious reprint series.

Behind both undertakings stands Bill Blackbeard, a Californian who has what must be the world's best job. He is the curator of the San Francisco Museum of Comic Art, where are stored, apparently, millions of original pages of newspaper comic art going back to the fucking 1890s, all of which Blackbeard has assembled and lovingly preserved out of the discard

Given the chance to
live my life again, I'd
live it as a Hearst
cartoonist circa 1916.
Them was the days.

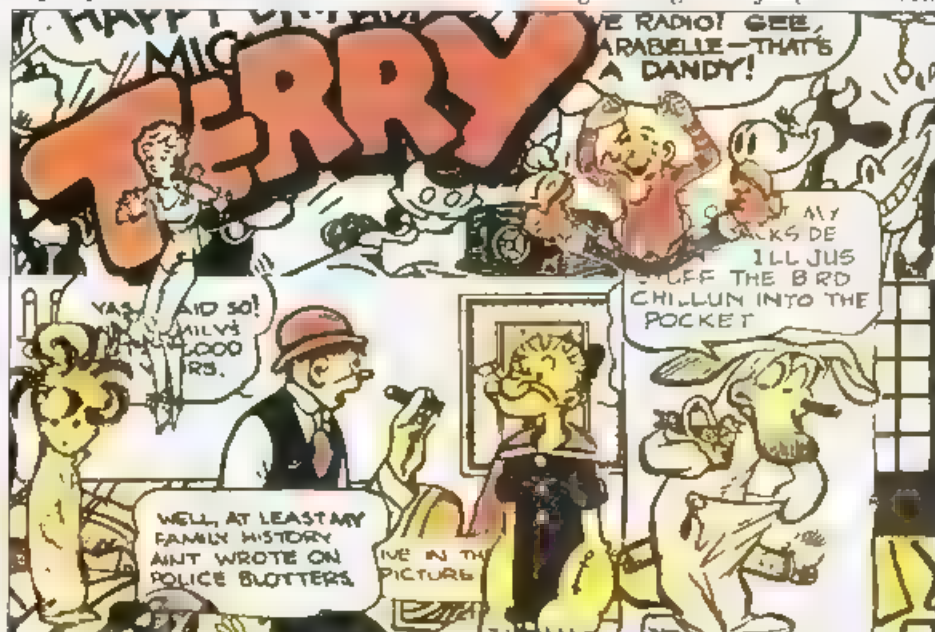
bins of libraries switching to microfilm. In the process of reading every page a hundred times, Blackbeard has become the world's leading authority on comics history and criticism, and his forthcoming *The Endless Art: The Literature of the Comic Strip* (Oxford University Press) promises to be just about the finest book ever written on the subject, if his astute introductions and commentaries in these anthologies are any indication.

Blackbeard's unflinching belief that the modern comic strip is "shadowed into absurdity on the one side by hordes of fractionally differentiated comic-book superapes aimed at kids, and on the other

by postage-stamp-sized newspaper strips daily repeating nongraphic verbal boffo-las out of Joe Miller's *Joke Book* (aimed at retarded adults)" will perhaps suggest the lofty assiduity and acumen he brings to his thankless chore of rediscovering for us what was once America's most adult art form.

An anonymous *Fortune* magazine writer stressed this point in 1933, reporting that "in its early days the comic strip had an important function as a crude but vigorous satire at a time when American literature in general was saccharine and imitative. The meaner and littler aspects of American life and character were lampooned in the funnies long before Sinclair Lewis discovered *Main Street* or *Babbitt*. And strip pictures caricatured U.S. manners and mores at a time when the motion picture had Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart, as its fairest flower. Corrupted by neither a literary training nor a literary tradition, taking their material from the life they observed around them, the comic-strip artists presented a series of extremely pointed (and fundamentally ill-natured) comments on the American public, which promptly roared with laughter and came eagerly back for more.

Yet, if uncorrupted by the smarmy writings of the Victorian moral preceptors, the strip writers were not as totally devoid as their heirs today of the mother tongue as used by Twain, Mencken and Lardner, just imagine reading lines in *B.C.* or *Broom-Hilda* like "Dr Noodle, authority on daffy domes, said, 'I agree with Dr. Cottonface in saying that Mutt is bugs. On examining his thoughtbox, I found nothing but a spoonful of ferry-boat smoke'" (*Mutt and Jeff*, 1908) or "It's pretty tough to be attacked by a submarine under water, but to be chased by one on land is the height of ignominy" (*Baron Bean*,



Comic-strip pantheon: (clockwise from upper left) Blondie, Terry and the Pirates, Li'l Abner, Mickey Mouse, Pogo, Popeye, Moon Mullins, Gasoline Alley, Little Nemo.

Blondie © 1933, KFS, Inc. Terry and the Pirates © 1940 NSC, Inc. Li'l Abner © United Feature Syndicate, Inc. 1942 Mickey Mouse © 1933 by Walt Disney Enterprises. Great Britain rights reserved. Pogo © Post-Hill Syndicate, Inc. 1960 Popeye © 1934 KFS, Inc. Moon Mullins © 1927 C.T. Gasoline Alley © 1930, C.T. Little Nemo © 1908 N.Y.H. Co.



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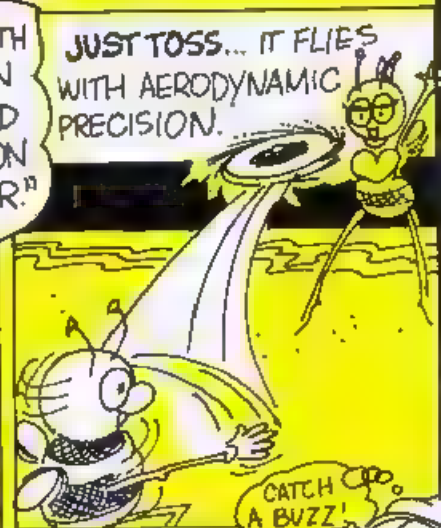
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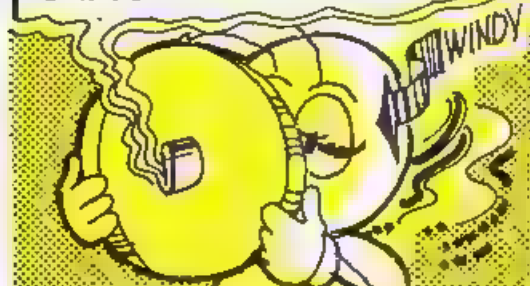
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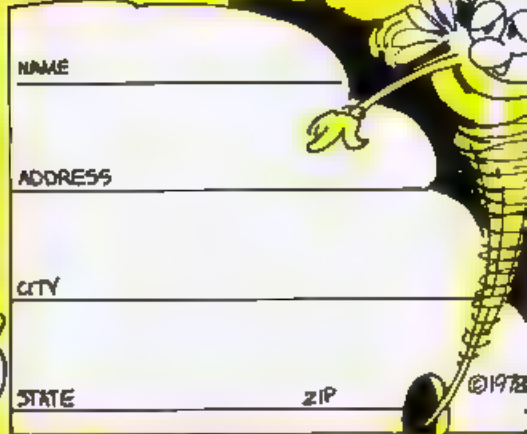


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1916) or 'Rather would I herd sheep upon mountainside than face the Hag of the Seven Seas' (Popeye, 1938) And those aren't even the punch lines. God, never mind the scratchy baroque magnificence of drawing you used to find in every paper worth the two or three cents it sold for—these guys had vocabularies

Where the Smithsonian volume is a showcase, with strips selected for substantial excerpting from periods of their greatest maturity, the Hyperion series is a scholarly undertaking of such depth and expense that one wonders who can be behind it all if not the CIA. Apparently Blackbeard has been given carte blanche to supervise the reproduction of entire strips—some of them running for decades—in a series of volumes that will obviously have to run until the end of time. The first series offers 22 volumes reprinting in full, the first years of as many comic strips—that is, the first year of each—the one concession to commercial considerations being the choice of beginning the Thimble Theatre run not at its actual inauguration in the early 1920s but in 1928 when Popeye the Sailor made his epochal debut

The remaining 21 volumes treat us to such entirely forgotten treasures as Percy Crosby's *Skippy*, Billy DeBeck's *Barney Google*, Clare Diggins's *School Days*, Rube Goldberg's *Boho Baxter*, Harry Herschfield's *Abie the Agent* and Dauntless Durham of the U.S.A., Winsor McCay's *Dream Days*, George Storm's *Bobby Thatcher*, Opper's *Poppy Hooligan*, Dick Moores's *Jim Hardy*, Harry J. Tutthill's *The Bungle Family* (Blackbeard "Tutthill was the Celine of the comics page, and his bleakly jaundiced view of lower-middle-class life [was] happily offset by a wild sense of humor and a fancy which filled the later strips with gnomes, enchanted mice, fairies, magicians and time travel") and two powerful volumes of comic-strip poems by the towering George Herriman, *Boron Bear* and *The Family Upstairs*, from the subplot of which emerged not only his *Krazy Kat*, universally regarded (except perhaps by Stan Lee) as the greatest comic strip ever drawn, but also such hommages as *Fat Freddy's Cat* and *Bobby London's Dirty Duck*

Because the Hyperion series is a stickler for chronological integrity, the newborn immaturity of these strips, many of which did not hit their stride until years had passed, may be an obstacle for impatient readers. What they confer upon the reader who makes the effort to meet them half way, in addition to the particular virtues of each strip, is the smug sense of membership in the century's most cozy and comfortable cult subculture—people who are into comics, real grade-A American newspaper comics. It's practically an extinct form now, so get in on it while you can.



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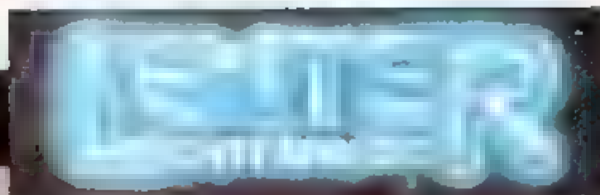
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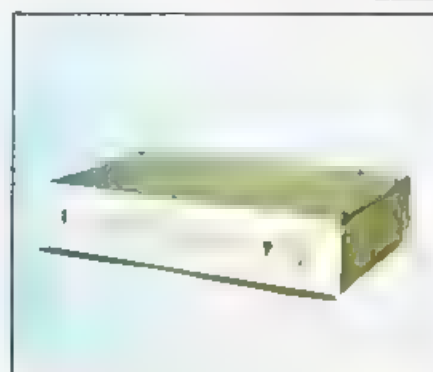
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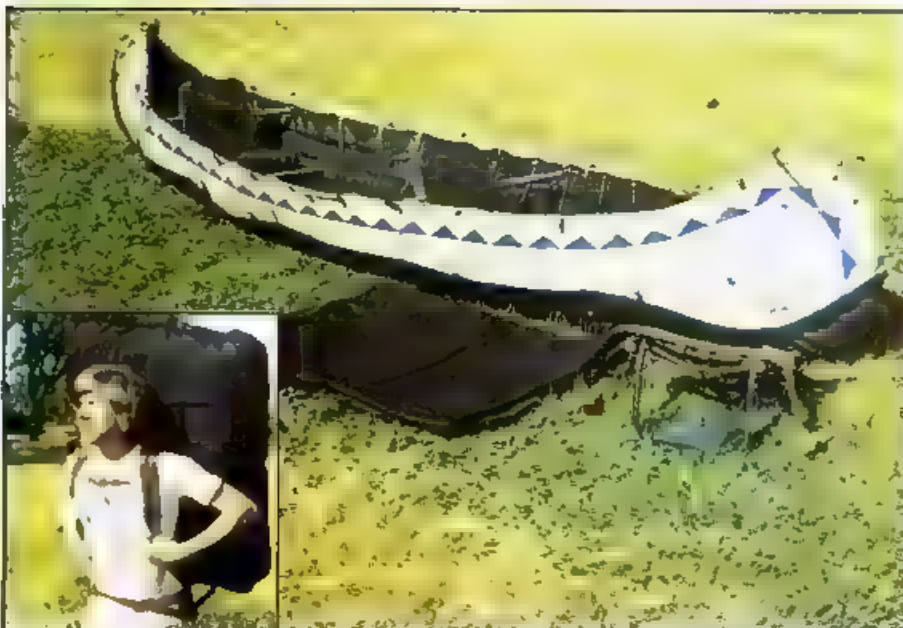
The next time K.C. and the lads jam on "The Midnight Special" you can capture all the excitement in stereo with the TVX-9500 TV tuner from Pioneer (85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074). The entire range of TV channels is pumped through your hi-fi to create instant simulcasts with the TVX-9500, which features light-emitting diode channel indicators. Compatible with cable TV systems. Suggested retail price is \$250.



Quasi-boato

Nowadays people carry everything on their backs—picks, babies, monkeys, and now boats! The piggybacking Dufferboat (kayak, stern boat or canoe as pictured) assembles in ten minutes and is available with optional custom painting kits, tent top, cartop carrier and collapsible paddles and oars. Just add water and serve. Prices range from \$350 to \$695; write to the Kalamazoo Folding Boat Company, 430 Harrison Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49006

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐





Siegel Heil

"Rape Me Tender," this month's "Sex" column, is an excerpt from Jules Siegel's latest book, *Memoir* (\$10 from Mendocino Press, Box 41, Mendocino, California 95460), which Siegel published himself to show off his neat penmanship. "I wrote *Memoir* in my own handwriting to destroy the fascism created by Gutenberg," says Siegel. "I had to create a new form of communication to express all those forbidden emotions, actions and fantasies." Siegel is a legendary American literary figure—he roomed in college with Thomas Pynchon, who made him the hero of his



Jules Siegel

first published short story, "Mercy and Mortality in Vienna." He wrote *Midnight in Babylon*, a classic of rock journalism. He wrote press releases for JFK and Nixon (at the same time). Now he writes for *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *High Times*.

Big Al

Everybody knows Al Aronowitz, author of the Emmett Grogan profile. For years his column "Pop Scene" in the *New York Post* was the hippest feature in the Big Apple. With *Daily News* columnist Pete Hamill, he wrote the best book about Ernest Hemingway: *His Life and Death*. He's written for *Life*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Rolling Stone*; today, he's a freelancer covering pop and politics in D.C. Among other things, Aronowitz is reputed to have turned Allen Ginsberg, Bob Dylan and the Beatles on to pot. Yes,



Herbert Wise

The Glassine Envelope, Please...



The place—New York's Plaza Hotel. The occasion—presentation of awards in the *High Times* Dope Photography Sweepstakes. The winners (or five of them—clockwise from upper right): Mark Rosoff and D.W. Mason, both fourth prizes, one-year subscriptions to *High Times*; Gilbert Rodgers, third prize, an Ohaus triple-beam scale; Mark Wojikiewicz, accepting a cocaine-lesling Hot Box as second prize for Bram Frank and Tom Cronk; and the grand-prize winner, "Michigan Stu" Smith of Troy, Michigan, who won the two-week windjammer cruise for his sensitive, haunting pictorial study of a bunch of dope. The figure at stage center is a statue representing *High Times*' PR director Mike Luckman, the ancient god of dope photography. ☐



Steve Cooper

DON'T LIGHT YOUR STASH UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO SMOKE IT.

Light will ruin your herb... the EasyKeeper ounce bag keeps it out.

The worst possible thing that you can do to your stash is store it in a container that lets the light shine in. 'Cause light will destroy the strength of even the most powerful of fine leafed herbs. The most effective measure you can take to prevent your stash from breaking down is to keep it out of the light and in an air tight container. Our New **EasyKeeper** 1 oz. black storage bag is research designed to do just that. **EasyKeeper** bags are completely light proof and virtually air tight.

The results of a recent series of laboratory tests conducted by the **University of London's School of Pharmacy** conclusively proved that even minimal amounts of light can substantially reduce the desired effects of certain plant resins. In these experiments there was an overwhelming loss of potency in herb that was exposed to light, as opposed to herb that was kept in the dark.

The newly developed **EasyKeeper** storage bag has a quick locking top that not only keeps the light from seeping in, it prevents the freshness of your weed from getting out. And the importance of freshness should not be overlooked.

Light is not the only element that's injurious to your cache. High temperatures and exposure to air can also damage the high and mighty powers that come naturally with your favorite herb. The **EasyKeeper** bag keeps your

leaves fresh because its quick locking lip and heavy gauge polyethelyne construction permits refrigeration to prevent humidity and moisture from draining the character of your buds. **EasyKeeper**. With the cost of getting off so high can you really afford anything less?

If **EasyKeeper** bags aren't available at your head shop they will be soon. In the meantime we would like to send you a Twin Pac that contains two **EasyKeeper** bags. Dealer inquiries are invited.



The **EasyKeeper** Twin Pac contains two 1 oz. bags. \$1.00 per Twin Pac, plus \$.50 postage and handling. (For 4 or more Twin Pacs, postage and handling are prepaid.)

Please rush me _____ Twin Pacs. Enclosed find check or money order for \$ _____ plus \$.50 postage and handling fee. Ga. residents add 4% sales tax.

I certify that I am 21 years old. Call toll free 1-800-241-4620/in Georgia, 404-892-7651.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **EasyKeeper Ltd.** P.O. Box 77187, Atlanta, Georgia 30357

SUMMER PICNIC



Don't forget to
PACK the Pouch!

Hot Dogs, Apple Pie, And a Nice Joint.
This year, don't let those hot summer breezes blow
your stash away. Roll your dessert joint in POUCH;
The "No Spill, No Hassle, Rolling Paper."™
POUCH is also great for car use.

sealed
here
open
here



Special offer 3 paks POUCH ROLLING PAPER \$1.00/See page 29

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